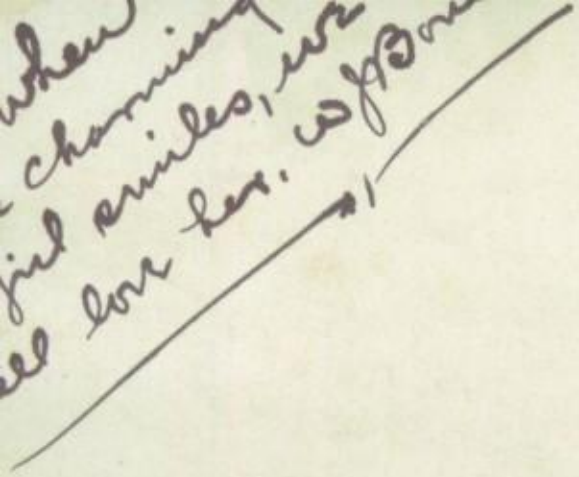
THE ARTISAN



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Best Bike for the Money
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Wanted—A boy to lie inside and partly outside the counter.

Wanted—A room for two young gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.

For Sale—A piano by a young lady with mahogany legs who is going abroad in a strong iron frame.

Chester ate a tablet
The family doctor gave,
And now he has a big one
Upon his little grave.

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AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.

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LOS ANGELES

AGENTS

ON THAT HOUSE PARTY

Cecil Cooke: "We had a beautiful sunrise this morning. Did you see it?"

Carita Moore: "Oh no, I'm always in bed before then."

A FEW DEFINITIONS

Luck—Is when the other football team wins.

Science—Is when our team wins.

Good Judgment—Is when our teachers give us A on our examination papers.

TEMPLE COSTUME CO.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

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College of Law

University of Southern California

4th and 5th Floors, Tajo Bldg.

WHERE WILL YOU STUDY LAW?

To guide you in deciding this question, we submit the following facts: After the war the legal field will be better than ever. We have the largest Law School in the West; a faculty of thirty-five instructors who teach both the theory and practice of law; a practice court department patterned after our state court system; a library of 8,500 volumes; a practical system of legal education.

Do not wait until the war is over. Enter now and secure credit until called to the colors.

The second semester of the present school year begins Jan. 29th.
STUDY LAW at the COLLEGE OF LAW, U. S. C.

For information, address

FRANK M. PORTER, Dean

4th & 5th Floors, Tajo Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

Miss Brown: "Give an example of a substantive infinitive, such as 'To be a teacher is painful'."

Evelyn W.: "To be a student is worse."

Dr. L. Harrell: "Did she talk about her ailments?"

Ilene Clark: "I should say so; you might almost have called it an organ recital."

FOOTBALL AND THEN SOME

First a signal, then a thud,
And then your face is in the mud,
Someone jumps upon your back,
And your ribs begin to crack.
Hear a whistle, "Down," that's all—
'Tis the way to play football.

The printing of the half-tone work for this semi-annual was done by Geo. R. Rice & Sons, Los Angeles, California.

DEALERS IN

DIAMONDS, WATCHES,

HIGH GRADE JEWELRY,

ETC.

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PINS, FIELD MEDALS

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223 West Seventh St.

Chuck Marston (in Aud.): "Get down low every one. Come on now. Say, all you folks way up there in the balcony, get down!"

Spencer, in play, speaking of the burning of Jeanne d'Arc: "Then after the Bishop has spoken his sermon there shall be a bonfire."

Bob. Marvin: "Come on boys, we'll have fried chicken."

Mr. White: "What was the great battle fought by the Scotch? It begins with a 'B'."

Bright Student: "Bull Run."

Miss McKinley: "Suppose you wanted to make a cake. If you put in a little flour, vinegar, mustard, sugar, and garlic, what would you have?"

Carita Moore: "A funeral."

Little grains of humor,
Little bits of bluff,
Makes a simple Freshie,
Think he's just the stuff.

IN 1937

Fred MacLean: "You say you once had a home of your own?"

Tramp: "Yes."

Fred: "Then why didn't you do something to make your family happy?"

Tramp: "I did; I left it."

Miss Phelps: "Johnny is that your father's signature?"

Johnnie Porter: "As near as I could get it."

For Sale—A parlor suite by an old lady stuffed with hair.

Lost—A green lady's leather pocketbook.

A FAVORITE TOAST

Here's to our parents and our teachers; may they never meet.

RALPH CERF

WHOLESALE GROCER

Sugar Refiner's Agent

MANUFACTURER OF SYRUPS

Main 728 226-228 S. Los Angeles St. F-6028

IF YOU WANT CLOTHES WITH MORE STYLE AND INCIDENTALLY SAVE YOU TEN DOLLARS—CALL AT JACK TANNER'S 8th. FLOOR CLOTHES SHOP.

YOU WILL AND SHALL RECEIVE MOST COURTEOUS SERVICE AND PERFECT FIT.

Jack Tanner

Eighth Floor, Central Bldg.
424 So. Broadway

"Shorty" McVey: "What is a hypocrite?"
"Chuck" Marston: "A person that pretends to be what he isn't."
"Shorty": "No! It is a person that comes to school with a smile on his face.'"

Miss Hanna: "What is your aim in composition writing?"
Bob Graham: "The bottom of the page."

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Correct Apparel for Women & Misses
MERRITT BUILDING
BROADWAY AT EIGHTH

The Store of Truth, Courtesy and Correct Styles
Suits, Coats, Frocks, Millinery,and Blouses
Negligees and Underthings

S. Nordlinger and Sons

Jewelers Stationers

Established 1869

631-33 South Broadway Los Angeles

I AM MY OWN GRANDFATHER

I married a widow who had a daughter. My father visited our home frequently, fell in love and married my stepdaughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother, because she was my father's wife. My step-daughter had also a son, he was of course my brother, and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter.

My wife is my mother's mother. I am my wife's husband and grandchild, at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather I am my own grandfather.

Teacher: "The three boys in the rear were the only ones to get correct answers for the exam."

Voice in front: "Good team work."

Hubert to Billie: "Why talk to Erny, he talks about nothing."

Billie to Hubert: "I like talking about nothing. It's the only thing I know anything about."

Monette: "Come on Myron, let's take the short cut."
Myron: "Oh no; I haven't time."

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a verb?"
Johnny: "Do you know?"
Teacher: "Why certainly."
Johnny: "Since you and I know, isn't that enough?"

Helen Biller hates to fill the pepper shaker. It takes so long to force the pepper thru those tiny holes, that poor Helen almost dies of sneezes before she has finished.

HEARD IN 329

Juna: "Mrs. Shilling, don't you think we had better call another play committee meeting? We have been passing "Green Stockings" around and lots of the kids don't like it."

Better Buy

The Better Butter

Sunset Main 5787 HomeA5802

School Cafeterias a Specialty

G. CRUICKSHANK W. T. EDWARDS

Southwestern Commercial Company

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Hotel and Restaurant Supplies

510-512 East Fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

"Chick" Keeler: "When I was a boy I used to ring doorbells and then run away."

Bessie Bisbee, wisely: "And now you ring them and stay."

"Marriage is a wonderful institution, but who wants to live in an institution?"

Violet Spencer: "I have a small headache."

Josephine Smith: "What do you expect of that head—a brainstorm?"

It is reported that a certain small boy is living up to the requirements of his name,—especially in A9 algebra.

Coach: "You are all out of condition. Have you been smoking or drinking?"

Hufford: "Not at all."

Coach: "Have you been up late and eating fudge and pastry?"

Hufford: "No."

Coach: "You haven't been studying, have you?"

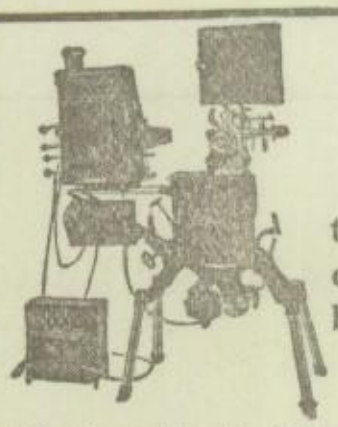
Hufford: "A little."

Coach: "Cut it out. Do you want to ruin the team?"

Chas. Clark: "Somebody told me I looked like you."

Don Enman: "Where is he? I'll ruin him."

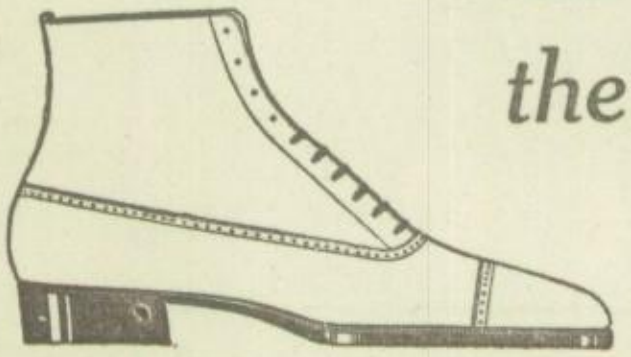
Chas.: "Never mind. I killed him."



Pacific Amusement Supply Co.

Manual Arts High School has purchased one of the Powers Motion Picture Machines from this company and highly recommend it to any one, because of its satisfactory service.

109 East Sixth Street Los Angeles, California.



This Shoe and the Price Speak for Themselves

$4.00

A very smart English walking boot, gun-metal lace; leather sole and heel.
Thoroughly well made.

One of the greatest values we have ever offered. Early purchases make this price possible.

VAN DEGRIFT SHOE CO.
Exclusive Agency—Regal Shoes
302 So. Broadway 224 W. Third St.
749 So. Broadway

A woman's head is not always turned by flattery — sometimes it's peroxide!

Earnie: "Aw, shut up."
Hubert: "You're the biggest nut in the room."
Prof: "Boys, boys, don't forget I am here."

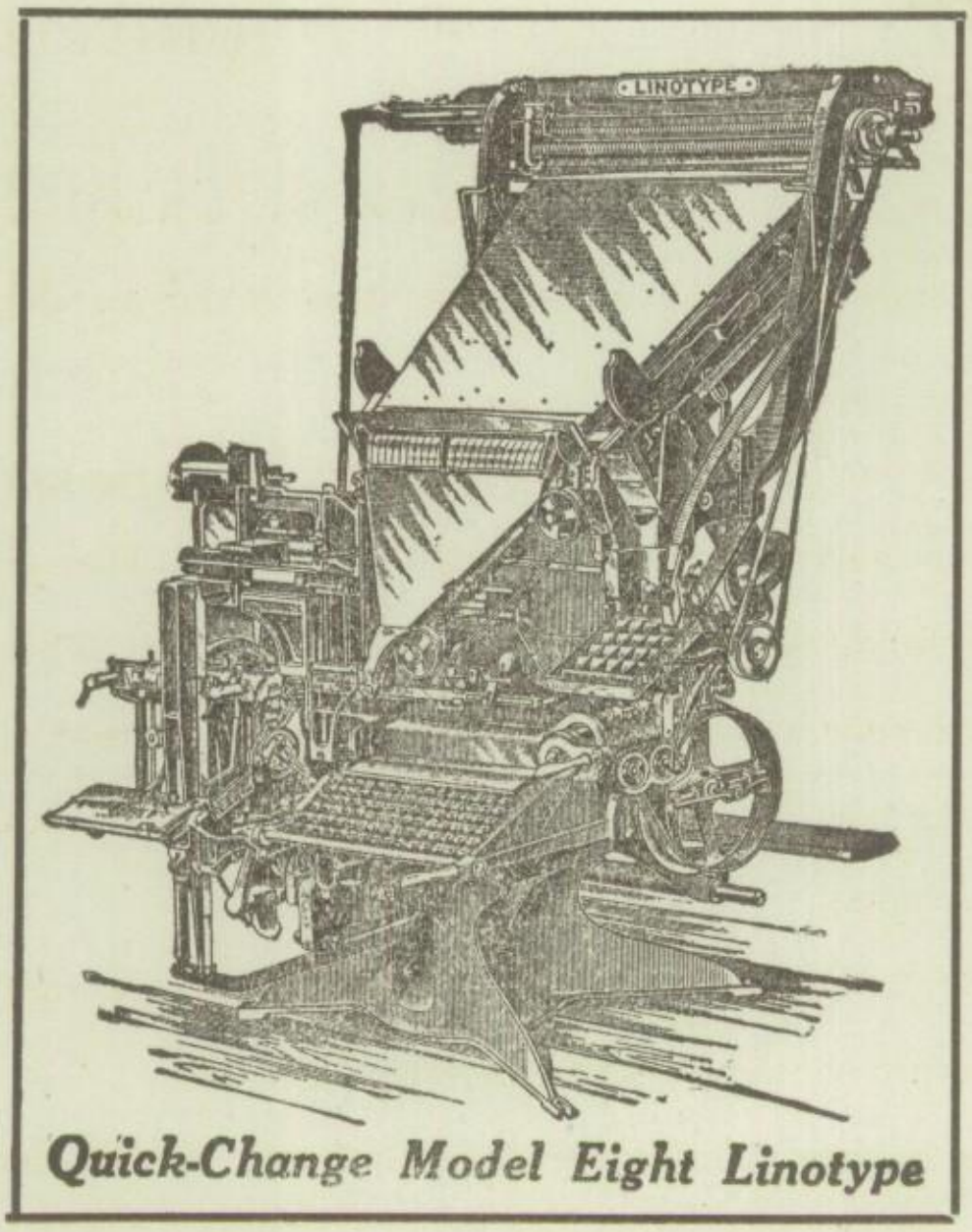
In the parlor, there were three,
She, the parlor lamp, and he,
Two is company, no doubt,
So the parlor lamp went out!

HELP WIN THE WAR

Your share of war-savings stamps will help win the war.
Buy them regularly at your Bank or Post-Office.

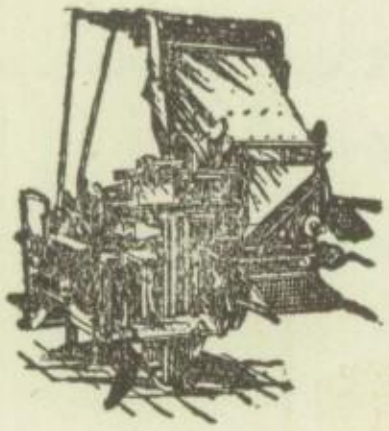
THREE STORES

IT PAYS TO TRADE WITH *Albert Cohn* Established 1887



Quick-Change Model Eight Linotype

ONE OF OUR MACHINES



Our Print Shop

Few students of Manual Arts realize what an up-to-date, well equipped Print Shop, the Student Body owns.

It is one of the best of its kind out West and we may well be proud of it. All printed matter needed by our school is done by our so called "Print Shop Gang."

The valuation of our Print Shop is about $15,000. Among the most important machines installed are two Mergenthaler Linotypes. They are Multiple Magazine Linotypes, and are fast producing machines. These two stand-keys have done away with a great deal of the old hand set system. Nearly all the type for our Weekly publication and semi-annual was set by these machines.

Among the other machines are the two job presses which are working continuously to turn out the work for the school.

Then we have a large cylinder press on which our Weekly and semi-annual is printed.

We also have an electric stitcher and perforator. These two machines do the finishing touches.

This is a summary of the machinery used that gained a reputation for the Manual Arts Printing Department.

WEST END ELECTRIC CO.
EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL
705 W. Washington St. HOME 24065 WEST 972 HOME 77616 WEST 1524 3115 S. Vermont Ave.

Miss Cahoon: "A test tube costs two cents. A flask costs fifty cents; the former will not crack while the latter will, Now in this case it would be wise to use your heads."

Newspaper head-line — ITALIAN ARMY TO MAKE STAND.
Johnny Rodriguez wants to know what kind—peanut, banana, or spaghetti?

Amor: "Say S. O. S., why don't you ever come over to the house any more?"
Solly: "Well, I see so many things you have borrowed from me that it makes me too homesick."

W. Newman, (in short story writing): "Don't you think that my stuff is quite out of the ordinary?"
Mr. Hansen: "Yes indeed, your spelling is very original."

Patrick was taking his examination for naturalization papers.
Judge: "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?"
Patrick: "No, your Honor."
Judge: "Have you read the Constitution of the United States?"
Patrick: "No, your Honor."
Judge: "Well, what have you read?"
Patrick thot for a while then said: "Hairs on me neck, yer Honor."

George Woods: "Is it true that if you beat a donkey, it won't hurt it inside?"
Mr. Chase: "I don't know, but I'd be mighty careful where I stood while trying that experiment."

Bdwy. 1192 THE "400" MILK Home 21840
Mutual Dairy Association
AN INDEPENDENT PRODUCERS' ORGANIZATION
MILK, CREAM, BUTTER AND BUTTERMILK
DIRECT FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER
1236 Compton Avenue Los Angeles.

AT THE JEWELERS

Elmer B: "Um - ah, er, er, er, er, er, why!"
Jeweler: "Show this young man some engagement rings."

Mr. Mitchell: "What is harder than a diamond?"
Mildred Alexander (sighing): "Latin."

Orin Field (in describing his future church): "I want a simple comfortable building, and a bell in the steeple."
Gladys Barney: "I think you will have a better audience if you put the belle in the choir."

Miss Fowler: "What is a narrative?"
Marion H.: "A narrative is a tale."
Miss Fowler: "Now what is a ripple?"
Marion H.: "A ripple is something that runs."
Miss Fowler: "Now make a sentence using ripple and narrative."
Marion H.: "A dog went rippling down the street with a can on his narrative."

Helen Case: "Four of us girls took a tramp thru Oregon last summer."
John R.: "Poor tramp!!"

Jess Wood, Manager

Buy your next suit or overcoat

of

WOOD BROS.

343 So. Spring Street

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LION"

Gallagher-Marsh Business College

BYRNE BUILDING, THIRD AND BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES
PHONE MAIN 8594
Terms: Day School, $10. per month. Night School, $5. per month.

Gallagher-Marsh System of Shorthand is the Best

Mr. James L. Gallagher has established a Gallagher-Marsh College in Los Angeles, where, under his personal instruction, pupils will receive the same careful and efficient training that has developed so many Expert Stenographers and Court Reporters at the renowned Gallagher-Marsh Colleges in San Francisco and Oakland, among them being:

JUDGE GRAHHAM'S Court Reporter
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and thousands of competent stenographers who hold good positions with the largest corporations, business concerns and law offices. At the last CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION, in San Francisco, for life positions at $200. per month, there were eighteen who took the examination. Two of our graduates were the only ones who passed, and secured the coveted positions.

More than 50 Official Shorthand Reporters all over California have signed a recommendation of Gallagher-Marsh System of Shorthand. Call, write or phone for pamphlet containing photographic copy of their recommendation.

We specialize on Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, etc. Special attention given to training Law Stenographers and Private Secretaries.

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"To Whom It May Concern:

"As an answer to the numerous inquiries for information as to the best college to attend for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of shorthand, we take pleasure in advising our friends and acquaintances desirous of perfecting themselves in this most useful art that GALLAGHER-MARSH BUSINES COLLEGE is the one to attend for such purpose.

"Very respectfully yours,
"W. J. NICHOLSON,
"F. S. LAFFERTY,
"Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of California.
"CHAS. R. GAGAN,
"Official Reporter United States Courts, Northern District."

The U. S Government in advertising all over the country for stenographers and typists, and urges all those who can to take up the study of stenography and typewriting. Good positions can be had by those proficient in this line. We give individual instruction and you can commence at any time. **FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF THE EXPERTS, AND COME TO GALLAGHER-MARSH BUSINESS COLLEGE.** Start right, and you will succeed.

J. W. Robinson's Co.

Seventh St. and Grand Ave.

High School Girls

Know that the Fashions from Robinson's are not only right, but also refined and in the good taste that gentlewomen approve.

High School Boys

Find the Clothes and furnishings in our Men's Department, the sort of styles that men of action always require.

A BALLAD OF HASH-SEEKERS

By Raymond Jones

Oh! we are the gang
That suffer the pang
Of hunger, at high noon-time;
So we dash down the stairs,
Over tables and chairs,
To "horn in" the old hash-line.

And we shove and we sigh,
When we grab for the pie;
And the "dogs" come down with a crash,
And we "gravy" our duds,
When we scoop up the spuds—
We go wild with the lust of the hash!

What care have we
For a splash on the knee,
When thru that mad throng we dash?
For war crosses and medals,
And silver-leafed petals,
We'd not trade a plate of our hash!

I take great pleasure in behalf of the Artisan Staff, in telling all our advertisers our appreciation of their financial support.

We hope that each subscriber will patronize our advertisers who have helped to make this semi-annual a success.

John Porter,

Advertising Manager.

ADVERTISERS

Aune Studio
Cerf, Ralph—Wholesale Grocer
Challenge Butter Company
Cohn, Albert—Grocer
College of Law
Cunningham, Curtis & Welch Co.—Stationers
Entenmann, Carl—Jeweler
Gallagher—Marsh Business College
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Price & Sons Geo. R.—Printers
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Southwestern Commercial Co.—Wholesale Grocer
Tanner, Jack—Clothes Shop
Temple Costume Company
Van De Grift Shoe Company
Vogue Company—Women's Apparel
West End Electric Company
Wood Bros.—Gents Clothing

FACTS ABOUT OUR PRINT SHOP

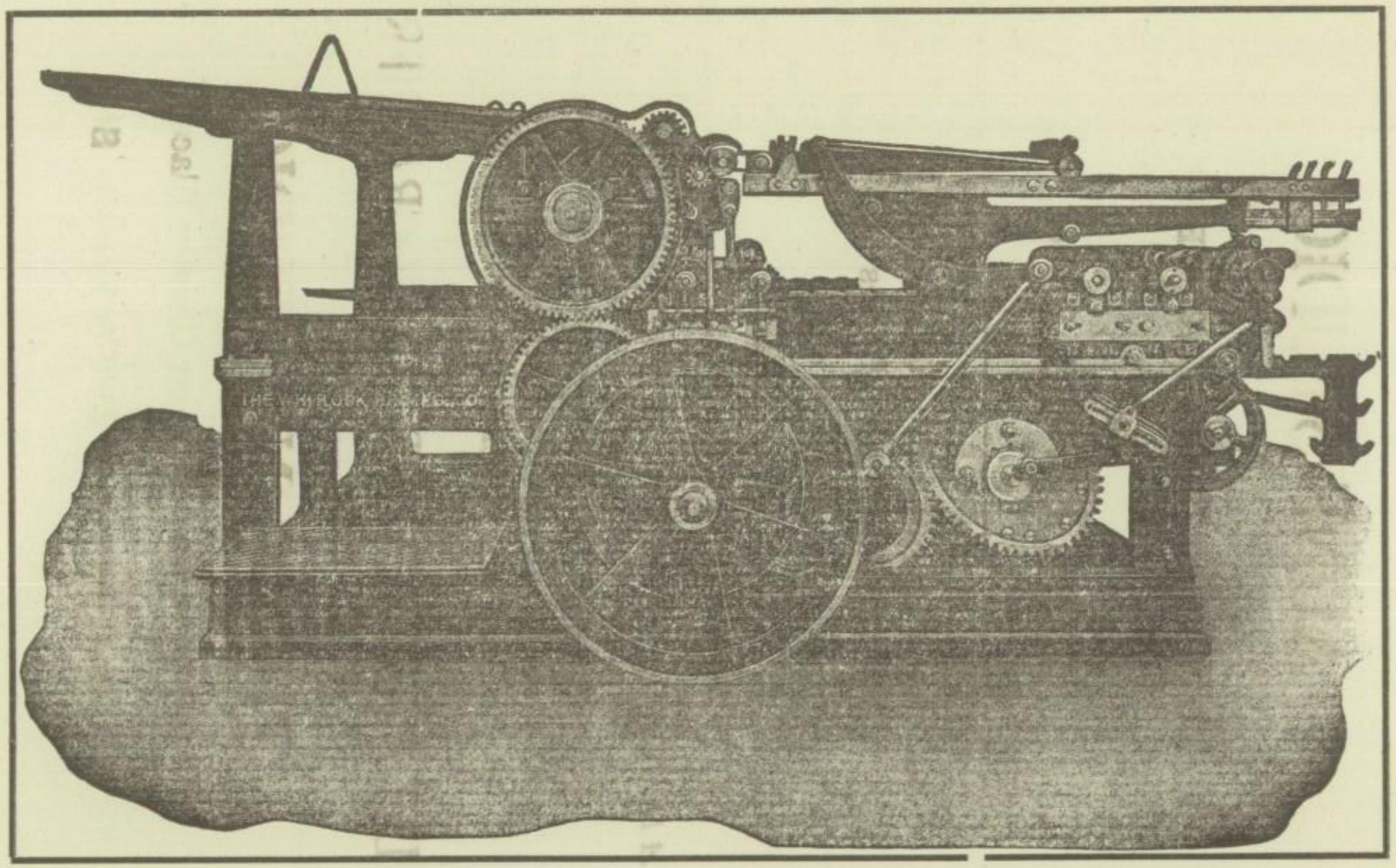
The first publications of Manual were printed by down town publishers, but of late most of this work has been done by the students in our modern printing plant. In the early days of the school's history, a size 8x12 Chandler and Price Platen press and several cabinets of type were purchased. The printing of the Weekly was done exclusively on this press, until Dame Fortune allowed us to install a Whitlock Pony Cylinder Press which produces the Weekly and Artisan and the larger forms of printed matter.

As the school progressed, the financial board saw fit at different times to purchase new equipment. A number of pieces of furniture in the way of type cabinets, imposing stones, storage banks and other labor saving and time saving furniture was installed. Then another latest modeled Chandler and Price Platen press, size 12x18, was added. In but a short time the Boston Wire Stitcher arrived. It is a binding machine that handles the assembling of books and pamphlets from two sheets to a book of the thickness of our Artisan; with this came the Chandler and Price Paper Cutter. Two linotype machines also are included in the equipment which was purchased from the American Type Founders Company , Los Angeles, California.

With such an up-to-date equipment, and such experienced journalists, as Mr. Maynard and Mr. Hansen, to supervise the editorial part of the work, and with the print shop under the supervision of an efficient instructor, Mr. Nelson, Manual has right to claim the honors of having one of the most fully equipped establishments to be found in any high school or college of the United States.

ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY-EIGHT

OUR BIG PRESS



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Manual Arts High School

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Have your picture in your
graduation dress taken here.
You will never repent it.

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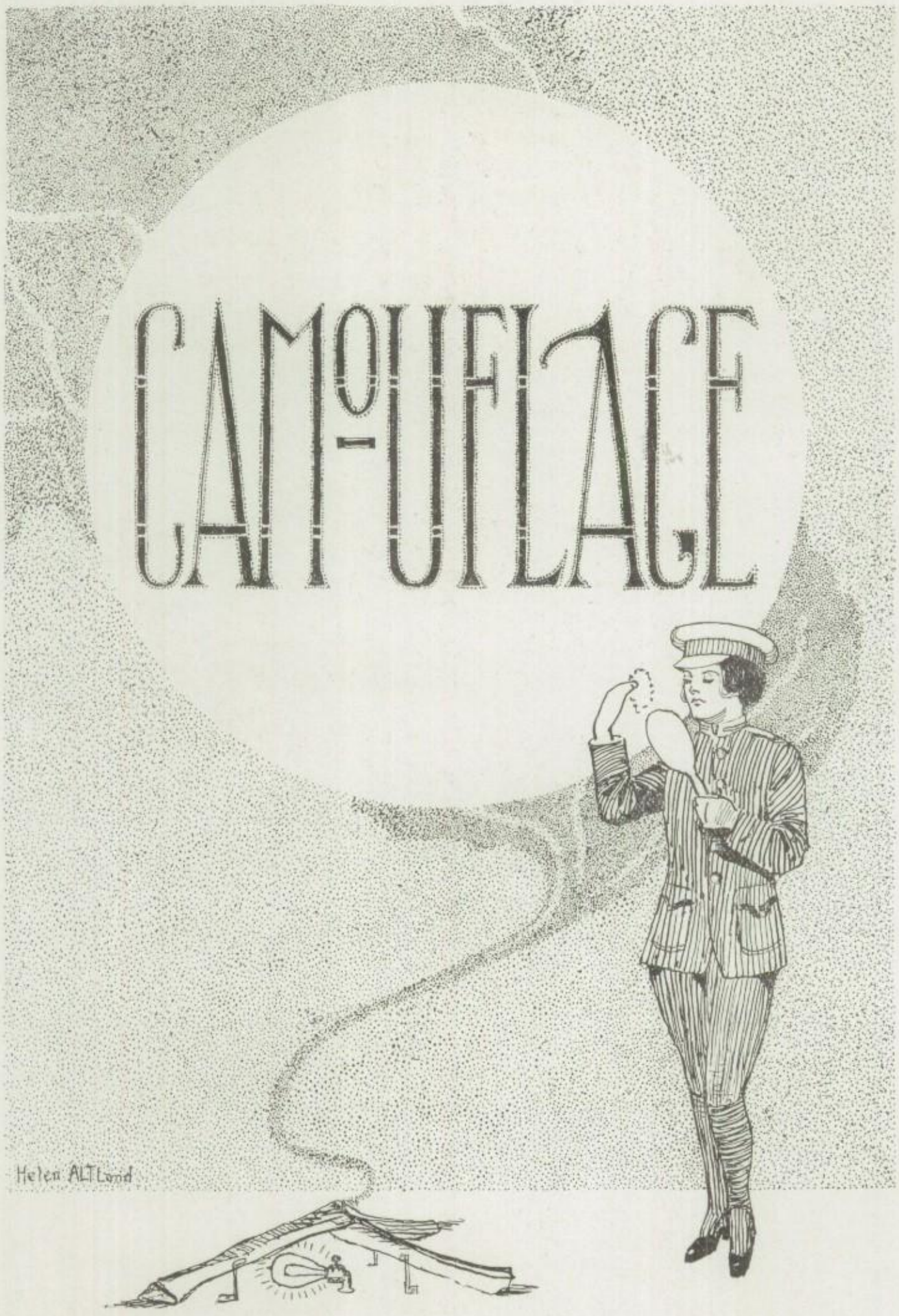
Sample portrait made into a cut.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL APPRECIATE
A PHOTOGRAPH FROM AUNE STUDIO

669 West 23 Street Chester Place

Take University Car Home 21499


CAMOUFLAGE
Helen ALTland

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM
Wednesday, January 30, 1918

Processional - - - - March from *Aida*
Manual Arts High School Orchestra

Chorus, God of Our Fathers - - *Mortimer*
Combined Glee Clubs

The War and Woman
Mildred Heinze

Vocal Soli

(a) An Evening Song — Words and Music by Lyndon Ballou, W'18
(b) The Pirate Bold - - - *Slater*
Hubert McCray Baty

Permanent Peace Thru World Democracy
Desmond G. Geraldine

Piano Solo, Melodia Appassionata *Moszkowski*
Mildred Juanita Boggs

Address
Dr. Ernest C. Moore
President of Los Angeles State Normal School

Vocal Soli
(a) A Song of India - *Rimsky-Korsakov*
(b) Love is the Wind - - *MacFadyen*
Carita Moore

Presentation of Class
Dr. Albert E. Wilson
Principal of Manual Arts High School

Conferring of Diplomas
The Honorable Lynn Helm
President of Board of Education

Acceptance of Diplomas on Behalf of Class
Amor S. Galloway
President of Class

Recessional - - - - *Kipling-de Koven*
The Class
The audience will remain seated during Recessional until the class has marched out

Reception in Girls' Gymnasium
To avoid congestion please enter Gymnas'um by North Arcade and leave by South Arcade

A LITTLE BIT O' EVERYTHING

SECRETARIAL ASSOCIATION

BOOK EXCHANGE

KANDY KOUNTER

ARCHERY CLUB

By R. Courtenay

In 1913, a number of girls interested in outdoor athletics formed an Archery Club. This organization, under the direction of Miss Gephart became an active part of the gymnasium work. In 1914 Lolita De Lape was chosen director and instructor of the modern William Tells. The Archery Club is unique in that it is the only one of its kind in the high schools of Southern California.

The benefits from the use of the bow are many: a splendid poise results from the aiming position, of chest out and head up; the eye is trained to accuracy and precision; and the muscles of the shoulders and torso are developed and placed under perfect control. Interest has been stimulated by the historic century-bow belonging to Lolita DeLape and made by the hand of an Indian of the North. The bow is of willow and the chord of rabbit sinew. The old weapon holds the record of shooting an arrow over one-half-mile. Indian methods of shooting are demonstrated by Miss DeLape. That of holding the cord with the feet and pulling the bow with both hands proving the most popular among the young archers.

SECOND TEAM

LIGHT SECOND TEAM

NEWS FROM THE LATIN QUARTER

This term Manual can well be proud of her art department. The industrious Bohemian cellar-dwellers of 140 have put out posters for the food conservation, the draft law, plays, and advertisements, besides doing their regular model sketching.

At election time, the artists are contiually kept busy making posters for the would-be officers, some of which are most artistic and well planned.

While Mr. Schneidau was at work upon the large oil painting of Eleanor Anderson, the heroine of Jeanne d'Arc, the students were constantly observing, and learned a great deal about the preparation and construction of a canvas.

The designing, and art-craft classes, too, have done their share in beautifying the school, by keeping displays in the exhibit cases, and by making artistic place-cards and designs for the school luncheons. Not only have they given their services to the school, but from our classes to the war services of our country, in the camouflage corps, have gone our classmates, George Robertson, Audley Alexander, and Clark Brown.

Manual Arts Cadets

In accordance with the military aspect which every institution of learning has assumed, Manual Arts boasts of a new organization known as the cadet corps. At present the roll contains approximately one hundred and fifty names but the list is growing steadily, which shows that the fellows like the training.

All the men are in regulation uniform from their khaki leggins to their broad-brimmed, brown hats with the light blue cord.

Commanding the cadets are Major Robert Marvin and his staff. The battalion is composed of two companies, A and B. The commissioned officers in charge of the companies are: Company A, Captain William Beazley, First Lieutenant Robert Sells, Second Lieutenant Charles Marston; Company B, Captain Myron Packard, First Lieutenant Beauford Keeling, Second Lieutenant Lowell Johnson. The other officers of the battalion are Adjutant, First Lieutenant Jim Mc Roberts; Battalion Quartermaster, First Lieutenant Kenyon Trengrove; Battalion Commissary, First Lieutenant Stauffer Barcome.

The boys are directly under the supervision of and responsible to the State Government.

Altho the cadets have been organized since September last, they received their real public recognition on November 20. On that day Major Copp, a prominent Los Angeles man now in the army, presented the battalion with a beautiful silk flag, our national colors, in a special assembly. After some patriotic speeches and songs, the student body had the pleasure of witnessing, along with the cadets, the raising of the Manual Arts Service Flag. This ceremony was followed by an exhibition drill on the campus and a review of the battalion by Major Copp.

The importance of military training for a long time to come is evident. Our cadet corps will surely be enlarged and receive the increasing recognition it merits. The present transformation in the lives of thousands of men at our military camps, the making of efficient, well-bred and manly men by the hundreds of thousands there, is in itself a worthy work stamping the service and military training with approval.

POINTS SCORED BY INDIVIDUAL FOOTBALL PLAYERS

	Santa Monica	Oxy	San Berdoo	Lincoln	St. Vincents	Hollywood	State Normal	Poly	L. A.	Fullerton	San Diego	Pomona	Total
Solly Smith	12		30	25			12		12		18		109
Amor Galloway	7	1	12		17	1	2	10	18	9	13	13	103
Fred Herman	6		6			6	6	6	6	6			42
Bob Berkey	6							6			6	12	30
"Walt" McMillan				7						6	6		19
Charley Erb								6			6		12
George Bliss						6					6		12
Bob Cole				6					6				12
Bert Eason		6											6
*John Leadingham	8			(2)								(2)	8
Manual's scores	29	7	48	40	17	13	20	28	42	21	55	27	353
Opponent's scores	13	10	0	0	0	6	0	2	0	0	0	0	33

* Ineligible after San Berdoo game.
(2) Indicates safeties.

RECORD OF INDIVIDUAL PLAYERS

	Touchdowns	F. Goals	Goals
Smith	18	1	
Galloway	11	34	1
Herman	7		
Berkey	5		
McMillan	3	1	
Cole	2		
Erb	2		
Bliss	2		
Leadingham	1	2	
Eason	1		

TOTAL POINTS BY INDIVIDUALS

Smith	109
Galloway	103
Herman	42
Berkey	30
McMillan	19
Cole	12
Bliss	12
Erb	12
Leadingham	8
Eason	6
Four points for safeties	4
	357

TOTAL POINTS BY TEAMS

Total Points	
Manual	357
Opponents	34

Touchdowns				Goals			
Manual	52	Opponents	3	Manual	38	Opponents	2

Field Goals				Safeties			
Manual	1	Opponents	4	Manual	1	Opponents	2

trophy. This was our first Southern California American football championship.

The game started with Galloway kicking off to Nisbet, who made a few yards with the oval before being downed. After see-sawing up and down the gridiron, "Runt" McMillan received a pass from Redd and dodged thru for twenty yards. He was tackled so hard tho that he fumbled and a sure score was prevented.

On short dashes down the field the ball finally rested on Pomona's twenty yard mark. Smith's five yard end run, Galloway's short buck and Berkey's tackle-around play of ten yards netted Manual a touchdown.

Galloway followed this up, after another march to the Sagehen's goal line had been started, with a two yard "over the top" plunge for a score. The half ended 13-0 in the Toiler's favor.

Coming back into the fray determined to do their best, Foster's wonderful footballers slashed the much-touted Cardinal line into shreds and pushed over another score. "Bingo" again proved his worth on a neat "fool 'em" play for a fifteen yard score. It was the best play of the fray and Berkey received much applause. Amor Galloway dove over the end line for the final score and the game ended with Manual Arts the champions of Southern California.

It was a proud moment for our school when a representative of the winning high school in football last year, came forward on the field with the honor trophy, the silver football, and entrusted it to the care of our Captain, Amor Galloway, and the brilliant stars of the team with praises and good wishes.

San Diego's chivalrous courtesy in sending a spokesman to be present on the field of victory, at the fitting time, was one of the kindliest acts of comradeship, and a graceful closing to a great season of the greatest of gentlemanly sports.

The State championship was claimed on the grounds that San Diego beat Bakersfield and Manual defeated the southern city's eleven.

We take our hats off to the best prep team in California.

The Lineup

Pomona		Manual Arts
Elliston	L. E. R.	Eason
Kimbrell	L. T. R.	Berkey
Glenn	L. G. R.	Lippman
Maple	C.	Redd
Hildrebrand	R. G. L.	Hufford
McClelland	R. T. L.	Bliss
Jetton	R. E. L.	Erb
Kirkpatrick	Q.	Herman
Nisbet (C.)	L. H. R.	S. Smith
Hunter	R. H. L.	McMillan
Gist	F.	Galloway (C.)

THE FULLERTON GAME—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7th

The first game of the Southern California Championship series was played with Fullerton, on Bovard field. It resulted in a 21-3 victory for the Purple and Gray. The farmers came to town with revenge in their eyes and repeating their old motto, "Win or Bust." But the Toiler team, stronger than ever, humbled their opponents, and sent them home with the short end of the story.

The game started out to be a great battle with the Fullerton boys having the better of the argument. Dean started the fireworks with a drop kick from the forty yard line. The Manual team did not play their standard game, but braced up at times, which enabled them to win. Hufford, McMillan, Galloway, Herman and Erb featured with their steady, consistent playing.

SAN DIEGO GAME—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15th

Taking twenty-two players with him, Coach Foster descended upon San Diego to administer to them a long deserved trouncing. The San Diegans proved no sort of a match for the purple jerseyed players and suffered a 55-0 defeat at their hands. The last quarter of the game was played entirely by substitutes. This is the first time we have beaten San Diego in football.

An eighty-five yard run by Solly Smith, who made two other touchdowns was the feature of the day. Galloway, Berkey, Bliss, Erb, McMillan, and Cole contributed their share of points on line bucks and end runs.

The game was a great revenge for the Toilers. A dance was held for their benefit after the game. The boys had as much fun on the trip as they had in the game.

The Lineup

Manual Arts				San Diego
Erb	L.	E.	R.	Englehetson
Bliss	L.	T.	R.	Case
Hufford	L.	G.	R.	Barnes
Redd		C.		Langdon
Lippman	R.	G.	L.	Behrens
Berkey	R.	T.	L.	Sprott
Eason	R.	E.	L.	Schurr
Herman		Q.		Deeds
McMillan	L.	H.	R.	Du Paul
Smith	R.	H.	L.	Hickish
Galloway		F.		Baker

MANUAL WINS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAMPIONSHIP FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21st.

The deciding game of the Southern California series was fought with Pomona. All eyes were focused on this game as it was considered to be the hardest fought contest of the season. Again the Purple and Grey came out on top and we won a 27-0 victory and the silver football

ball team, the Toiler team succeeded in whipping the Poly aggregation to the tune of a 28-2 score. The game was nearly the same as that of last year for the Poly squad only made their downs about four times during the game and last year's score was 28-0. The lonely two points came from a safety. The work of the two ends, Erb and McMillan, was responsible for the inability of Haney to open up.

The Manual backfield bucked their way down the field more than once during the game and scored at will.

Solly Smith put up a "whale of a battle", reversing his 1916 form besides plunging thru the Mechanics' line for large gains. Amor Galloway and Fred Herman played a great game, the former scoring ten points while "Pete" ran his team in a heady fashion. Berkey, Bliss, and Redd were the sensations of the line.

THE L. A. GAME—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd.

Playing the same brand of football that made the Manual Arts eleven the terror of the city high schools, the L. A. team journeyed over to Wilson Field but were overwhelmed before a crowd of six thousand wildly cheering fans to the tune of 42-0.

It took the Artisans the entire first quarter to find themselves and when they did it was "curtains" for the Pioneers. Foster's hard-hitting backs were too much for the once-great school's line that crumpled before the onslaught of the terrible rushes. This disaster to the L. A. eleven cost them the game and won the city football championship for Manual Arts.

The first score of the day came on a fake buck with Herman and Smith taking the leading roles. "Pete" relayed the oval to Solly after a buck formation was started. It worked nicely and "S. O. S. "sprinted twenty yards for a score. A few minutes later Amor Galloway broke away for the longest run of the game. Seventy-two yards thru a broken field made Amor the hero of the hour.

Smith, Galloway, Herman and Bob Cole did the rest of the bombardment either on line bucks or short end runs. Barney Barnes played a wonderful game puncturing the "Straphanger's" line.

Tackle Boyle, of L. A., stopped many plays around his end of the trench and deserves much credit for keeping the score down. Bliss and "Bingo" Berkey starred on the Toiler line while Erb and McMillan couldn't be beat on the wing position.

The Lineup

Manual Arts		L. A. High
Erb	L. E. R.	Everett
Bliss	L. T. R.	Boyle
Hufford	L. G. R.	Marble
Redd	C.	Baker
Lippman	R. G. L.	Jones
Berkey	R. T. L.	Crowell
McMillan	R. E. L.	Clevidence
Herman	Q.	Colton
Galloway	L. H. R.	Riggins
Smith	R. H. L.	Abrams
Barnes	F.	Taylor

penalties which however did not aid Coach Tommy Davis' eleven to score.

Smith, McMillan and Erb starred thurout the contest. Smith made four touchdowns on spectacular runs. Cole also played well. Three thousand fans witnessed the contest from the sidelines, hills, and tree-tops.

ST. VINCENT GAME—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th

With only a few of the first string players in the game, the Manual team walloped the St. Vincent eleven on Wilson field by a 17-0 count.

The game was played before a small crowd. Amor Galloway took it upon himself to make the entire seventeen points. Three of these points were obtained by a spectacular forty yard field goal.

Barney Barnes assisted Galloway in his short bucks and dashes, by puncturing the Saints' line for five and ten yards, consistently. Shaad, Rodgers, Linstrum and Kleinberger played exceptionally good football.

THE HOLLYWOOD SCARE—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.

Perhaps the most sensational and hardest fought clash of the season was that of the Hollywood game which we won by a score of 13-6 on our field, November 2nd, before a crowd of six thousand cheering fans.

Two touchdowns, one of which McMillan failed to convert, made up our end of the thirteen points. Packman's two wonderful place kicks supplied the Foothiller's with the whole of the visitor's tallies.

"Buffalo" Bliss and "Pete" Herman won the game for Manual with their sensational dashes down the gridiron after recovered balls. There was no doubt that the Toiler team was off form for the Lincoln eleven later played Hollywood off their feet, only losing by three points.

Taking advantage of the breaks, coupled with splendid interference, helped win the game.

STATE NORMAL GAME—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9th.

To fill in a bye, drawn in the city league schedule, a practice game was arranged with the State Normal eleven, November 9th, which the Toilers won by a score of 20-0. The game was played on Wilson Field The crowd was small and the usual spirit lacking.

During the first quarter it looked as if the teachers intended to put up a strong fight but weakened after the first quarter. During the second period the Artisans came back strong and registered their first tally. Walt McMillan scored one touchdown, while "S. O. S." Smith shoved over the other two. Galloway kicked two goals and the "Schoolmasters" found themselves on the short end of a 20-0 score.

POLYTECHNIC GAME—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16th.

Upsetting all dope regarding Fred Haney and the Mechanics' foot-

DR. WILSON

One of the best supporters of football has been Dr. Wilson. Night after night he has watched the fellows work out and has given aid in every way towards forwarding the sport at Manual. Three cheers for Doc! He is the best friend Manual has!

SANTA MONICA GAME

The first practice game of the season was played with Santa Monica on Wilson field and resulted in a 39-13 victory for Manual. In order to get a line on his men, Coach Foster gave every man a chance to play some time during the game. In spite of the fact that most of the men were new to the game, they showed up well, as the score indicated.

Santa Monica scored first, when Charles snuggled a pass and ran twenty yards for a touchdown. The Toilers came back and scored six touchdowns. Smith led the attack with two touchdowns. Herman, Galloway, Berkey and Leadingham tied for second with one each.

OCCIDENTAL CONTEST

The second game of the season was played with the strong Occidental Varsity team on our field. The Manualites were hampered by lack of plays but held the college team to a 10-7 score. The Manual boys played the Tigers off their feet thruout the contest but lost on a drop kick.

Many new players showed up in this game. After three minutes of playing the Oxy eleven "tanked" their way down the field, and on a forward pass succeeded in crossing the Artisan line for a touchdown.

Sid Foster's machine came back fighting mad and worked the oval down to the Tiger's ten yard line where Galloway shot a pass into Bert Eason's hands over the goal line. The three points could not be overcome and Manual lost her only game of the year.

SAN BERNARDINO GAME

With thirty men, Coach Foster journeyed up to "San Berdoo" and treated the Gate City footballers to a 48-0 defeat. Here again, as in the Santa Monica contest, all the men were used and the game was a walk-away. The trip was quite a pleasure outing and despite the rain and lightning during the game the trip was enjoyed by the players.

Herman, Smith and in fact the whole Toiler team, played up to expectations.

LINCOLN GAME—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19th

When the smoke had drifted away after the Lincoln contest, it was plainly seen that the Toiler aggregation was to be looked up to in the race for the city league championship. The Manual team showed their superiority by trouncing the Railsplitters in a 40-0 game on the Lincoln bleacherless field. The game was marked by a great many

The Football Season

PRELIMINARY REVIEW OF THE SEASON

"Play hard enough, and keep on long enough, and you will win at most anything." Last year our team lost the Southern California Championship in football when it was almost within its grasp. Persistence and hard work to the limit this year has given them the most highly coveted honor in athletics among the high schools of Southern California, the State Football Championship, and the possession of the silver trophy.

This year's team is probably the best Manual has ever produced and it is considered by competent judges one of the best ever assembled in a California preparatory school.

At the opening of the season, when Manager Zuchelli and Coach Foster looked over the material, and lined up first, second, and lightweight teams, there were over one hundred eager candidates in uniforms and of that number only four were letter men of the preceding football season.

THE LIGHTWEIGHT TEAM

Under the leadership of Captain "Chuck" Marston, the lightweight team has gone thru a most successful season. Coach Toney worked wonders with his men, and they played a brand of football that attracted a great deal of notice and favorable comment.

THE SECOND TEAM

The second team of this season succeeded in winning the city championship and lost but one game. The fellows have enjoyed the games and owe a great deal to Coach Craig. Emmons captained the team and called signals.

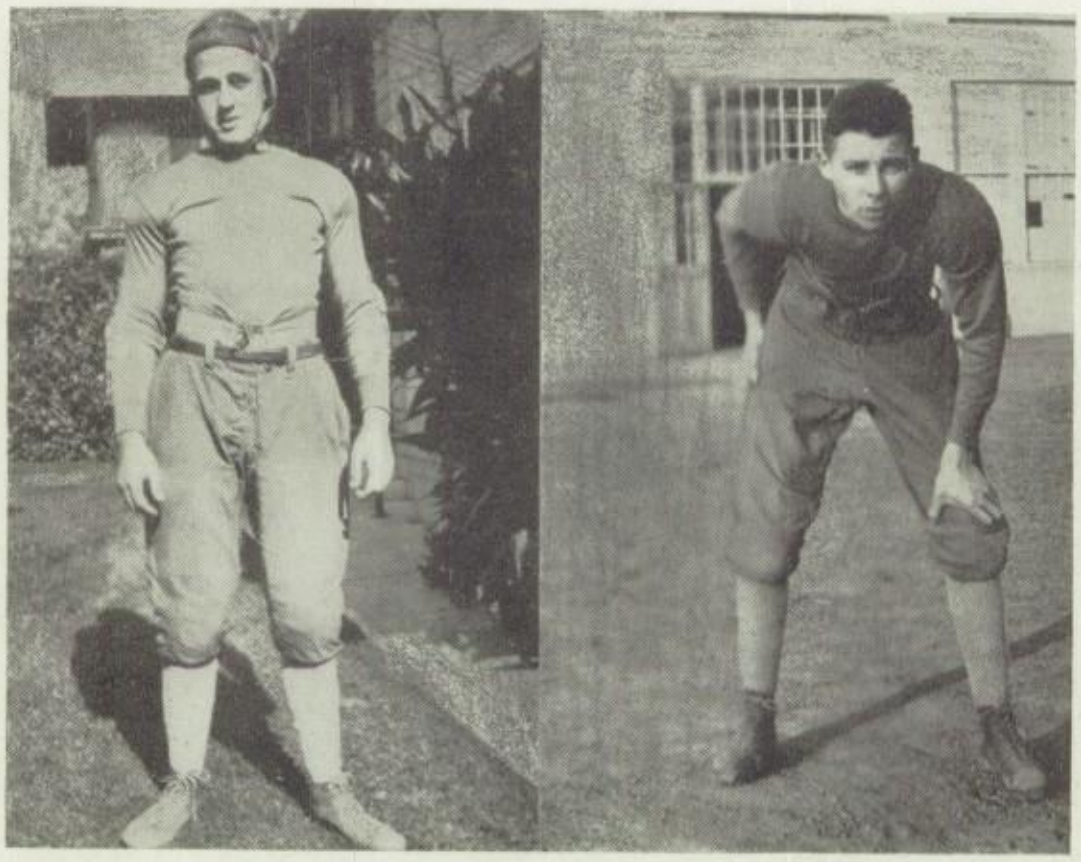
COACHES

We have always been fortunate in our coaches and particularly so this year in obtaining Mr. Sidney Foster to lead our football destinies. Coach Foster is an impartial, friendly fellow whom no one can help but admire. Quick, alert and possessed of a wonderful knowledge of football, this snappy little coach has made "the greatest football organization seen around these parts in quite a while."

Coach Ligda has aided in conditioning the men and while not actively engaged in coaching has given valuable aid to the team.

Coach Craig is responsible for the creation of a city championship for second teams this year. He is a likable fellow and turned out a very worthy second team.

Coach Toney's football playing ability is widely known and now he has gained new laurels by coaching the lightweight squad. His team played good football and is in a class with the best in Southern California.



RAYMOND KLEINBERGER

Ray is a hard player and displayed class as right guard. This is his last year.

Age 18. Weight 160. Height 5.10.

WALTER O'BRIEN

Walt as end, showed that he knew what was expected of him. He is fast, a good tackler, and is always under passes. We shall see Walt in another year of football.

Age 17. Weight 125. Height 5.8.

JACK EPPERSON

Epperson worked up from the second team and earned his place on the first squad by playing a strenuous brand of football.

Age 17. Weight 155. Height 5.7.

KENNETH THOMAS

"Kenny" was handicapped by his weight but played a good game at end. He graduates in February.

Age 18. Weight 115. Height 5.6.

WELLINGTON ROGERS

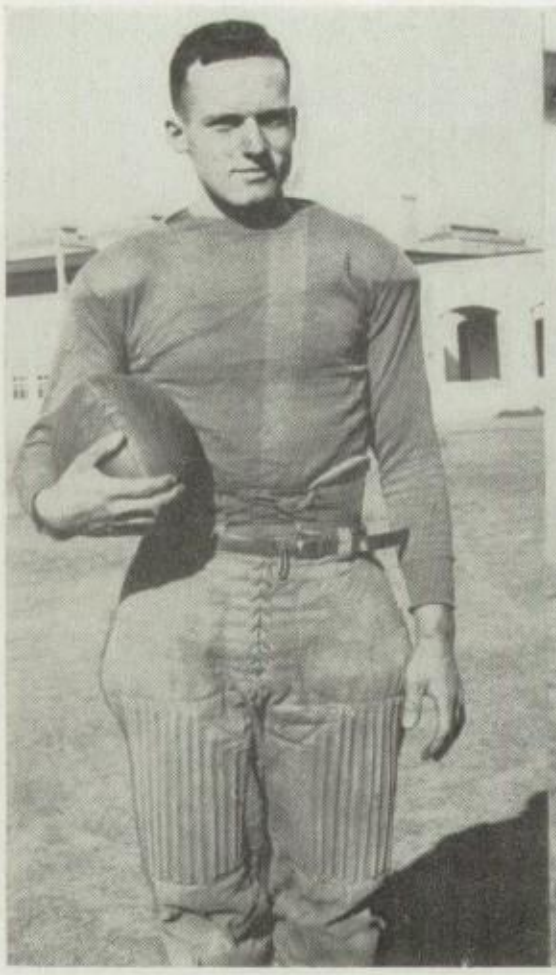
"Welly"earned praise by fighting hard and then keeping at it. He was out for several weeks with a bad foot which held him back.

Age 17. Weight 145. Height 5.8.

GEORGE McRAE

Mac hails from Imperial Valley where he learned to hit the line like a tank. He has another year.

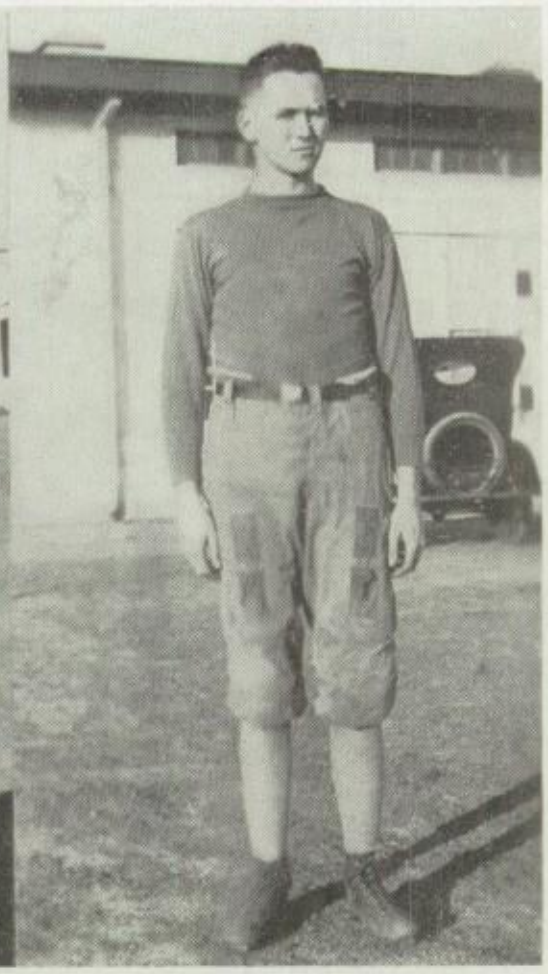
Age 19. Weight 163. Height 5.10.



MELVIN STUART

Melvin was one of the hardest workers on the team, always there when needed. Speedy, sure and a good broken-field runner. This is his last year.

Age 18. Weight 148. Height 5.7.



ALLAN ROSS

Ross had the old fighting spirit. He has been a dependable and sure man.

Age 19. Weight 170. Height 6.2.

GEORGE BLISS

"Daredevil" Bliss, better known as "Shorty" and "Buffalo", filled a Bliss should be an All-Southern man big gap on the left side of the line. next year.

Age 19. Weight 148. Height 5.7.

WESLEY LINSTRUM

"Wes" is a worker, uses his head. and as right guard was an opponent worthy of the best.

Age 19. Weight 164. Height 6.

COLUMBUS W. BARNES

Barnes worked hard all season and can take much punishment. He gives good interference and tackles well. This is his last season.

Age 19. Weight 138. Height 5.11.

LAWERENCE EVERETT

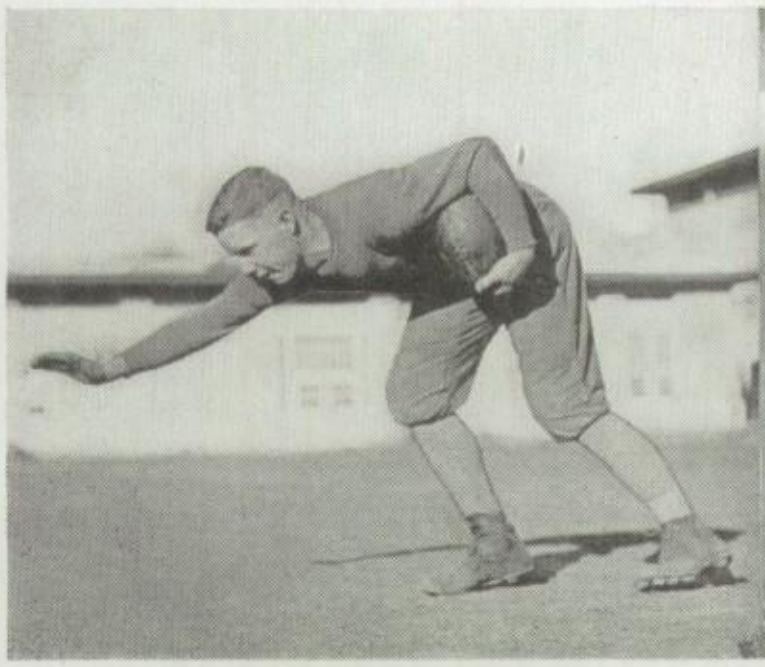
"Dutch" is a fighter but was outclassed by our steller tackles. Hard luck Dutch because you're a consistent and a scrappy player.

Age 19. Weight 145. Height5.6

EHRLE SHAAD

Ehrle is not Irish but he is aggressive all the same. He played well at center. This is his last year.

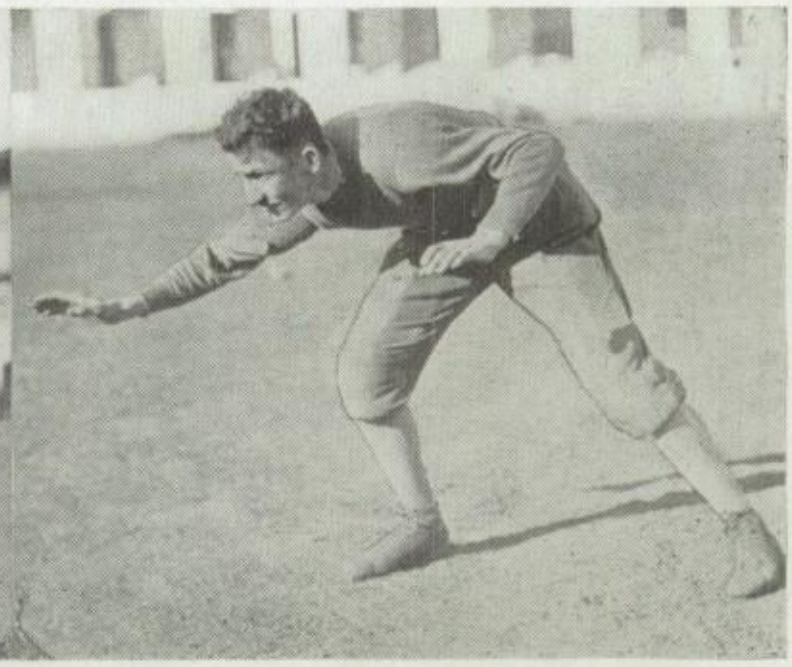
Age 19. Weight 151. Height 5.11.



BOB COLE

Bob is a battler and has the makings of a star. He hits hard and as a speedy actor and tackler puts on the finishing touches. This is his second year in football.

Age 15. Weight 148. Height 5.10.



BERT EASON

On the lightweight eleven last year Bert was a sensation. When he was transferred to the first squad this year, he made good with his fearless tackling from the start. He has another year.

Age 17. Weight 128. Height 5.8..

DARRELL HUFFORD

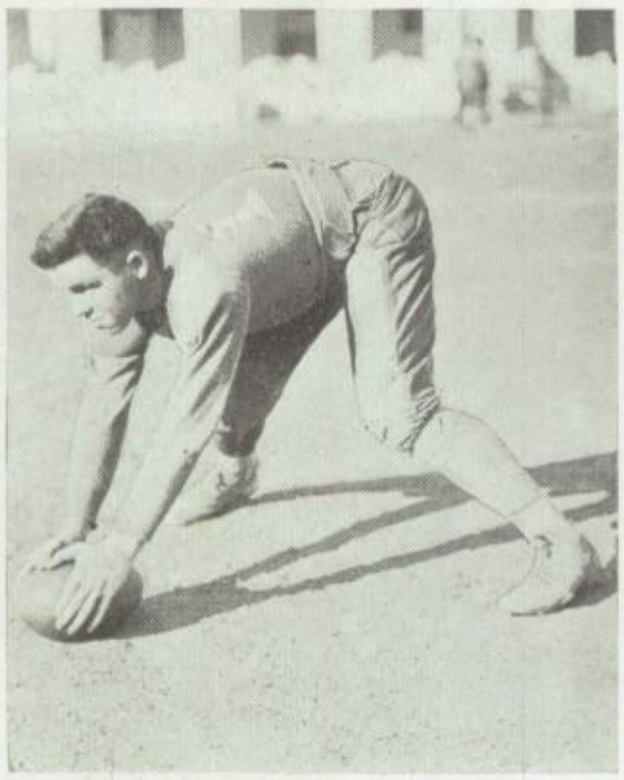
Hufford is the blond fellow who played left guard. He is classed as a fighter and opening-maker. There is no better offensive and defensive man on the coast.

Age 16. Weight 160. Height 5.10.

MELL LIPPMAN

Mell at guard proved a terror to his opponents. He was a mainstay in several important games. He will be in the game next year.

Age 19. Weight 160. Height 5.10.



ROBERT BERKEY

"Bingo" played a sensational game all season. He is a consistent All-Star player. He has made the All-Southern team.

Age 18. Weight 167. Height 6.

"TINY" FEROL REDD

Redd was picked as guard on the second All-Southern. In his position as center he is known as one of the hardest and most aggressive fighters in the state. He is always on the ball and one of the best passers which the game has brot out in the high schools. This is Ferol's last year.

Age 17. Weight 161. Height 5.9.

FRED HERMAN

"Pete" certainly is a find. He handles his team in great shape, is fast with the ball, and gives perfect interference. He is sure to be a "wiz" next year.

Age 19. Weight 135. Height 5.9.

SOLLY SMITH

Solly is another All-Southern man. He is our best ground gainer. He made more touchdowns than any other member of the team. This is his last year.

Age 20. Weight 156. Height 5.6.

CHARLIE ERB

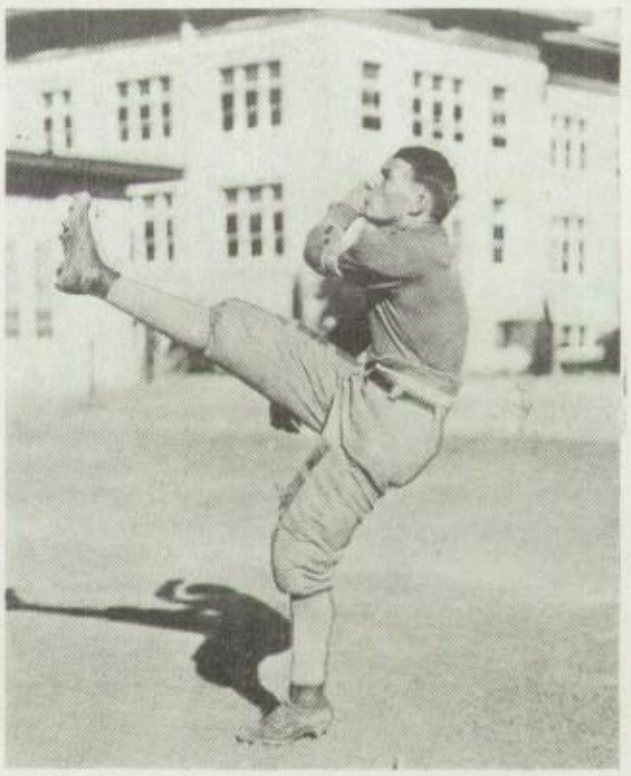
Charlie was chosen mate with Walt on the All-Southern. He can be relied upon to snag passes, is always the first man down on punts and has rare ability at breaking up end runs. Erb is one of the brainiest players in prep school ranks.

Age 19. Weight 142. Height 5.9.

WALT McMILLAN

Walt was chosen All-Southern end and certainly deserves the place. He is speedy and can handle the ball in grand style. He is the best punter in this end of the state and is wonderful in getting under passes.

Age 17. Weight 142. Height 5.10.



Sports

By Robert Huff

COACH SID FOSTER

Coach Foster is a hard man to satisfy, but when satisfied, is willing to admit it. His work this term has placed him in an exalted position among the citizens of the Manual Arts community and among lovers of clean sport everywhere.

MANAGER ED. ZUCHELLI

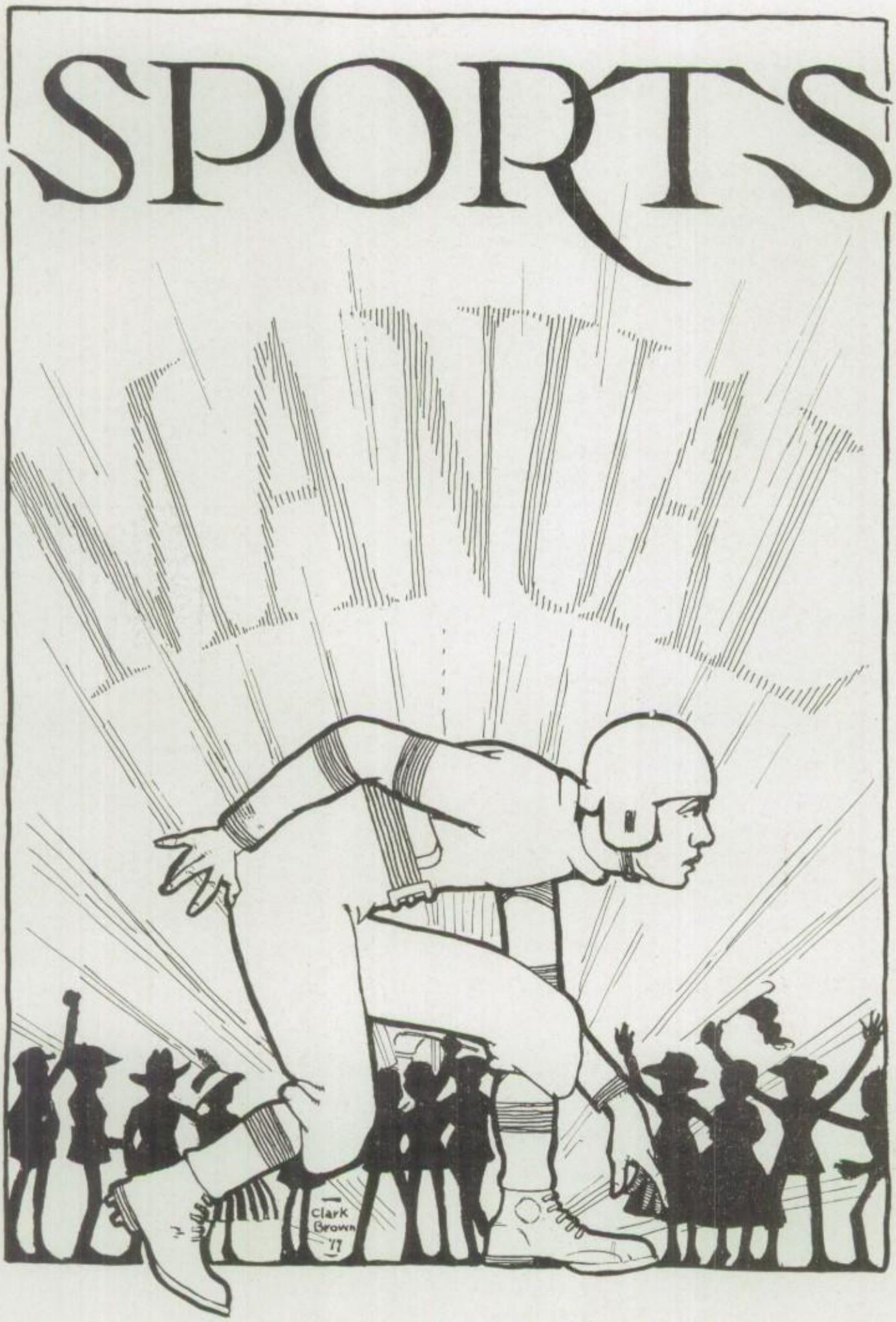
Ed was working on football long before the season started, and has been one of the most conscientious and successful managers in the history of the school.

CAPTAIN AMOR GALLOWAY

Amor is one of the best half-backs in the State. He is a shifty player, hard to tackle and knows how to handle his team. Chosen on the All-Southern team. Graduates in February.

Age 18. Weight 150. Height 5.8.

SPORTS



Members of the French Club have done their share by aiding the twelve French orphans which the school has adopted. About three hundred garments have been sent to them, besides a big box of scrap books and toys.

Ten of our charitable students, by subscribing a dollar, have become God-fathers or God-mothers to French soldiers in the trenches and many interesting letters have been exchanged. The following is a translation of a letter from a soldier:

My Dear Sir:

Altho I am a total stranger to you I am going to have a little talk with you for I have learned that you are my benefactor. So, I take great pleasure in giving you a description of my life.

I come from the town of Tourloing which was invaded by the Germans at the beginning of the war. I left the town and my home with out any companions so as not to be captured by the Boches for I belong to the class of 1916 and have been alone since that time.

So my dear sir, it is with great joy that I have found you. I shall be able to confide to you my joys and sorrows and your letters will bring me all the comfort and encouragement that I need.

Yours sincerely,

JULES FERRET

The following is a translation of a little French girl's letter:

Dear Comrade:-

I received today your address so I am going to thank you right away for your kind gift and tell you how happy the little children of France are to think that those of America do not forget them.

I am eight years old. I go to school where I work as hard as I can to become an educated girl and to please mama who is now all alone with my little brother and me.

My father was a furniture maker and worked hard and we were so happy. He went away to fight as soon as the war broke out. He was killed at Loupmont in the Meuse region on the twenty-sixth of September, 1914. I loved him dearly and I miss him very much.

Now dear comrade, accept the thanks and the friendship of a little French girl who is thinking of you.

HELENE CUSIN

Manual's "Bit" in the War

By Orin Field

Every morning as we come to school the service flag catches our eye.. We try in vain to count those little blue stars in the white field guarded by the border of red, but they are too many. Memories of old companions, now in uniform, come to our minds and we wonder about them and the places where they are.

Will we ever forget that assembly at which were read the two hundred names of Manualites who have gone away in arms? Was the hush that fell upon us as we all stood and listened to the reading of that honor roll, our silent prayer?

Did you notice as you passed thru the halls, a few weeks ago, the huge thermometer which registered Manual's pulse in the Liberty Bond Campaign? Slowly the mercury rose at first but then with sudden leaps as tho remembering the cause, it gained the high point of $195,700.00

The proceeds from the "war movies" given in our aud one Friday night were divided equally between the Red Cross and the Red Star societies.

Another association which might fittingly be mentioned at this time is the Y. M. C. A. To the Y. M. C. A. Fund which goes for libraries, stationery, and food for our soldiers all the time, Manual's total contribution was $561.00.

Last term many "war gardens" were planted and yielded surprisingly satisfactory results. Those interested in the work were assisted by Messrs. Shepherd and Chase. Their departments posted bulletins almost daily.

Many girls have completed the prescribed course of thirty lessons in Red Cross work and passed the examination given by the Red Cross Association. They possess certificates which will enable them to enter a base hospital or the Red Cross Society as aids to the hospital-trained Red Cross nurse.

Manual's military training course is an assured success. Two companies have been organized with a total enrollment of over one hundred and fifty. There are Company drills during the regular gymnasium periods and battalion drills after school. All the privates are of the tenth grade while the officers are upper-class men. Both companies are fully equipped with uniforms. Buglers and a battalion flag give the whole affair a "regular army" aspect.

A Junior Red Cross Society has been formed in Manual by the order of President Wilson, who ordered establishments to be made in every high school in the country. Everyone in Manual is expected to join either by subscribing twenty-five cents or more or by doing the equivalent of that amount in work along Red Cross lines. This young organization will undoubtedly soon grow strong. Five student chairmen have been elected to look after this work.

The Knitting Club must not be overlooked. Members of the club have knit sweaters, scarfs, socks, and wristlets for the soldier boys of Manual.

SUSANNE	Mildred Pritchard
MRS. SMITH	Neola Meekins
MISS JONES	Marion Hoeppner
MRS. AUSTIN	Edna Tracy
MR. AUSTIN	Henry Cassilas

GIRLS OF THE HOUSE PARTY

PHOEBE GIBSON	Thelma Rhodes
JOSEPHINE GIBSON	Delphine Acuna
MARGARET RAYMOND	Bonnie Hadden
GRACE HOLMES	Margaret Terry
CLARA WILSON	Gladys Barney
LUCILE ARMSTRONG	Dorothy Rogers

MEN OF THE HOUSE PARTY

FRANK RAYMOND	Dean Mitchell
RAY DAWSON	Orin Field
TED. TAYLOR	Myron Packard

TO MR. GREENUP

By Wendell Phillips Gladden Jr.

Not glory and fame were his desire,
Not honor far and wide;
But toiling, and seeming ne'er to tire,
He helped those at his side.
Humanity called him to the strife,
Where others bravely fight;
Freely he offered his young life,
For the great cause of right.

"He Comes Up Smiling"

"He Comes Up Smiling," the sparkling comedy made famous by Douglas Fairbanks, was chosen by the graduates of Winter '18 as their class play.

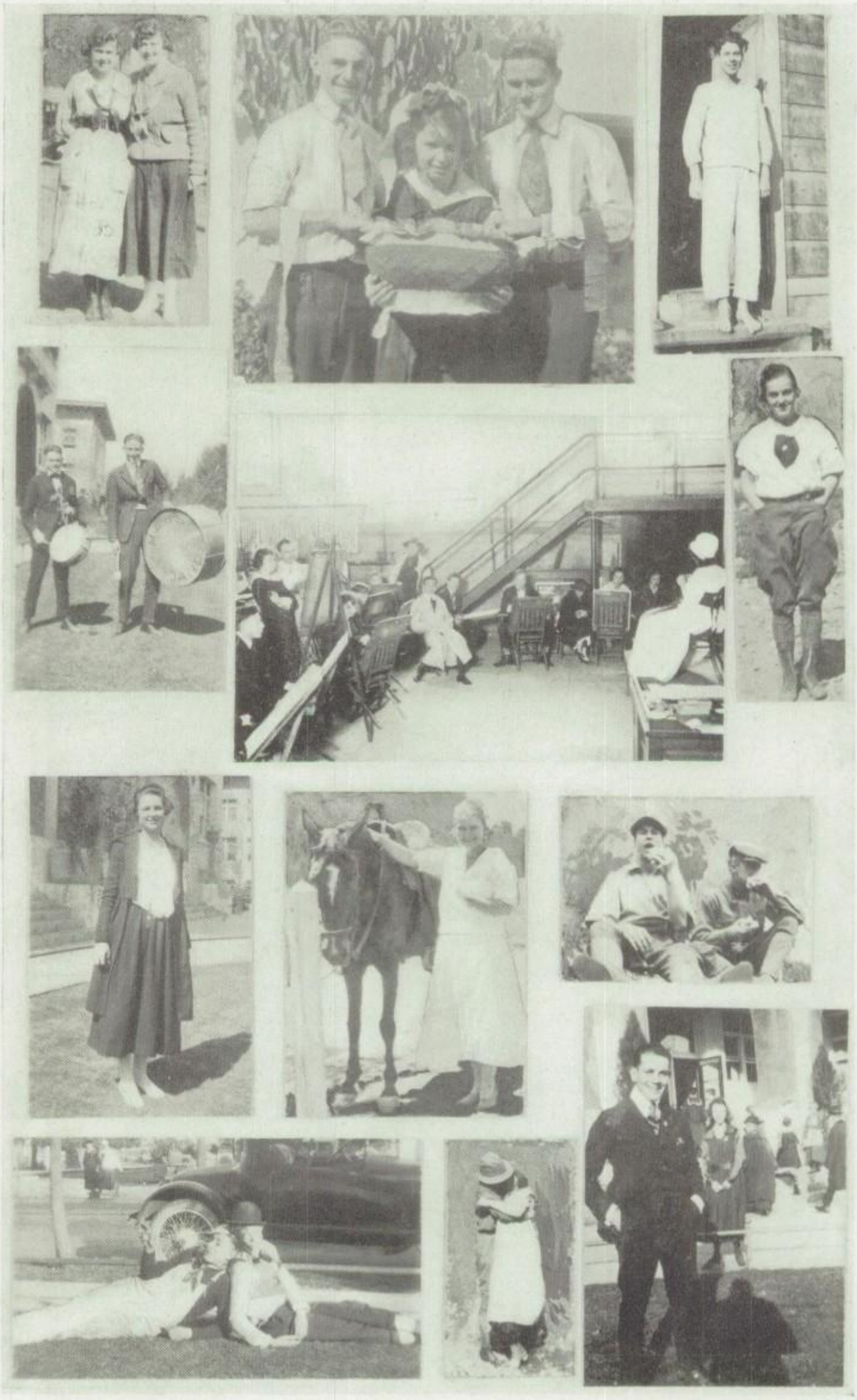
The theme centers about a "free citizen of the world", whom his tramp companions have nicknamed "Watermelon." One Sunday morning while taking a swim in a near-by tank, Watermelon is robbed of his ragged clothing by James who proves to be the villain of the story. William Hargrave Batchelor then appears on the scene and entreats Mike, the Irisher, to go to the nearest village for gasoline. In the meantime Batchelor decides to go swimming also and consequently Watermelon dons Batchelor's clothes as a matter of "youthful modesty." James is reproached by Mike and returns Watermelon's clothes to the bank of the lake, only to find the tramp tastefully attired as the millionaire broker. Before affairs can be righted, another automobile approaches and the occupants offer aid to the apparently stranded motorist; Watermelon's entreaties are in vain and he is carried off by the party and shown every consideration, as he has introduced himself thru a card found in the borrowed clothing. Billy Bartlett, the daughter of the real Batchelor's business rival, becomes very much interested in Watermelon and persuades him to spend the week with her motoring party. In the course of events Watermelon discovers a ruse to keep the supposed Batchelor out of the city in order to ruin him financially. He finds the man whom he is impersonating and they cooperate to beat Bartlett at his own game. While Watermelon accepts their hospitality, the real Batchelor is in town defending his interests on the 'change.

Watermelon becomes infatuated with Billy, but leaves the party unceremoniously when his mission is accomplished. They are reunited only after Watermelon has become a successful business man.

This breezy story, full of laughs and chuckles is one of the brightest comedies ever produced at Manual.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WATERMELON	Robert Huff
BILLY	Juna Southwick
GENERAL CROSSMAN	Robert Marvin
MRS. CROSSMAN	Grace Loudon
HENRIETTA CROSSMAN	Gladys James
BARTLETT	Amor Galloway
WILLIAM HARGRAVE BATCHELOR	John Rodriguez
MRS. PHILLIPS	Virginia Gallot
TELEGRAPH OPERATOR	Charles McGuire
ALPHONSE	Russell Harris
RAWLES	Sam Wickern
CONSTABLE	Spencer Chapin
POLICEMAN	Elmer Bussel
MIKE	Ernest Alexander
JAMES	Chas. Marston



SMILES

By the Moon's Pale Light

For a delightful half hour we had been transplanted to the Italy of long ago. Back to the days of street pantomimes and wandering showmen, we were taken by Mrs. Gray and a capable cast in the pantomime, "By the Moon's Pale Light."

Every one was in love with handsome Pierrot and dainty Pierrette as they moved thru their bright scenes of true love and innocence.

Harlequin, the care-free and lovable wandering minstrel hero, was only too often deserving of rebuke for his temperamental acts.

Bewitching Columbine told her own sad sweet story by exquisite gesture, pantomime, and thru the grace of her poetic dancing. Our hearts were melted by her sad and forlorn plight when her husband Harlequin went away, no one knew where, and left her all alone.

The whole story was expressed thru the pantomime of the silent actors, and thru the quaint beautiful old songs of the minstrelsy of the Middle Ages. Hubert Baty gave us an excellent conception of the showman's part and a rendition of the songs that was pleasing and convincing.

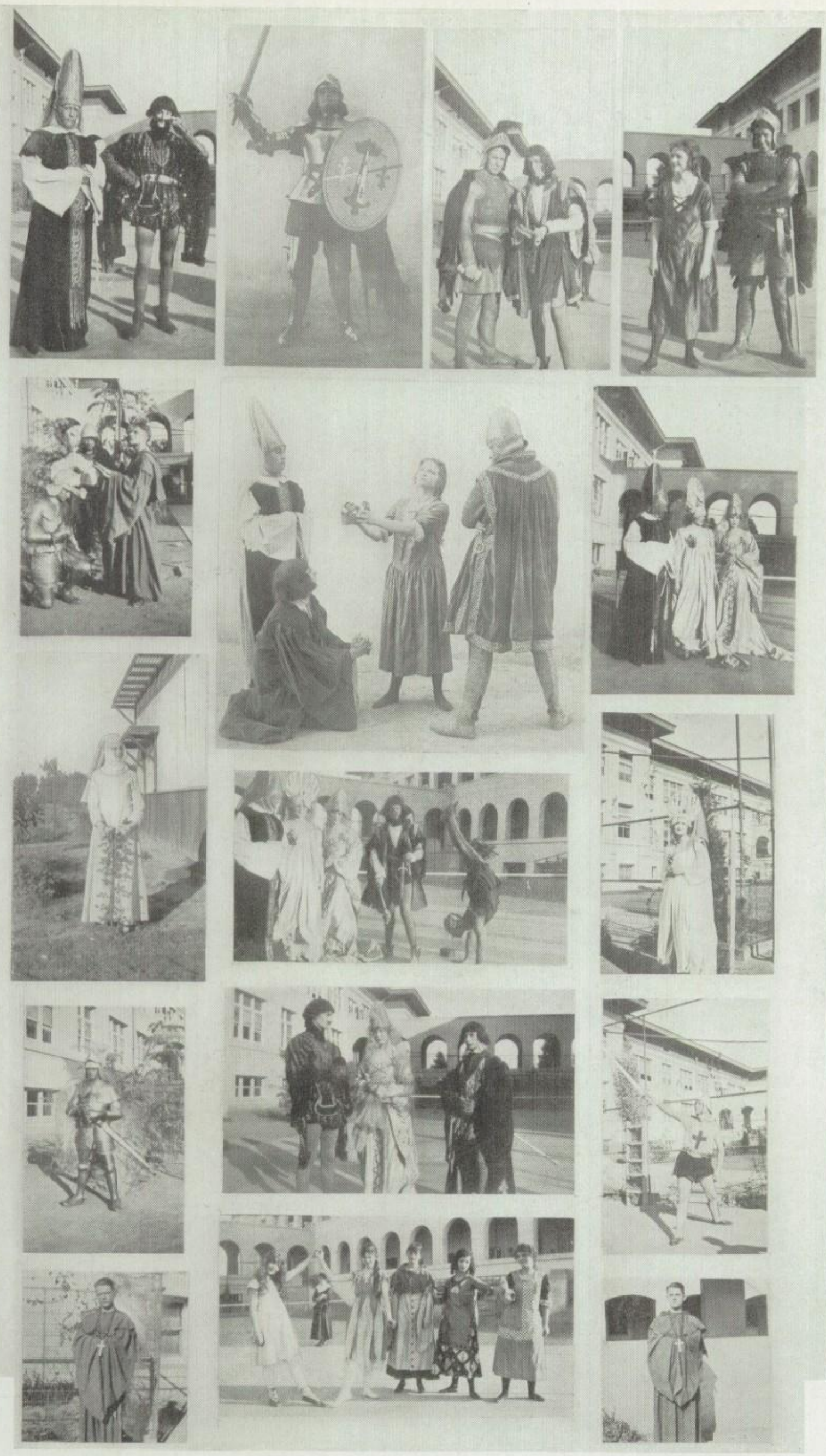
When Harlequin came home and found Columbine was not dead, and the lovers Pierrot and Pierrette had thrown last kisses to each other from their window the exquisite poetic play ended in a quiet happiness, as all good stories should.

The first performance of the pantomime at an Adelphic assembly was received with so much delight by the Manual audience that the play was repeated on two succeeding occasions to highly appreciative audiences.

The Cast:

The Showman	Hubert Baty
Pierrot	Ernest Alexander
Pierrette	Juna Southwick
Columbine	Susan Avery
Harlequin	Stanley Taylor
The Doctor	Audley Alexander

BY THE MOONS' PALE LIGHT



JEANNE d'ARC PLAYERS

The incidental music by the string quartette which was heard now far away now near, was under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Edwards.

The costumes were designed by Miss Donaldson and executed by the costuming class under Miss Hodge.

The dancing in the first and second acts was directed by Miss Jessie Adamson.

The journalism classes, under Mr. Maynard, and the advertising class, under Miss Maude Oyler, took charge of the publicity for the play.

The beautiful posters of Jeanne d'Arc were made by the art classes under the direction of Mr. Frederic Schwankovsky.

Miss Mae McKinley, Mrs. Isabelle Gray and Mr. Vincent Jones gave valuable assistance in the production.

Lastly, let us not forget the one who selected and managed the great play, beautiful in poetic thot, who trained the cast and set the wonderful scenes. Unstinted praise and honor should be given Miss Maude T. Howell for bringing to us in such splendor, the great and beautiful life of the peasant maid of France, Jeanne d'Arc.

DIRECTORS OF THE CHURCH

Chas. Marston
Spencer Chapin

Elmer Bussel
Geo. McRay

HERALDS

Geo. Cummins
Dwight Hindig
John Farrington

ACCOLYTES

Gordon Olton
Harold Barton

SCENES

ACT I

"The Ladies Tree", near Domremy. Springtime 1428.

ACT II

The Castle of King Charles VII, at Chinon, March 8, 1429.

ACT III

Outside the walls of Orleans; the attack on the Tournelles, May7, 1429.

ACT IV

Scene 1. Before the walls of Troye. Night of July 5, 1429.
Scene 2. Coronation Pageant of King Charles. Rheims, July 17, 1429.

ACT V

Jeanne's Prison at Ronen, May 30, 1431.

Stage Crew

Stage Manager, Voester Macdonald; Chief Electrician, Morton Kibbe; Assistant Electricians, E. Ellis, G. Quinn, R. Figeroa; Master Property Man, Richard Hammerslack; Assistant Property Man, Lucien Griffin; Master Grip Man, Frank Kreitman; Assistant Grip Man, Dewey Starkey and Edgar Lynch; Master Fly Man, Donald Enman; Head Carpenter, E. Ball; Assistant Carpenter, Solly Smith.

Designers and Painters

Aileen Douglas, Laura Faw, Estelle Peck, Aaron Bonoff, Edna Stewart, Alice Handschiegl, and Ed. Boyd.

The class was assisted in the Jeanne d'Arc production by two ex-stage managers, Frank Kreitman and "Doc" Bernard.

The scenery, was designed, constructed, painted, the lighting effects prepared and the scenes set for the performance by the stage craft class.

In addition to the cast and the stage crew there were many departments which were helpful in producing Jeanne d'Arc.

Miss Chappalear had charge of the orchestra and Miss Wilson the singing.

AT ROUEN

BROTHER MARTIN LADVENU, a monk, . Stanley Prime
CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH GUARD, .. Robert Marvin
ENGLISH GUARDS, .. Spencer Chapin, Charles Marston, Eulett Beekman
POOR PEASANT WOMEN, Helen Hand, Evelyn Gore, Allie Davis, Helene Alfred, Bell Sheperd

COURTIERS

Evelyn West
Margaret Wistlezenus
Flavia Shurtleff
Addie Hodge
Delphine Acuna
Stephen Boothe
Eulett Beekman
Chas. McGuire
Arthur Downs
Robt. Huff

PEASANTS

Dorothy Wells
Evelyn Edler
Laura Millard
Robbie Joe Hampton
Dorthea Wilson
Katherine Maynard
Alice Sanders
Harold King
D. Cohen
Everett Bailey
Dawn Rendell
Gladys Barney
Elsie Sjoberg
Eugenia McVey
Hazel Goodreau
Lota Neiezel
Jack Hellman
Lewis Lyon
Earl McConnell
S. Boote
Thompson Brown
Dorothy Kotzow
Margaret Manderville
Bert Litchtenstein
Eugene Smith
Neal Williams

SOLDIERS

L. Griggs
Wm. Beazley
W. Whittington
Max Brown
A. Ross
T. Stanfield
R. Fox
F. Crittenden
R. Cullen
C. Malone
L. Tower
R. Hoenig
I. Boyd
L. Callahan
D. Geraldine
M. Glove
R. Heen
L. Massey
E. Prentice
S. Wickern
P. Silvius
P. Wireck
F. Winter
C. Simmons

FAIRIES

Allie Davis
Aileen Douglass
Doris Hooper
Dorothea Taylor
Harriet McGee
Mildred Pritchard
Edna Zuchelli
Helen Gibson

STANDARD BEARERS

Al. Silver
Pridman Davis

"SHOW TO GOD YOUR TRUE FACES"

"LET NOT THIS FOLK COMMIT IDOLATRY BECAUSE OF ME"

JEANNE d'ARC

fire and burned. The love of the whole world through the ages and the acknowledgment of her holy mission, has been the conquest of Jeanne d'Arc. In the audience there were tears in the eyes of many and it seemed profane to applaud.

CHARACTERS

AT DOMREMY

JACQUES d'ARC, father of Jeanne, ... Ernest Alexander
PIERRE d'ARC, brother of Jeanne .. .. Laurence Harrell
COLIN, courting Jeanne, ... - Raymond Miller
GERARD, home from the wars; betrothed to Hauviette, Stanley Taylor
GERARDIN, a Burgundian villager, ... Kenneth Bolt
PERRIN, bell-ringer of Domremy, ... Colin Timmons
JEANNE d'ARC, ("Jeannette"), the maid, .. Eleanor Anderson
HAUVIETTE, her girl friend, ... Lyle Rooks
ISABELLETTE, a peasant-girl, ... Hope Hall
MERGETTE, a peasant girl, ... Dorothy Howells

IN FRANCE

CHARLES VII., King of France, ... Raymond Fruhman
JEAN, DUKE D'ALENCON, his cousin, - Hubert Baty
SEIGNEUR DE LA TREMOUILLE, his favorite, .. Percy Taber
REGNAULT DE CHARTRES, Archbishop of Reims, Edward Tucker
RENE DE BOULIGNY, Receiver-General of France, Harwood Drynor
VENDOME, the King's Chamberlain, ... Myron Packard
DUNOIS, French Commander at Orleans, .. Jesse Crandall
MARSHALL LA HIRE, "The Growler", . .. H. J. Stonier
JEAN DE METZ, of Jeanne's escort to the King, Lester Leadingham
BERTRAND DE POULANGY, of the same, .. William Blake
PASQUEREL, St Augustine Friar, ... Virgil Lewis
PIGACHON, Franciscan Friar, ... Douglas Honnold
MASTER SEQUIN, Dominican of Poitiers, .. Lawrence Clark
BROTHER RICHARD, a Mendicant Friar, .. Dewey Callahan
LOUIS DE CONTES, Jeanne's page, a boy, .. Stanley Quebe
PIERRE COUCHON, Bishop of Beauvais, .. Orin Field
NICHOLAS LOISELEUR, of the Inquisition, .. Roland Cooper
FLAVY, Governor of Compiegne, ... Alfred Mitchell
A TAILOR, .. - .. .. Kenneth Bolt
A BOOT MAKER, ... Walter Walkenshaw
JOHN GRIS, an English gentleman, ... Chas. McGuire
ADAM GOODSPEED, an English yeoman, .. Raymond Jones
AN ENGLISH HERALD, ... John Rodriguez

Ladies of King Charles Court at Chinon

CATHERINE DE LA ROCHELLE, .. Margaret Whitlock
DIANA, ... Grace Loudon
ATHENIE, ... - .. .. .. Leah Ryker

Jeanne d'Arc

Jeanne d'Arc was produced at Manual Arts High School Auditorium on the afternoon and evening of December fourteenth and the evenings of December fifteenth and December twentieth under the direction of Miss Maude T. Howell.

Perfect, perhaps that is too big a word for any production, but if the aim of a play is to appeal to human emotions then "Jeanne d'Arc" succeeded perfectly in its aim. From the moment the curtain rose on the festive village folk until it fell on Jeanne's prison the audience was intensely interested.

It is best not to attempt to describe the scenic affects; they were so gorgeous that they beggar all description, and every member of the cast must have in his heart gone back to the early days of France for he lived his part.

To tell of Eleanor Anderson's interpretation of Jeanne d'Arc is difficult. But the people who saw "Jeanne d'Arc" will not need to turn to history books or paintings for the description and character of Jeanne the Maid. In their memory Eleanor Anderson has established a Jeanne, La Pucelle, whom they will always remember.

As for D'Alencon, Hubert Baty gave in his own inimitable way a D'Alencon who will live long in our hearts.

Catherine De La Rochelle and Seigneur De La Tremouille were conspirators as villainous and courtly as could be desired.

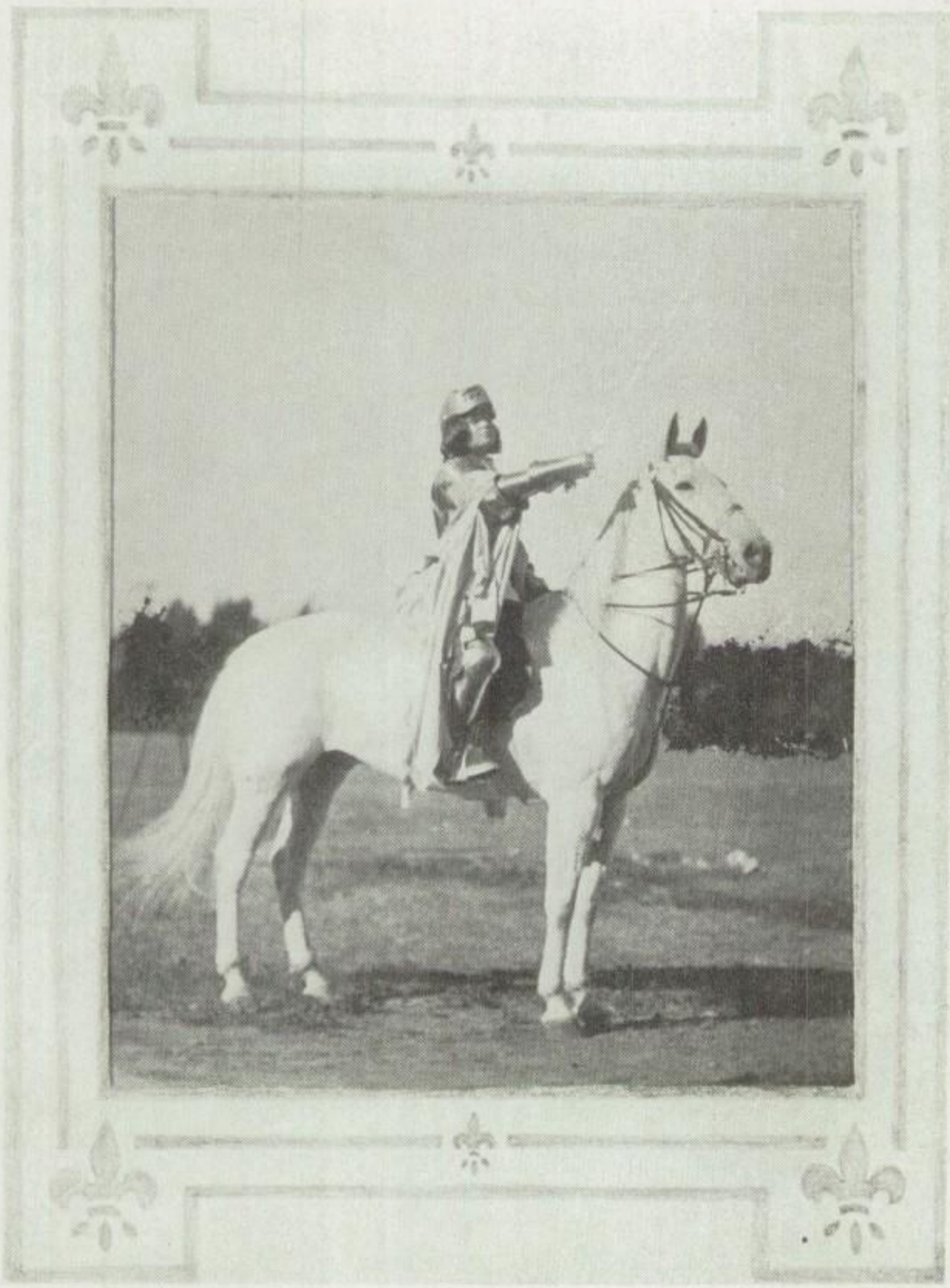
The military element was not lacking. La Hire and Dunois were true soldiers rivalling our khaki clad fighters of today.

King Charles of France, humorous, and a true puppet, was delightful, ever furnishing amusement for his court, ever like a child in his changing moods. "See how he changeth with every wind," is a characterizing line.

Each scene of "Jeanne d'Arc" gave a wonderful picture and a beautiful conception of the growth of Jeanne's character. First came the gay village folk in holiday mood, youth and happiness the predominant note. Then with a feeling of seriousness pervading it, we saw the scene of Jeanne and the wounded soldier Gerard. At the bankrupt court, where the festivity and mirth prevailed, even as the court faced impending destruction, the maid brot the faith that should bring hope and victory again to France. As we saw the maid before the gates at Orleans and at Troye she won our love for her simple and beautiful life. The exaltation of the character of the maid in the prison scene will surely be a lasting memory, Jeanne no longer triumphant, no longer worshipped but despised by all save one, and that one, D'Alencon, his courage strong and his love for Jeanne unfailing to the end.

D'Alencon, long a poet, an idler, fell under the maid's spell and rose to man's stature with a fixed purpose and determination to live justly before God.

Slowly the curtain descended on the last sad scene, Jeanne in the cheerless prison waiting for the supreme sacrifice—to be taken to the



JEANNE d'ARC

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB HOUSE PARTY

SUMMER FIFTEEN

Stafford Buckham is with Bill Street in Allentown, Pa.

WINTER FOURTEEN

Paul Elliott is band master on the U. S. S. Pueblo.

William Street is with the 96th Division of the U. S. A. Ambulance Corps.

Clarence Bjerke is with the Engineering Corps in France.

SUMMER FOURTEEN

Earl Zimmerman is at Mare Island.

Ruth Hammond has adopted the dramatic life and is appearing regularly in San Francisco.

Marie Allen is married to James Sheriffs.

Vida Eddy and Rufus Neville are married.

Harry and Warren Lamport are sophomores.

Katherine Fitch is a journalistic star.

Elsie Schneider is a popular senior.

Dan McMillan after playing spectacular football in the U. S. C. squad for the past season, has been elected captain for 1918.

Earl Davis graduated with the Winter '18 class.

SUMMER SEVENTEEN

Marie Paulsen is with the car department of the Pacific Electric.

Lester Lukins is a freshman at the University of Michigan.

Edith Clark is at the Los Angeles Normal School.

Richard Stenzel is at Throop College.

Miriam Wise, Theo Knecht, and Harold Blum are attending the University of California.

Margaret Brown is at the Los Angeles Business College.

Marion Fitch, Esther Farnum, Merle Daggett, Lois Byers, Fred Aberle, Eugina Van Bergen, and Roy Deffebach are at the Los Angeles High School Junior College.

Emil Freed is posting at Polytechnic.

Nora Biller is an instructor at the Salt Lake playground in this city.

Mary Alice Miller is with the Western Hardware Company of Los Angeles.

Robert Hare is taking the Electrical Engineering course at Throop.

WINTER SEVENTEEN

Robert Turner is with Barker Bros.

Hazel Darius and Althea Dawson are syncronizing in service with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Celeste Hand is married to Charles Nitch of Fresno.

WINTER SIXTEEN

Florence Plischke is attending Normal and plans to teach in Hawaii after her graduation.

Alvina Betz and Martin Zolle are married.

Ethel Epstein is married to Ralph Livingston.

SUMMER SIXTEEN

Lydia Brooks is attending an art school in the east.

Dixon Oyler, star track man, is at the naval medical school in San Francisco.

WINTER FIFTEEN

Marie Stanley is married to Wayland Geissemer.

Alumni

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

Louise Hamilton has made a decided hit in the University of California community by her aesthetic dancing. Nearly every important dance or play given last semester has had, as an additional feature, a program of dances during the intermission by "Louise Hamilton '19". In addition to carrying a regular course in the Junior Class, Louise is conducting a playground in the city of Oakland.

Charles Woessner is now a senior and is about to graduate in chemistry.

Raymond Weisbrod has recently shown a very decided literary ability which did not manifest itself at Manual. He has contributed several very excellent stories to the Occident, the University literary magazine, and as a result, has been added to the editorial staff.

Charles Edwards is still much in evidence with his cello. He and his organization "The California Trio" frequently appear at University meetings and in the Greek Theatre.

Charlotte Knapp is now a Senior in Architecture, and is very ably proving that there are no certain professions reserved exclusively for men.

Lucille Watson is the leading light of the U. C. Labor Club.

James Doolittle started the semester, but withdrew to join the Aviation Corps, and is now on the road to a commission as a pilot.

Raymond Weisbrod has already enlisted in the Hospital Corps. and is attending classes only while he is waiting his call for service.

Earl Troxell has truly joined the ranks of the intellectuals, for he is seldom seen on the campus except when traveling between his classes and his study.

Ray Vandervoort was manager of Debating this year and President of the Senior A class. He graduated at Christmas after three and one half years in college and joined the Naval Reserves.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY NEWS

Goodwin Knight is manager of the year book of the college, the '19 Quad. He has enlisted and is waiting the call.

Palmer Beckwith, S. '13, and Harrison Smith S. '13 have enlisted.

Lucy Wislizenus is active in woman's war work.

Holly and Marguerite Roberts are seriously engaged in studying.

Barkman McCabe and Gerald Schellenbach are in military service.

Margaret Shedd is representing Stanford in debating. She is also head of the Women's War Emergency Workers.

Lauretta Bender is planning to study chemistry at the University of Chicago.

Lyman Wilbur, Victor Guilbert, and Max King are freshmen.

Robert Jones is manager of the Student's Co-operative Buyers Association.

STANFORD BERKELEY U. S. C.

Junior College

Altho the Manual Arts Junior College is a comparatively new organization, it has already given evidence of meeting its large opportunities for usefulness. Its aim is to benefit not only the young men and the young women of its immediate vicinity, but society as a whole. Graduates from all the larger high schools in Los Angeles, and from many of the high schools and colleges in Southern California have enrolled with us.

Both cultural and vocational courses are offered to meet the requirements of the University of California, and the demands for further training by the large number who do not plan to enter the University at all, and who, otherwise, would be forced to enter the world of work inadequately prepared.

The Junior College is an integral phase of a country wide movement toward a better state system of education. The urgent need of a change in the present educational plan is finding expression in the almost universal demand for the lengthened high school course.

In spite of the more insistent demands of work upon the time of Junior College students, they have not lost sight of social activities.

In music, in dramatics, and in art, they have added much to the life of the school.

JUNIOR COLLEGE OFFICERS

ELWOOD CRANE, President

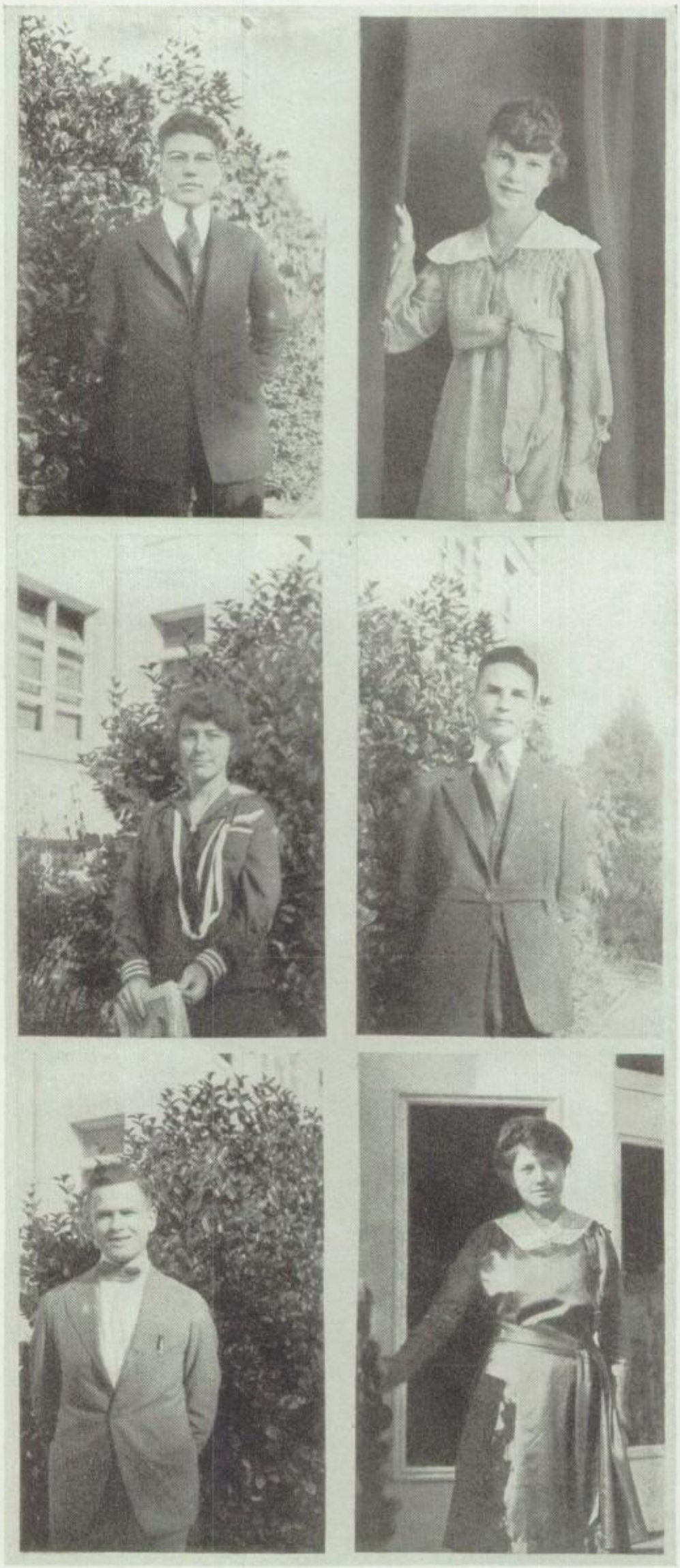
MARJORIE SCOTT, Vice-President

FLORENCE DORAN, Secretary

BEDFORD GRIFFIN, Vice-President

GALEN FOX, Treasurer

UNA EUGENIA FOWLER, Head of Junior College



JUNIOR COLLEGE OFFICERS

through the air, above the aching head. Gradually she could endure a light stroke. Three hours I worked, till my joints were tired and stiff, blaming myself that I did not have the power given to the Apostles, to drive out that hideous demon, Pain. When she seemed somewhat relieved, I rose to go. The aged sufferer raised her weary body on the bed, and asked her daughter to "Please invite Madame to stay to lunch". Too well I knew there was not enough food in the house to feed the canary but her hospitality would have warmed the dead coals in the grate, gratitude, and queenly grace were there and that French pride and courtesy which is a lesson to the world.

NIGHT AND THE SEA

By Betty Dick Frazee

Night slunk down in the valley,
And hid in the bushes there.
The birdlings flew while the west wind grew
And sailed thru the mid-night air.
The clouds banked high in the murky sky,
Huddled over the sere gray lee,
When out of the west from the wild winds' breast,
Came rumbling the mighty sea—
Came rumbling and mightily fumbling
The wan white moon on his breast;
Then surged to the east like a man-hunted beast,
And broke on the cliffs' rugged crest.

Empire, were worn grey at the ends, but they were drawn off and on with regal grace. Mlle. perched in a cold attic room, and we knew why, though she said she must have the lovely view of garden and river. Often I tried to coax her to the large room below, where coals were hot in the grate, but seldom was she lured. She divined the motive, and pride rebelled against the stranger's effort to warm her bones. She would shiver alone in her garret. There, with numb fingers and Spartan fortitude she was writing Memoirs of the Second Empire, when her father was court official. The important trip to Paris publishers followed, then Mlle's. return with the MS under her arm! Something was wrong with the book, and it must all be rewritten. How I pitied this courtly relic of imperial days! With serene smile, with that indomitable spirit which makes France glorious today, though torn and bleeding, she sat down again to her writing in the cold garret. In days of cheerless poverty, her gracios manner never failed. As a woman much my senior, I tried to yield her precedence in passing, a courtesy she never permitted. "O no, Madame, after you please. You are the guest of my country." No step would she take, till the stranger had passed.

The humble village priest, poor like his people, is another fine memory of life in France. He gave lessons to us in the pension, and his gentle personality added rare grace to wide learning. Patiently he trudged over the cobbles of his parish. His broad hat and long cassock were seen afar amid the twisting lanes. As a man of many parts he aspired to general culture. His dark room was fitted up for photography, and often we saw him, kodak in hand, flitting like a sombre shadow, through the sunlight, to catch a special group upon his film. He painted, and his little home was bright with the work of his brush. He sang a pleasant tenor, and as he improvised on his little melodeon, his rapt face caught the vision that was pictured by the old artists. If the talented father in the obscure, side-village of Tours, ever resented his narrow bounds, the calm, strong, patient face gave no sign of the soul's struggle.

The resplendent spirit of France shone ever in its genteel poor. I recall an aged mother of eighty-four, and her daughter of fifty-seven years. Terribly old they seemed to me then! They lived in a cheerless flat,—so sparsely furnished—but here and there a piece from the time of Louis Fourteenth bespoke past grandeur. The daughter crocheted, made garments for the Woman's Exchange, and gave conversation lessons to stupid tourists. She also had gay day,s when her train swept the feet of the Emperor in the ball-room. She had a naive way of telling the little incident. They were horribly poor but equally proud. The coals in the flickering grate would not have warmed a mouse. The invalid mother was a great sufferer; one felt privileged occasionally to compliment her with a basket of fruit, when her pride would have resented an offering more substantial. One day the daughter was in grave trouble. Mama was suffering terribly with neuralgia. She knew Madame had great power in her hands, and often helped by rubbing. Would Madame be willing to try and rub away mama's pain? The poor soul lay, one ball of pain, beneath thin quilts and fur-lined circular. At first she could bear no touch, and I merely made passes

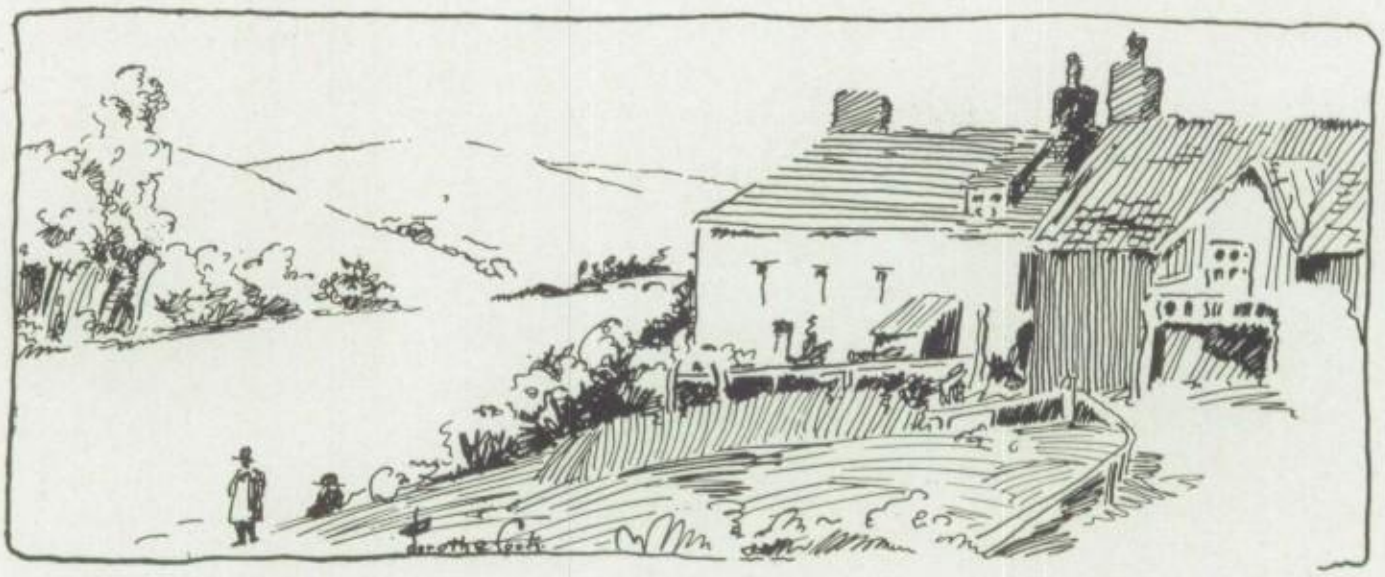
ing their soldiery as the inevitible. One day the President and big generals came from Paris for a grand review on the plains. Horses pranced, sabres, and helmets flashed, and wild cries of "Vive l'armee" rang on the air. It was a glad day for the army of Touraine, and the pride of parade was an index of that valor which today bears the brunt of the fight in the battles on the Western Front.

By the river, washwomen worked. Kneeling on soap boxes at the edge they dipped in the cold stream, and shrank not from the biting winds of winter. They were the town gossips and lightened their labors by talk of the day's doings in church, or state, or home. No one worth notice escaped their criticism and their witticism. They too, were friendly to the stranger, and we chatted freely as they rubbed on the stones and beat their slap-sticks on the unlucky white goods, while their rough hands looked numb with cold. To my sympathy they flung back a merry laugh, and said *"C'est la vie, Madam, la vie est dure"*. Yes, brave *blanchiseuses* beside the cold stream; whacking the linen WAS an easy job, and you prove how "life is hard" as you send your boys to battle, and take their place at home to save this fair garden from the ruthless foe.

A fine friend I found in the dear old creature who sold cakes in the park. She must have been seventy. She was slightly bent, her bright eyes and kindly smile were framed in wrinkles. Her calico dress and apron were spotless, also the white kerchief knotted about her neck. She wore the dainty white cap, the bonnet, so dear to the French peasant. Always we met at the fountain and she counted the stranger a sure customer for the cakes nestling in white napkins in the basket hung from her arm. The gold fishes too, looked for me and always swam up for their nibble. One day I arrived without my purse. I explained my dilemma to the gentle vendor. She gave a kindly smile which concealed all disappointment, and replied in that pure accent of Touraine, "It is no matter at all, Madame, I thank you just the same; not many are so generous as you". Though feeding the fishes had been a purely selfish diversion, she turned me a courtly compliment.

The bicycle offered endless interest. On the rough roads of country towns, groups of urchins and jolly French youngsters in long black blouses and wooden sabots ran fore and aft. There were boys full of chatter and query as they tinkled the bell and raced me down hill, yelling like wild Indians, their wooden boots clattering on the cobbles. Where are you today, my gay little body guard, my advance squadron of French patriots? Have you suffered the agony of the trenches? Are your bones bleaching in no-man's land? Titled gentry could not resist the bicycle bell, and counts and dukes of the army, who came to our mess-hall, gave it many a cheery tinkle in passing.

The grand dame of the pension was a relic of decadent grandeur. A woman of uncertain age, she marched with majestic mien. Her radiant face was crowned by a chignon of heavenly ambition, which swayed and tottered but never tumbled. It was a cross between a rat's nest and the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Mlle. strolled through the halls in a long grey wrapper, caught at the throat by a dangerous hat-pin. In her arms or at her heels always appeared Toto, precious pet poodle, sole heir to the love of Mlle's. large heart. She always came gloved to meals, and the long black kids, descended like herself, from the Second



Memories of France

By G. Adams Fisher

On the banks of the winding Loire rises aristocratic Tours, a sturdy barrack-town of fifty thousand people, one hundred twenty miles south of Paris, and boasting a winter climate four degrees milder. From afar, tower the twin steeples of its beautiful cathedral, pride of the people. In this center of old Touraine, famed as the garden of France, one feels the heart-throb of the valiant nation. Here thru many months of residence I was privileged to make lasting friendships, and and to know the sturdy people in home, street, and market-place.

The whole region reeks with history, and riding a bicycle over the white-ribboned roads I visited the kingly chateau which spring up like flowers of stone, blossoming along the highway. Here Francis First, Charles Eighth, and Louis Eleventh, give us the varied story of the past in palaces grand or gloomy. Tours locates the legend of St. Martin and the cloak he shared with the beggar. At Tours the proud dames embroidered the beautiful banner, which Jeanne the shepherdess bore to battle when she raised the siege of Orleans. Here lived and worked the mighty Balzac. Fifty years ago the thrifty peasant people of this region went deep into their stockings, and pulled up their honest hoardings, the *petites economies* of many years, those multitudinous francs which paid the nation's debt to the victorious foe.

Often I journeyed third class by train, to study these honest folk, the back-bone and the strength of France. Priest, peasant and soldier jostled on the wooden bench, always with a courteous word for the solitary stranger. With much barking of dogs and cackling of feathered friends shoved beneath the seat, market women tumbled into town. Often an irate hen flung her feathers about, or a turbulent goat asserted his rights, but in spite of storm and stress, the animals traveled with the family.

In the city, soldier-boys were omnipresent. Their tramp was ever heard on the cobbles, they were the patrons of the theatre and tea-rooms. Often I watched them on the drill field, or grooming their horses at the river's edge. Those husky sons in baggy breeches were very diverting. They were stout-hearted lads, always cheery and jolly, accept-

trip to a village on the northern end of the island. When we reached the town, there was a triumphal arch built in our honor. It was composed of barrels and pieces of old wood. The native band came out to welcome us. My father, as Judge of the island, went into the municipal building to inspect the books of the justice-of-the-peace. Beautiful young senoritas showered us with flowers as we entered.

Then we drove to the next little town where there was another arch and another band. Four native girls sang a personal hymn and the belle of the village made a speech. The chief-of-police stood behind her and she repeated the speech as he read it.

We were invited to supper at the house of the justice-of-the-peace. The food was typical native food and consisted of very thick chocolate, sweet rolls, canned butter, meat and cheese.

The girls entertained us for a while, and as we left invited us to come again to their "poor, humble town".

On June second we went to Manila and from there to an army post north of Manila where we visited for three days.

We intended to connect with a boat in Hong Kong which was to bring us to San Francisco. Our boat was late and as it steamed into Hong Kong harbor the other boat steamed out. We waited eight days for the next boat. During our enforced visit in Hong Kong, we took the river trip to Canton and spent a day sight-seeing. There are no other such narrow, crowded streets in the world, I know, as those in Canton. To see the temples and ancient things we were carried in sedan chairs all day by three coolies, who shouted as they ran.

We had only a few hours in Shanghai and Kobi, but two of the hottest days of my life we spent in Yokohama.

On the way home, we spent but one day in Honolulu. After a trip around the island we went for a swim at Waikiki Beach.

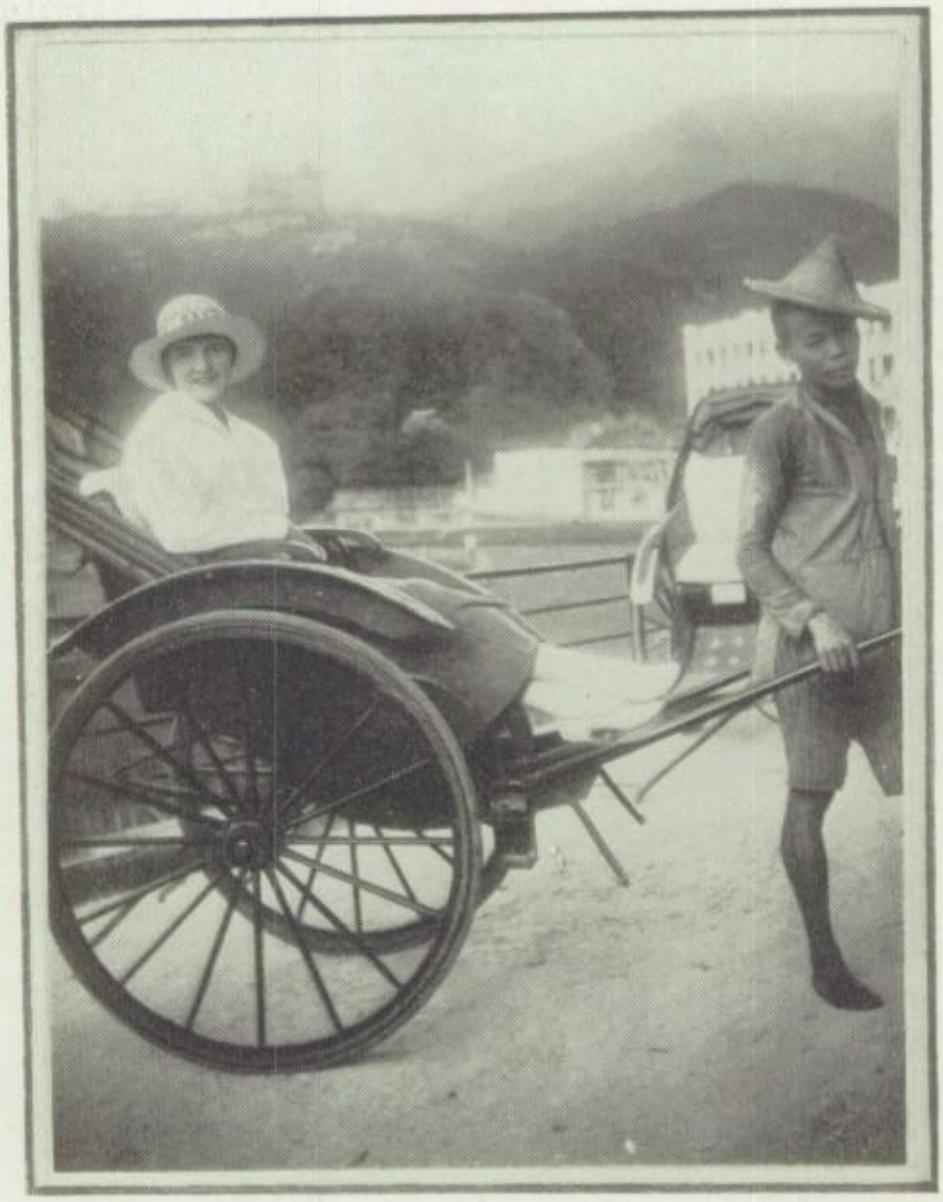
On July 1917 we entered the Golden Gate, mighty glad to be home in the States again, but sorry we had finished our trip.

A Visit to the Phillipines

By Margaret Wislizenus

My mother and I left San Francisco on an army transport October 5th, 1916, for the Phillippines. It took us six days to reach Honolulu where we stopped off for two nights and a day. We went out to the aquarium, altho we had seen it many times before. One has not "done" Honolulu unless he goes there. I also went in swimming on the beach at Waikiki. It is not a great deal different from the beaches here, except that there are fewer people and it is a bit prettier.

Leaving Hawaii we were twelve days out of sight of land before we landed at Guam, a small isolated island with a cable and a wireless station, five days from Manila. The great monthly excitement of the place is the arrival of the big Pacific liner. Here in the Governor's palace we were entertained at a transport dance.



I saw very little of Manila, for we left for Cebu the same day on which we arrived. Cebu is a small island, about three hundred and sixty miles south of Manila, and has a population of one hundred and fifty white people. There was much to do in the way of social affairs, concerts, teas, dances, and dinners.

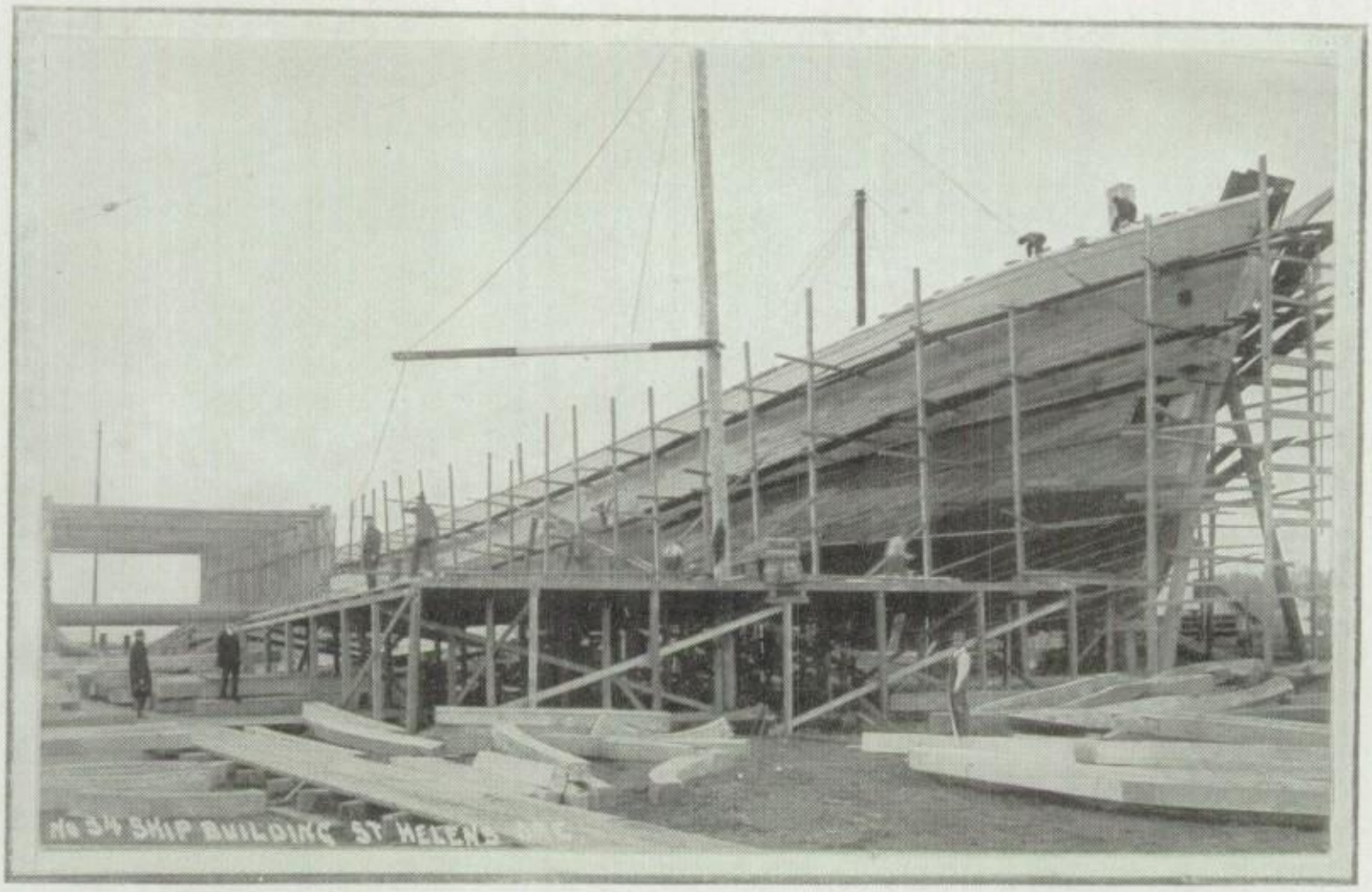
We lived there for seven months. One day, we went on an offical

ships at one time. It is now very busy making ships for the Government. These standard boats, of which there are three hundred "on the ways" along the Pacific coast, are two hundred and eighty-one feet long and can carry enough food to feed a small town several months. If they were placed bow to stern they would make a chain fifteen miles long. Approximately four hundred million feet of lumber will be used in building the new U. S. Merchant Marine, which is to consist of from eight hundred to a thousand wooden ships.

In that section of the United States where lumber is most plentiful and where there were formerly but twelve ship building plants there are now forty-six. These, altho handicapped by scarcity of skilled labor, are expected to build one third of all the wooden ships of the new fleet.

During the first of the days, when I began to help Uncle Sam build his ships of pine, I had aching limbs and sore calloused hands. In a week I was broken in. Tonight eight weeks have passed. I am thru. I have my pay and am feeling fine.

I have had a share in doing a big work with strong men. My work this summer will always be one of my happiest remembrances.



Ships of Pine

By James Adams

As the long summer vacation draws near, many of you Manualites face the perplexing problem of making good use of your time whether for pleasure or for profit.

If you would like to work and have many new and valuable experiences, go north and work in the ship-yards.

If a glance at your pocket book reports finances getting low it doesn't matter, just get to San Pedro and you can obtain a job on a northbound steamer and work your passage. Make a good appearance to the steward and he'll give you a place. There are numerous jobs on board a ship in the same class as washing dishes and scrubbing floors. If it is your first trip on the ocean, and you are liable to get seasick, work hard while you feel well so as to make a good impression. The men in the galley will be easier on you.

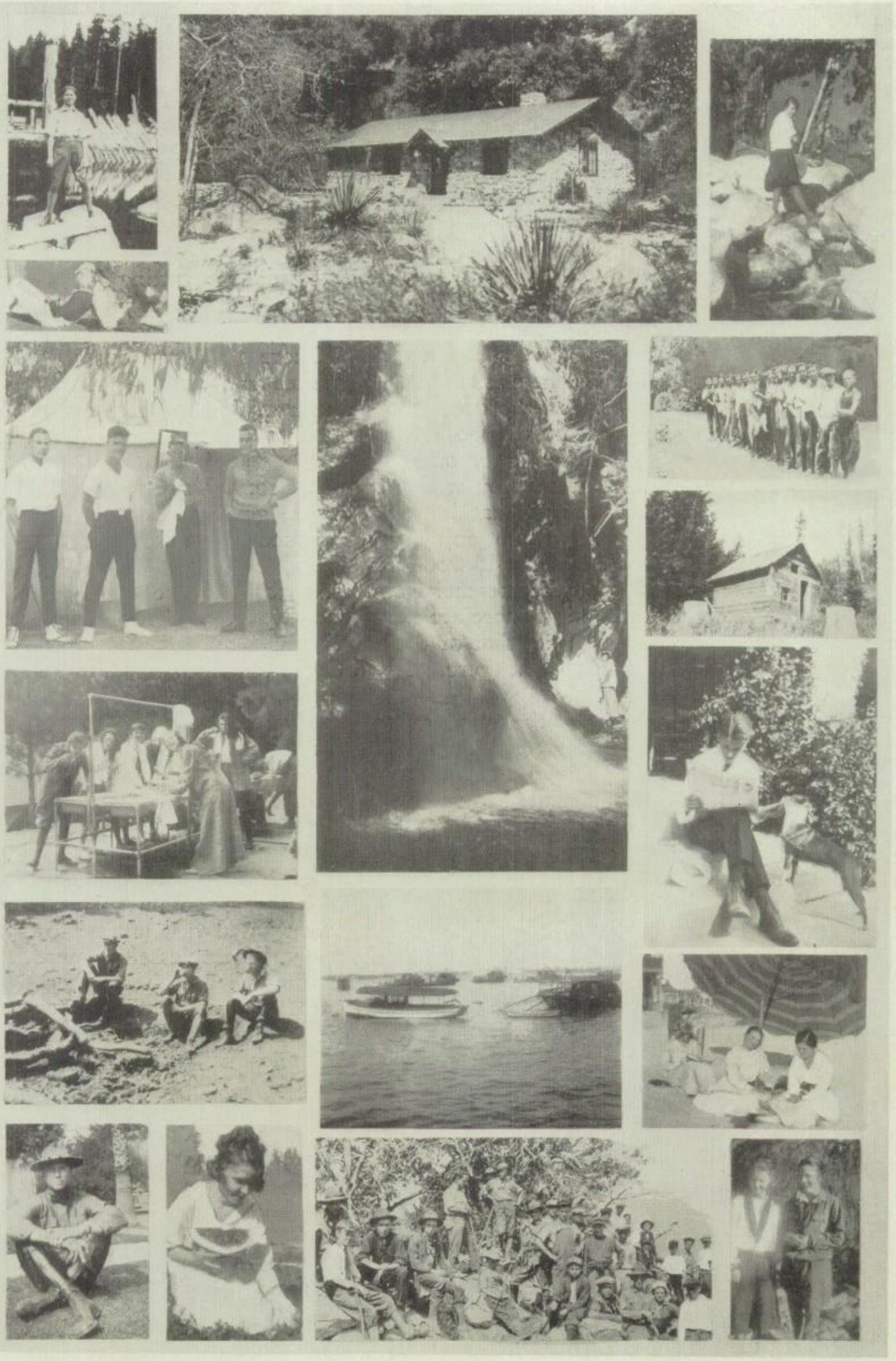
The second day at sea you will realize that something is going to happen before nightfall. What is it? You are getting seasick. Locate a port hole. You will not enjoy being "rocked in the cradle of the deep" while you are sick but it won't last long.

A few days later the steamer points her nose up the Columbia River to her destination. There are numerous ship-yards along the river, one of the largest being that of the St. Helens Ship Building Company. You can obtain work there. I will try to tell you something of this place.

All the lumber for the ship, except the hardwood, is furnished by the mills along the river. Tugs draw rafts of it to the ship-yard docks where large boom derricks hoist it from the river to massive trucks. It is then distributed to various parts of the plant.

Making the ribs for the ship and placing them in position is the most interesting part of ship building. It was in this phase of construction I was employed. One rib is made of from fourteen to sixteen pieces. There are no two ribs alike with the exception of three or four in the center of the ship. This shows what a vast number of differently shaped pieces go to form the framework of a vessel. There is a space of only eight inches between the ribs. For each rib there is a pattern or mold which is made in the drafting room. The floor space of this room is seventy-five by three hundred feet. On this floor are drawings showing the contour of the hull in actual size. Here thin planks are cut to form patterns for the ribs. The pattern is laid on a timber and a section of the rib marked out. These sections are sawed to shape in the mill room by band saws. Then they are pieced together by riggers on staging, at the bow of the boat. When a rib is fastened at the bow it is slid on a skid-way to the stern and put into position. After the ribs are all up and the bow and stern complete, the ship is sealed on both sides of the ribs. The hull is then launched and the finishing touches put on.

To understand and appreciate a ship yard you must be there and watch the operations. When seen from a distance it appears as a mass of framework and confusion. The St. Helens Shipyard can build six



SUMMERING

THE TWO ROADS

By Wendell Phillips Gladden Jr.

Whizzing, buzzing, the autos glide
Over the country roadway wide;
Up and down hills out of sight
Speed the autos from morn till night!
Rushing on with their human load,
Passing bends of the country road
Leading away to the town and sea,
Ever the autos come and go.

So we glide over the Road of Time:
Some lives sinful and others sublime,
Rushing madly to our goal
Rapidly slipping here and there!
Still clinging to little acts,
On Time's Roadway, I lose, you win.
We pass bends of hardship and pain,
Passing, not to return again!

Revenge

By Eulett Beekman

Johnny Lawrence was seven and I was ten. Therefore it was not right for me to fight Johnny. This fact was made very clear after my little friend's mother had paid several calls upon my mother for other than social purposes. Now my playmate was full of life and he took intense joy in connecting bricks with my head. Somehow I couldn't get into the spirit of the thing, and not being allowed to fight, I looked about for suitable revenge.

The next day I took complete possession of Johnny's confidence by treating him to a luscious dish of ice cream at the corner candy store. How bewildered the little fellow was at this rare and uncalled for generosity.

As the last spoonful was slowly disappearing, I started to engage my guest in conversation, but seeing his eye turn wistfully toward the candy counter, I hastily suggested that we go home and sit on the steps.

Without much trouble I steered the conversation along the line of vast treasures which would buy all things dear to the heart of a boy. Whole candy stores could be bought out, there would be bicycles and red-top boots, yes, just everything. Suddenly I grasped John by the arm and in a tense whisper told him of old man Griss, the miser, who was said to have buried a fortune ten feet north of the big oak tree in Johnny's back yard. For a fraction of a second Johnny remained motionless with bulging eyes, the next moment he was off for a spade and a tape measure.

The distance was quickly measured off—I held my breath. Will he be fool enough I thot? Ha! Ha! he planted the spade deep into the soil and a beautiful geranium was cut in twain; for ten feet north of the oak tree was the very center of Mrs. Lawrence's flower garden. The devastation continued, roses, pansies, rare flowers from foreign lands, all were trampled under foot or thrown aside. Nothing seemed exempt from the mighty efforts of the treasure seeker.

Just as a particularly fine rose was tossed high in air, Johnny's mother turned in at the gate. She stopped and opened her eyes and mouth. Then the jaw of Mrs. Lawrence became set and the chase was on. Round and round the ruined garden they went. When mother would gain, Johnny would give a mighty spurt and retain his lead. Realizing that strategy was the only hope, Mrs. Lawrence reversed her direction and the victim ran head-long into her arms.

Before he could collect his wits, Johnny was half led and half carried into the house. Filled with the wicked anticipation of a new found joy, I settled myself under a large open window. My expected pleasure was not long delayed for I soon heard the resounding whacks and the loud wails of agony which were music to my soul.

OUT IN CALIFORNIA

By Wendell Phillips Gladden Jr.

Where the mountains lift their peaks in skies of blue,
Where little valleys lie, rich and green,
And streams glide along
In a trance of song,
With fertile farm-lands in between;
Where sweet-scented flowers bloom in exquisite hue,
There's wealth in every plain
Of ripe golden grain,
Out in California free
There is always the heart of me!

Where restless waters whip the sandy shore,
Where angry rolling waves thunder and roar,
And lovers seek rest
Where none will molest;
Where nature gives her best and God gives more,
And your light heart seems to soar and soar;
Where reign true love and peace
And never cease
Out in California free
There is always the heart of me!

AT TWILIGHT

By Raymond Jones

In the purple of the sunset
  Comes to me a picture fair,
Of shining walls and violet,
  With crimson here and there.

And the fragrance of the flowers
  Wafted on the air serene,
Gently floats from rose-clad bowers
  O'er verdant beds of green.

The twilight shades advancing,
  Softly veil the arches white,
With stately sweep, encircling falls
  The velvet robe of night.

But the picture has not faded;
  'Tis treasured deep within our hearts,
And fore'er we'll hold it sacred,
  Our own dear Manual Arts!

Now swiftly on Time's brazen wings
  The golden seasons come and go,
We leave thy halls for bigger things;
  We reap what e'er we sow.

* * * * * * *

The busy changeful years have passed
  Since we beheld that picture, rare;
New faces sail before the mast,
  New voices everywhere!

Yet on and on Life sails
  On the misty Sea of Tears,
Tho storm-tossed by un-numbered gales,
  Triumphant thru the years.

Should we become disheartened,
  May we not turn back to thee
And sail again with lightened hearts,
  The Sea of Destiny!

While to a guest at a hotel, the other guests seem most important, to me, a servant, my fellow servants seemed most interesting. Therefore come with me thru a little door just off the sitting room and thru a long corridor to the kitchen and you shall meet You Yee and Loo Sam, our worthy cooks. You Yee is a big, oval-faced Chinaman, with little pin-point eyes surrounded by mountains and undulating plains of fat. He always had a cheery smile for everyone. One would never guess that under the voluminous folds of his white apron he "toted" a big six-shooter. He was beset by a fear of Tong warriors with queer names. Every night at about ten o'clock we could hear You Yee nail up his door. When the bell-hops shifted at midnight we must call out to him who it was so that he need not think that it was his enemies. Loo Sam was a short, stumpy, red-faced "Chink", with a temper as hot as his face got when he fried steaks.

Another servant was "Yerry" the Swedish janitor about whom a book might be written. What a queer old sketch he made as with a broom and duster he wandered thru the lobby gazing round with his watery eyes and making a noise which in a less civilized society would sound like a whistle. He had a habit of forgetting what he was doing and aimlessly rubbing his duster over a table he would gaze around and then whistle "Tipperary". His hobby was pets. His chief saying was "Lend me a dime."

EVENING

By Louise Hackett

In the shadows of the river,
Where the deep mists gather low,
When the night bird's at his courting,
That is when I love to row.

Where the river's cool depths ripple,
Lillies on its bosom rest,
'Neath the rushes, in the starlight,
Form an opalescent crest.

Thru the trees the lights shine dimly,
On the warm wind comes the knell,
Echoing soft across the water,
Of a sweet toned convent bell.

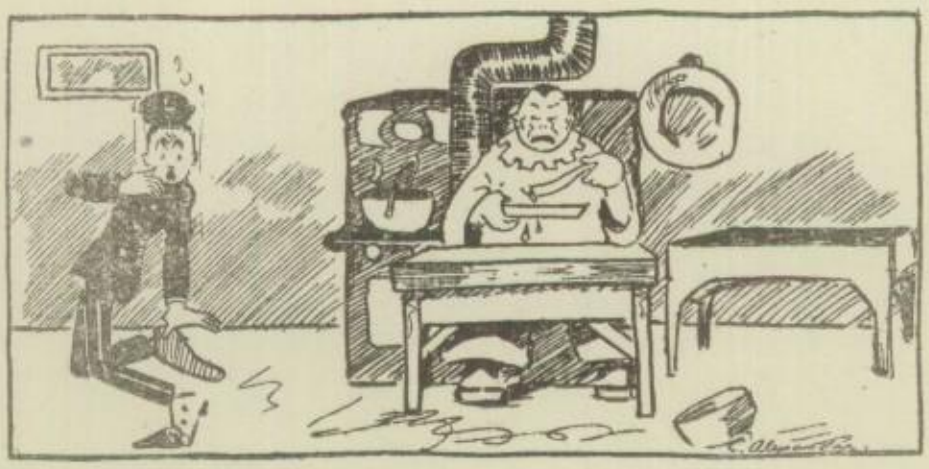
Farther, farther, down the river,
Softly floating on we go,
Ever drifting, as we wonder,
Why it is we love it so.

Her direct opposite was a lady of doubtful age, Miss Brand. Miss Brand used to take a trip in the elevator about every five or ten minutes when she was in the lobby. She would simply ride up to the top floor and then say, "Now you can take me down again." And down to the main floor she went again. This conduct may seem strange to the reader, but one single statement will clear up the doubt. The elevator was equipped with a mirror. Yes, the only reason she entered the elevator was to puff up her hair and powder her nose by the aid of the mirror!

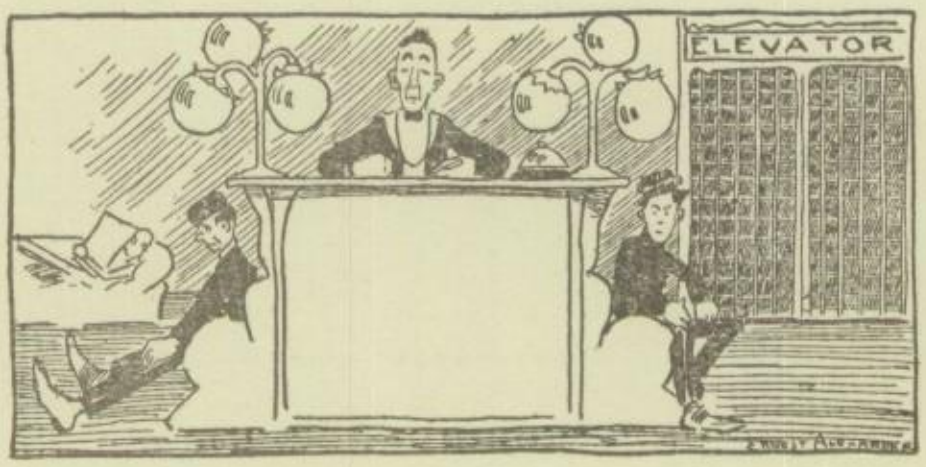
Then there was Miss Dasher, a lady of middle age by the calendar, but sweet sixteen according to make-up. She was constantly in dire trouble. She was a ball fan but always cheered for the losing team. She had a tooth-ache that she cherished studiously. She always forgot her keys when entering the elevator. She would ride halfway up and then say, "Oh! how careless of you to forget to remind me about getting my keys." Then down in the elevator she must go again to get them and to ask the clerk why they didn't employ intelligent bell-hops.

Then there was a tall middle aged man whose name I never did know. However, the bell-hops were never at a loss for anyone's name and so we dubbed him, secretly, of course, Mr. "Encyclopedia". The reason is very evident. He knew everything or thot he did, which is perhaps just as good. When will the war end? He could tell you almost to the fraction of a second. Did you wish to know the correct way to preserve peaches, the immediate style in neckties, the exact condition of Nicaraguan politics, the state of weather for the next week? All these queries he could answer exactly but alas, not quickly. His great forte was talking. He would go up to another guest, fix him with his eye and talk and talk. Then he would talk some more. There was no escaping him. He had the eloquence of Webster and the hypnotic qualities of the Ancient Mariner.

One more man and my list is complete, —Mr. Chatham, an Englishman. His pride and joy was his ability to drop all " 'is 'aitches" and to add them in "habsolutely, hunnecessary" places. He wore a monocle, and his manners and bearing were insufferable. His one trait of character, his one action, his one redeeming point for the bell-boys, was the frequency with which he put his hand in his pocket and said, "Ere me bye."



The House of High-Binders



By William Carr

DURING the summer I was employed as a combination bell-hop and elevator operator in a small but exclusive hotel near Westlake Park. While there I had the good fortune to meet some very eccentric people with whom I shall try to acquaint you.

First on the list is Mr. Potter, the clerk, a man with a long face and a short temper. He was my direct superior and vented his wrath on any subject with surprising sarcasm and inconsistency, especially on the unforunate bell-hops. To the guests he was the veriest gentleman, a suave, soft, soothing sort of person, with a mild voice, a subservent droop of the shoulders, and a servile, we-try-to-please-smile hovering perpetually over his lean mouth.

I must next present Mrs. Windsor, by birth and training, aristocratic and high-bred. She was never in her happiest mood unless ordering someone about. When she was in her room, we were kept in a perpetual hurry-scurry rushing with ice-water, meals, laundry, parcels and other things for this wonderful woman. Verily, I believe she would buy parcels at the stores downtown for the express purpose of making a bell-hop carry them up to her. We felt that she believed in getting her money's worth of service from the hotel, whether she needed it or not.

Then there was Miss Teede, an elderly spinster with a severe, rough drawn face and a kindly heart. When one of the bell-hops was sick she worried the rest of us to distraction by inquiring about his welfare every five minutes, altho not another one of the three hundred guests took the trouble to ask about him. One of her idiosyncrasies was a fear of elevators. She always painstakingly asked whether the elevator was safe, and whether I was feeling well so as not to let the car get out of control. Then, after casting a searching look at the visible machinery, she would step in and shudder all the way down, or up, as might be the case.

Burglary Made Easy

By William Carr

GENTLEMAN JOHN stood outside the porch of an apparently well furnished house. He was noting every window, every door, and every chimney. It was six o'clock and within another eight hours he intended to enter and rob the house.

As he stood there, hands in pockets, balancing on his toes, a short, bouncy little woman came up to him and said, "Would you care to go inside and look around, sir?"

Would he? Gentleman John would. What was worrying him was the fact that she should be asking him to enter. A sudden thot went thru his mind. Was she one of these women detectives who had been detailed to watch him? "Certainly," he reasoned, "she neither looked nor acted like one." So summing up his courage and nerve he replied, "Why-ah-thank you."

The woman produced a bunch of keys and bounced, rather than walked, over to the door and unlocked it.

"You see,sir, that the silver-ware is in the best of condition, sir," she said when they were inside, and she opened a small drawer.

This was too much for the gentleman. "She must be a 'dick'," he reasoned, "else why should she show me the very silver that I was plannin' to fake." He turned and bolted.

But the woman's squeaky voice called after him, "Oh sir, don't go yet. I'm sure you'd like to be here, sir. You see, sir, the house has modern improvements. The windows can be left open or shut just as you please."

Gentleman John kept on running, he leapt down the steps and out into the street expecting to hear or feel a bullet every second. Before he started away up the street he turned and glanced at the house once more. Then the great light burst upon him, for in one of the windows was a sign which he had not seen before. It read:

FURNISHED HOUSE
FOR RENT

landed them on the flat of their backs. The infant monkeys in the tree tops transported a tiny whisper about that it might be that Wangaroo was in cahoots with Hoodo. Gee whizz! Business was gettin' rank. The next day the little whisper was changed a bit. Into every village there jolted a native, behind a Kangaroo distributing the welcome news that Hoodo was giving away his crop. "What for?" asked one old shriveled up squaw-looking female.

"Well, see its like this," answered the native, "Wangaroo's parrot, Junkus, told him that before the deputation had arrived, he Junkus, the parrot, had heard Hoodo persuading Ballahoola to use her influence on Wangaroo against the Bombiloonians. She did and ya see Hoodo was favored. But last night he told Wangaroo more and gave away Ballahoola's secret of eloping with Hoodo. Wangaroo got his ancestral blood to maneuvering and the result was that he ordered Hoodo to crack every cocoanut he sold upon his own skull. Now that's all I know and I guess it's all you'll ever learn because Hoodo didn't wait to explain his misfortune to us Bombiloonians. All he said was that Wangaroo was registering external signs of the coming explosion. When Hoodo left he says, 'You cawn't approach the Wangaroo, no ya cawn't. He is the cause of the necessity of me changing my plawns'."

"He was asked," continued the native, "If he wasn't afraid for his reputation in the financial world and he says, 'Oh—O Piffle!' and then he pats himself on the wrist and says with lots of contempt, 'Yes I shall 'ave to admit that you ruffians are a mite too frivilous down in these spicy isles and I shall 'ave to return to a land where folks use 'onerable Secret Service gentlemen rather than uneducated parrots. Oh dear! It has stirred me up dreadfully.' "

A gentle murmer passed over the attentive congregation. Yes, certainly they knew Wangaroo or at least Ballahoola had had it all planned out to trap the scoundrel, Hoodo. Hoodo left Bombiloo with the most happy and best wishes of the Bombiloonians that he return some day and they would try and treat him as cordially as they hoped they had succeeded in doing this time. Well, Ta! Ta! Bombiloo! and Alohoa Hoodo!

The Purple of Southern Seas

By Ruth Miller

In Bombiloo, the most beautiful of the seven South Sea Isles which compose the archipelago of Pearls, there lived a chief named Wangaroo of wondrous wisdom, and his beautiful daughter Ballahoola. She basked securely and smilingly in the affections of her father's subjects with all the captivating charms of a young and royal South Sea princess. She set the pace for every one thru-out the hill and plain region of Bombilloo whether in matters of dress, in romping with wild pets or in dancing. Now the inhabitants of Bombilloo were care free as in few other places this side of Eden. The main portion of their food consisted of the plentiful supplies furnished by the blue deeps. Their chief cares were inventing songs and making others happy.

Into this garden of Eden there came a serpent, whose name, when translated into the language of the isle, was pronounced Hoodo. He was of good commercial stock, from England, and considered himself rather crafty, so made up his mind to pull one on Bombiloo's natives.

When Hoodo first arrived he noticed that fish was the staple dish. But his face was a twin to an interrogation point when he observed the jolly, sociable time that the agile ones spent in ascending the stately forms of the palms to secure fruit that he was introduced to as cocoanuts. That was when he first laid eyes on Princess Ballahoola and his fully matured skull gave way to the penetration of an idea.

This "go-getter" purchased only a few palms every day and thus his net he wove. Long before any of the natives tumbled he was owner of the entire grove. It was rumored at this time that Hoodo had a vague intention of soaking the natives so much of something for each cocoanut. And sure nuf, one evening when the crowd was the most peevish, Hoodo got up and gave the islanders a long, sweet, endearing speech. He kindly informed the natives that thereafter the price of all his cocoanuts was to be thirty big, fat, healthy oysters each.

There were hot times in Bombiloo then for a considerable time with cause sufficient and then the top came off and Jack popped out. What could any one have done minus breakfast, chewing gum and milk? The Bombiloonians became reckless and endeavored to send a delegation to Wangaroo.

The deputation felt a little foolish when its appeal was met by the indifferent and sarcastic words of Wangaroo.

"The Hon. Hoodo has broken no law of the natives of Bombiloo," he said, "and therefore can continue his trade. By all the Gods that are, and ever will be, let no one hinder him in his one means of liveli--hood. As for my daughter she is capable of managing her own affairs".

Say, what was gnawing at Wangaroo anyway? Well this was a question too great for any of the Aristotles of Bombiloo to figure out. Yes, too complex altogether. Wangaroo had always been square with them at times previous, why not now? Who was the dirty mosquito who had poisoned his mind against them? What were they to do? He was the only one to whom they might appeal and down he came and

It was late when Jimmie turned into Michigan Avenue, but the beautiful thoroughfare was more quiet than was its wont even at that hour. Straggling motors cautiously felt their way over a pavement turned to sheer ice within the hour, pedestrians shrunk into their wraps, and bent their heads against the ruthless wind. It flung sleet into Jimmie's face, stinging like rawhide; and lashing the lake to a fury with its resistless nagging, carried the sound of its rage to his ears in subdued, soothing cadences. Somehow, listening to the waves in the storm, Jimmie forgot his own heart-ache and thot of the men in France. It was his dearest wish that it might not be cold "over there". He saw all at once in one of the flashes of clear vision, that nothing in the world had significance now but the waging of war, that he himself had no significance except as an instrument for waging war.

For the second time that day Jimmie whispered consolation to himself. "Love isn't everything," he said. "I can carry a gun."

Shrill cries of warning broke his revery. He saw a monster truck sliding, uncontrolled, on the ice and in the light of its lamps, perilously close, he saw the uniform of an officer of the United States Reserve Force.

A great arm knocked the khaki clad figure clear of the truck by several yards. Almost with the impact of the blow, Jimmie sprang aside, clear of the truck, but on a spot of ice unroughened by wind or sleet, or the passing vehicles. He made a desperate effort to keep from sliding under the wheels but fell, all of his body clear but the arm that was to carry the gun, and over it the two great wheels passed slowly and painfully.

Jimmie opened his eyes, and strangely without the confusion of mind that comes after long unconciousness, took up his existence where he had dropped it. His arm ached horribly and his lips tightened with pain. He was conscious of a nurse bending above him, and he made an effort and smiled.

"What," she said softly, "still gay."

The pain in Jimmie's arm was queer. Suddenly he knew. He had read about the nerves of a severed arm. He turned his head aside, ghastly sick. He heard the words "Beauty Jeb Stuart, thirty years of age. He may die!"

No, he wouldn't die! But he hadn't the strength to tell them that now. What was it he had read about a man with one arm? The fellow had learned to do office work well. He could learn that sort of thing too. The country needed every man.

He smiled and tried to speak. The nurse bent low to catch the words.

"An arm isn't everything, now is it?"

fully replaced the things. Now he said, "Hello, Jeb," and rather wished he had not said "Jeb".

They talked of indifferent matters as Jimmie packed. Presently he began in a very off-hand way, to speak of his plans.

"I sha'n't use my transportation today," he said.

"No? Where are you going, Jimmie?"

Jimmie jerked his head in the direction where Chicago lay a few miles to the south. "I am going into the city—it's my night to howl, you know."

"He is going to see that girl," thot King. He did not approve of Fanny Hart, though she might justly have been counted among Chicago's most beautiful girls. Aloud he said,
Chicago's most beautiful girls. Aloud he said, "Yeh, after the grind, a little fun will do you good."

He looked at Jimmie with puzzled eyes, and Jimmie, knowing what he would ask, answered the unspoken question.

"I hope," he said laconically, "I hope that I can sneak into a recruiting station without being seen."

Ten minutes later as he left the barracks for the last time, he slipped his arm over King's shoulder affectionately. "What will you be to-morrow, King, a Major?"

"Oh, a second lieutenant, perhaps," replied King modestly. He wanted to be a captain of artillery and he expected to be a captain of infantry.

Camp regulations having been dispensed with for this last day, he took Jimmie to the train. As he walked back to camp, he thought darkly of Fanny Hart.

Jimmie, too, thought of Fanny all the way into the city. She had accepted his ring just before he left for the training camp, but had decreed that their engagement should not be announced until he got his commission. He had pleaded that she marry him during the fortnight leave at the end of the training period, and she had consented—in the event that he won the gold insignia of a major. Indeed, his degree of rank was to decide the date of his wedding. She had told him with haughty eyebrows and a wrinkled nose, that if he dare be any thing so low as a second lieutenant, she would not marry him at all. He had laughed and suggested that she choose a ready made general. All this, of course, was just in fun.

Now Jimmie looked miserably out of the car window at Illinois farms in their cheerless winter garb, and wondered desperately how he would tell her. He knew how sympathetic, kind and sweet she would be, and she would try not to let him see her disappointment. He squirmed in the red plush seat. She would probably suggest that they be married at once. "Well," he thought sternly, "I won't let her do that now." He was firm in his resolve when the train pulled into the station.

Early that evening before the door of an ugly stone house that faced out on the lake stood a big young man. As Jimmie thrust his hands deep into his pockets a ring he had not asked for slipped half way off his little finger. He whipped his hand out of his pocket with passionate violence and the little circle of gold flew yards away.

The New Spirit

By Mary Bush

"TO you who have worked thru this camp and are not now called, I wish to say all honor is due. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you offered the best you have in good faith; that you gave your time and effort to qualify, and were ready to take your place for the supreme sacrifice if called. All men are not fitted by nature to be officers, and this short period of training can not qualify all, but it has placed you on the road toward qualification." The pleasant, even voice of the colonel stopped, and the five hundred men who had failed to win their shoulder straps at Fort Sheridan were dismissed.

James Edward Barstow Stuart, sometimes Jimmie, sometimes Beauty Jeb, was now a civilian, whereas an hour ago he had been a potential officer with responsibilities. As he walked from parade ground to barracks, he thought of the famous soldier whose name he bore, and made a little grimance. "He was a general at twenty-eight, and I—?" Here Jimmie's thots were off to go over the same ground they had traveled a score of times since he had received his transportation home and his last months pay. No circumstances in his life heretofore had made him aware that he had less ability than other men; and he had believed that he was doing well at the camp.

It hurt Jimmie to have the knowledge brought home to him in this way, but Jimmie had not come to Fort Sheridan for vain glory. He had come because it was in him to want the waving of flags, and blare of trumpets, and all that made men love war in the past. He had looked at modern war through the printed pages of books and newspapers; he had heard men talk who had lived modern war; and he had despaired of finding color and romance in the rank and file. So he sought a commission, hoping for a fuller life in that of an officer.

It was not for this he had come to Fort Sheridan and his disappointment in falling short of the requirements the army makes of its officers was bitter; but out of the soreness of his humiliation a new hope raised its head. "Maybe," Jimmie whispered, "Maybe I was wrong. Shoulder straps are not everything." For this J. E. B. Stuart had a resilience of spirit, that was very like the beloved Confederate general.

As he entered the barracks he noticed that the men there were packing their belongings. They, too, had received railroad tickets, that is, all but one. King MacDougal sat curled up on Jimmie's cot and watched unhappily the latter's progress down the long room. These two had been friends since childhood, and Jimmie, who was the older by several years, was the other's idol. The fact that Jimmie had been rejected shook King's faith in the army—in the government even—but not in Jimmie. He had packed his friend's suitcase for him, and then, fearing that he was crowding the mourners, had unpacked it and care-

Dark Woods

MAURICE FRUHMAN

It was summer. I was wandering, I think, thru woods as dark as pitch. Because of the dense forest and the fact that I was unarmed and alone, I was frightened. No matter which way I turned, noisy birds followed and pecked me; angry squirrels scolded, and wild animals glared and snarled at me. I could hear roars of lions and bears. I recognized the sounds, for I had heard them at the zoo. It made a shiver run down my spine.

I walked, or rather tripped along, over the underbrush in an effort to get to the end of that seemingly endless forest. Terrible and hideous thots flashed thru my brain. What a meal I would make to a half-way hungry bear- - -!

Out of the bush to my right protruded a black shiny nose, then two small shiny eyes. They were set into the large, shaggy brown head of a bear. He was hungry, I was positive, because of the way he looked at me. It was one of those long, fond, lingering looks.

I stood terror-stricken. I had heard once that a bear will do no harm if one sings to him. As long as he is interested in the song one is safe. Then and there I started to sing. I could think of nothing at the time but "Yaka-Hula-Hickey-Dula", so I raised my voice in tune to that beautiful ballad. As I sang I backed away, while the bear who was the first living creature that ever showed the least interest in my voice seemed to be doing the "Grizzly" as he pierced me with those bead-like eyes. Bang! I tripped backwards over a twig and the music having stopped, the bear started for me. I felt his hot breath, saw his sharp teeth. It was too much. I let forth an agonized shriek, awoke and looked around for the bear.

I was lying in a long spacious room. The sun was streaming in thru the windows to the many pretty white cots. The kindly nurse was soothing my wrinkled brow, and quietly but firmly telling me that if I did not quit yelling and shrieking, I would be transferred at once to the "Nut House" across the street. I hastily informed her that I would be quiet. She walked a few steps behind my bed and smilingly talked with a young man with blond hair and beautiful white teeth. He was arguing with her, and telling her his name was Amor Galloway, and that I was the kid who won the Thanksgiving Day game, and that he ought to be allowed to see me, etc., but to no avail. He backed to the door and with a final "I'll be back again tomorrow", departed.

I smiled and thot of that great game. I tried to turn over, but five broken ribs are quite a little drawback, so the best I could do was to doze off, this time, into a more peaceful slumber.

HALLOWEEN

By Wendell Phillips Gladden Jr.

See the weird figures prancing,
Little fairies lightly dancing.
Halloween!

Now they're about and all aflitter,
Fairies with their lamps aglitter.
Halloween!

'Round the house softly creeping,
Up into the windows peeping,
On innocent faces sleeping.
Halloween!

At some lonely place they tarry,
Lanterns, brooms, and wands they carry.
Halloween!

A stranger falls into their plight;
They cry, he runs with perfect fright.
Halloween!

After they their stories tell,
Fairies, witches, bid farewell
To the earth they love so well.
Halloween!

She allowed me to carry things for her. She condescended to speak to me, and sometimes permitted me to walk with her. Ah! what bliss! This she did, not condescendingly, but as tho I were her equal. I really might have proposed had I not constantly kept before my mind the thot, "She is a countess, you, a mere reporter".

The summer was rapidly drawing to a close. I at last decided I would banish all arguments, all reason, and propose to the countess. Then Fate took a hand again. The next day, after having memorized a beautiful speech, I went in search of the audience. But lo, she had left on the morning train.

I wandered about disconsolately for a day or two then I do took the early morning train back to the city. I reported at the office at once and began working with all my body, mind, and soul in an ineffectual effort to forget those luminous black eyes and the petite Comtesse.

After about a month of this whole-souled work, the chief began to give me more and more important assignments and I was no longer a cub reporter. By Christmas I thot of the Comtesse in much the same way as I did of the saints I had read about in my childhood. I still loved her and idealized her beauty but I now considered her as far off and inaccessible as the saints. I still had the sweetness of loving her but no longer the pain of not being able to have her.

Then one day there was a great fire. One of the largest high schools in the city burned down. I was sent to interview the teacher to whose presence of mind it was due that no lives were lost. Prepared to meet a stern, grayhaired, elderly, old-maidish woman, I knocked at the door of the address which had been given me. Who should open the door but La Comtesse.

I gasped, mumbled something about fire and a wrong address, and started to leave, unwilling to allow myself to fall in love any more with her than I already was. I recalled my presence of mind and self-control immediately tho and asked if Miss Labonley, the teacher, lived there, adding that I had been sent to interview her.

"She does," she answered, leading me into a cosy little room, where she motioned me to a seat, and began, "You see I really am Miss Labonley, the French teacher over at the high school. Last spring I was utterly tired of teaching, so I decided to plan a vacation during which I could be someone else. You yourself know about the result of my plans. Now I suppose you want the interview."

I forgot about the interview I had come for. I was trying to remember fragments of the speech I had so laboriously composed and memorized the summer before. I wasn't very successful in remembering the speech, but an impromptu one had the desired effect on the audience.

* * * * *

Say, Tom, you had better come home to dinner with me to-night and meet my wife. You don't get a chance to meet a ravishingly beautiful ex-countess every day.

La Comtesse

By Mildred Louise Beall

Summer resorts are just the place to fall in love. I've done it regularly every summer since the year I became a sophisticated college sophomore. One always proposes and becomes engaged, you know about the middle of the summer. Towards the last, one is expected to break the engagement, take back all costly gifts, return any locks of hair, etc., which may have been given to one, and merely be an acquaintance thereafter.

Well, this summer didn't work out according to rule. I met the lady, Oh yes. But even that was not according to schedule, because I met her accidentally—not purposely, after having decided that she was the prettiest eligible one.

She was the prettiest, all right, but I didn't consider her eligible. You see I was only a cub reporter, and she—well, they called her "La Comtesse". Upon inquiry I found her full title to be, "La Comtesse de Costoro."

Oh what a beauty she was; great, luminous, lustrous black eyes, long curling black eyelashes; narrow, but well marked eyebrows; jet black, curly hair; red, rosebud lips; velvety, olive colored skin; musical, rich voice with an unmistakable French accent. Oh! The irony of Fate to have made her a countess and me only a cub reporter. I spent many hours bitterly arraigning Fate for not having reversed our fortunes. Then I, a count, might have made her, a reporter, my countess. Then Fate felt sorry for me and arranged for the countess to be kind to me.

FOR LIBERTY

By Raymond Jones

Out of the East one flaming morn
On a charger white as snow, new-fallen,
A brawny youth thru the mists of gray
Rode into the battle's thickest fray
Into the smoke and shot and shell,
Into that gaping, seething Hell!
And ne'er did he halt— his battle-cry
Rose to the clouds that floated on high,
Under the arch of the summer sky,
Knowing that his was to do and die.

And 'neath his swift steed's feet the sod
Flew fast and faster; spurred on by God
His place he took in the battle array,
And led in the charge that won the day
For Freedom and Democracy,
For Peace and righteous Liberty!

Into the West there limped that night
A riderless charger with robe of white;
Head bowed in sorrow for one who was gone,
Heart with the master that spurred him at dawn
He who had ridden for Liberty's sake,
With a sword in his hand and a life at stake,
And a prayer on his lips for God to take
His comrades thru till the battle's break!

And when God drops His veil o'er the strife;
When the World is re-born with a brighter life,
May He grant those who fought in Liberty's fight
A statue to shine thru the darkness of Night
To bring to the slave a new-freedom's right,
And beacon to all with Liberty's light!

than I do of him!" She laughed her maddening laugh I waited for no more, but bolted down the steps and went back to the club, to find Collins waiting to tease me about going to the dinner the wrong night.

When I got up to leave him I said: "Collins, old man, do you remember a little lecture you gave me about pretty heiresses one night? Well I laughed at you then but confound it, man, you were right all the time."

Then I went to my room and glared jealously at my bull-dog.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

A Stirring Story In Four Scenes

By Raymond Jones

The tramp at eve had eaten his fill
Of pies from off the window sill!
He'd also taken an ample share
Of jewelry, wine and silverware!

Weary and tedious was his flight
Thru the long hours of the night.
But when in his faraway lair he was hid,
From the jewelry box he lifted the lid!
And gazed at the diamonds and jewelry there,
Bracelets, and watches, and silverware!

But behold! the diamonds were made of glass;
His golden jewelry had turned to brass!
The silverware filled his soul with disgust,
Where the silver should be there was naught but rust!
"Oh, I know now," he loudly sobbed,
"'Twas a hock-shop keeper's house I robbed!"

His sinking spirits he decided to prime,
In a "night-cap" or two, of the stolen wine!
But e'er the first couple of swallows he'd quaffed,
He threw down the bottle, strangled and coughed,
No "kerosene" wine could quench his thirst,
But he'd forgotten——'twas April the First!

forcibly, but I was inexorable. I endured his muttering of vile epithets at me, the Maine woods, the Langdons and Claire, until exhaustion had made him docile. I reached the cabin with my apathetic companion, —to find the whole family, servants, cars, horses, and Claire, gone.

A week later Collins and I returned to New York to find an invitation from the Langdons for dinner on Wednesday night of the next week. Collins sank gracefully into my easy chair to contemplate the event at leisure, while I executed a dance on the table, which induced my bull terrier to chew the precious invitation to bits before I could descend from my airy perch. That night I dreamed of Claire in dinner dress and she was more beautiful than ever.

I managed to exist until Wednesday. At five-thirty on that day I began to dress. Old Jackson, my valet, lumbered around until I was tempted to kick him out of the room. Six o'clock came. I became more and more nervous. Jackson made me furious and I sent him away. After I had fumbled with my cuff-links for a perspiring fifteen minutes or so, one of them eluded my agonized grasp and rolled tantalisingly off under the remote recesses of my bed. I swore softly and pursued it on all fours. My dog mistook my sudden caper for an invitation to play, and diving under the opposite side of the bed, caressed my face lovingly with his soft pink tongue. I swore a trifle less softly.

After I had settled the matters of cuff-links and fond bull-dogs beyond repetition, a glance at my watch told me it was six-thirty. Dinner was at seven and it would take me half an hour to get there. Could I make it? Well rather! I grabbed my overcoat from a chair and rushed out into a conveniently waiting taxi. The chauffeur grinned impudently at me and if I hadn't been in such an infernal hurry I should have told him a few things, but as it was, we had proceeded for several blocks, before I made the enlightening discovery that I had my bath robe instead of my overcoat. No wonder the chauffeur had smiled. I swore loudly. Of course, I went back and changed garments. This time we arrived safely at our destination, but it was a quarter past seven. I had heard Claire express her views on punctuality. I groaned as I went up the steps.

"Mrs. Langdon is out. The dinner party? Oh, your pardon, sir, but the dinner is Thursday. Surely you mis-read the invitation? Yes, sir, Miss Langdon is on the south veranda," I was informed by the impassive creature at the door.

Me for the south veranda then. As I rushed breathlessly in that direction I heard the murmuring of voices. Just my luck to run into some one. Then, hearing my name mentioned, I stopped short, and, yes, I confess it, listened.

"Now, Claire, dear, surely you care a little for me! Don't for the love of heaven make me tag you like that rube of a Lawton fellow, will you?"

I clenched my hands and waited. My whole life depended upon her answer. The words came slowly to me, each word cutting like a knife.

"O, Harry, how could you? That impossible creature? Why, I only tolerated him on account of Fred Collins in the first place. How could I help his sending me roses? Why I think more of his bull dog

I turned fiercely on him. "Do you know her? Who is she?" Collins laughed.

"Not so violently, old man. Of course I know the lady. I'm sure you have at least heard of her yourself." He was warming to the subject, I noted jealously. "Everybody knows Claire Langdon; she's one of the wealthiest girls in New York,—and the prettiest."

I collapsed into a chair. I might have known. Heavens, what rotten luck to fall in love with a girl like that! Collins rattled off a character sketch of her that sounded like an article in the Sunday edition, while I felt more and more miserable. A feeling of positive suffocation came over me until I could stand it no longer. I grabbed my astonished companion by the collar.

"Collins, you've got to introduce me." The simple declaration almost strangled me, but Collins merely grinned and replied that he'd do anything to help a friend. Then he gave a lecture that sounded like a funeral oration, to the effect that fresh, unspoiled young diplomats in the making must be careful how they let beautiful heiresses handle them, and all that sort of stuff, for which I duly thanked him; then we parted to prepare for the fray. I could scarcely believe my good fortune, and that old Collins should actually know that wonderful girl!

CHAPTER II

"Mr. Lawton, you and Mr. Collins are old friends, I presume?"

After I managed to reply that I was born in New York and had lived here ever since, I subsided into a chair she indicated and gazed worshipfully. We were in her box at the Metropolitan. Don't make me explain how it all happened. Ask Collins. Confidentially I had always thot Collins rather a stupid individual, but I'd trust my life to him now. Claire and her mother had been talking to a couple of pasty-faced persons—it would be libel on man to designate them any other way—and Collins had told me to brace up and follow him. I did, and then the next I knew I was with her To think of it! I. hitherto unknown Raymond Lawton, now sitting apparently at ease in the Langdon's box.

After the introduction, events crowded rapidly on one another. By a providential stroke of luck, Claire and her mother decided to rough it, in a cabin of twenty rooms, or so in the quiet Maine woods that summer. By a strange coincidence Collins and I also decided to rough it, in a four-room shack in the Maine woods. However, the proximity of our cabins did not tend to help matters any. Altho Collins was an old acquaintance of the Langdons, we were not regarded over-cordially by Langdon *mere*, altho Claire always was gracious and very confidential, or so my distorted fancy led me to believe.

My soul, why couldn't I be more successful? for my ardor, instead of diminishing, grew stronger with each day. Claire meant everything to me now. What matter if her wit were a trifle slow? She was the sweetest girl in the world. After a proper length of time had elapsed, I hauled poor old Collins, who was happily spending his vacation fishing, over to the Langdon cabin again. He protested

Why I Joined the Aero Corps

By Mary Louise Welch

CHAPTER I

Let me intimate to my reader that this story is not written with humorous intent; it is, on the contrary, a tragedy, in which the title role may be played by any simple self-respecting man, of almost any big city. As my readers may well surmise, my tragedy runs its course because a fascinating girl has good taste and common sense. I am the simple, self-respecting citizen. The big city is New York.

I was sitting on a park bench,—no, not desperately contemplating suicide because of the adversities of this cruel world,—but quietly going over last night's argument at the club about the European war, when she came past. There were two other girls with her, but I saw only her. I straightway left Europe to its own devices and feasted my eyes on this vision. Ye gods, what a girl! Perhaps my raving will appear more plausible to your minds if I describe her. Her eyes were blue; I know for I looked into them for so long that her perfect eye-brows elevated themselves in a manner uncomfortably ominous to my vanity. Her short, straight, piquant nose wrinkled itself daintily, and then, to my intense relief, relaxed into its former serene attitude. Her hair was the kind you see pictures of in the advertising sections of magazines, pictures with promises regarding the permanent acquisition of said ravishing locks at the astonishing price of one dollar a bottle. However, I knew that hers was the real thing. Her mouth,—my soul, her mouth! Right here I stop, before I say, that had not those two body-guards of hers been there, my insanity might have tempted me to almost any lengths.

I felt of the bench on which I was seated, to make sure I was really there and not dreaming. I could have kicked myself afterward, when I realized that the only opportunity I had for speaking to her had gone with her. I heaved a love-laden sigh and settled myself on the bench again. The faces of all the girls I had ever fallen in love with, mingled hazily in the smoke from my cigarette,—then vanished, or did they all combine and take the features of her who had just passed? I reflected that had I been present at the creation I could have given some very useful advice as to the construction of this orb and the women thereon.

Twilight. Collins and I sat at a small table by an open window at the club over our coffee and evening papers. I could not read,—how can any human read, when a bewitching face obliterates the print and causes his head to reel? I glanced at Collins to see if he saw it too. No, he sat stolidly scanning the Stock Exchange page without giving me and my optical illusions a passing thought. Suddenly I gave the table a push which threatened the coffee service, and leaned like a lunatic out of the window. "What in the name of Noah are you looking at! See a ghost, old fellow?" Collins' voice floated to me as from a great distance. He was at my shoulder, following my eye until he saw her too. "I apologize, Lawton, I meant a vision, not a ghost!"

A WARTIME COMMENCEMENT

By Lawrence W. Harrell

I

THE reception in the gymnasium which followed the impressive commencement program was in full swing. Short snatches of dance music drifted out to the two in the arcades. The sweet sad lonesomeness that filled the air on this night when old ties must be broken and farewells taken had over-powered them. His presence in the navy-blue uniform made an odd twitching of the heart even more pronounced, as they talked quietly about little nothings of their past school life. Gradually their chatter subsided and soon they found themselves looking into each others eyes or staring vacantly into space with nothing to say. It was during one of these pauses that he heard a suppressed sob. There was a quickened mutual understanding great and new. The future was at hand. Time was nothing. There was glory and pride enough for two, in going "over there" for Uncle Sam.

Moments slipped by. Still held by the romance of this night of all nights, they pictured the tiny California bungalow of the future, the little wreaths of smoke curling peacefully from the chimney, and the rays of great red sun filtering thru the group of eucalyptus to the west, a scene contrasting sharply with the warlike preparations of the time.

Now small groups of laughing young folks began to leave, and these two had to say good-bye,—they, who had not realized their love till this momentous night.

They parted—he to his boat and she to her home, to wait.

II

Six months have passed since that commencement night and things are altered. She is now married to a slacker and they are congenially quarreling in the little flat, which is the best he can afford.

And the poor sailor boy? Don't pity him! He has already enacted the same sad scene of the arcades, twice in Liverpool and once in London, and when his ship conveys the transports back from the little French port, he'll be watching, heart broken, a rapidly diminishing little figure back there on the dock—the girl he left behind him, "Somewhere in France".

THE VOLUNTEER

By Wendell P. Gladden Jr.

A youth there was who lived a life of infamy and shame,
  Who thot not of his mother's health nor heeded her advice;
The precious hours he spent at times dishonoring her name
  Forgetful of his childhood days, his mother's sacrifice.

One night into the house he went, where only mother dwelt;
  She simply pressed him to her breast and kissed him o'er and o'er;
As once again at her dear side repentingly he knelt—
  The love of old crept in his heart and made him love her more.

And in the hours of night there came a dream he ne'er forgot:
  He saw the heroes fight and fall on fields across the sea;
Where homes were wrecked, and women slain, and even children shot,
  While hordes of brutes did open fire and laugh at them in glee!

Then suddenly, in spotless white, to him an angel came
  With fingers pointing scornfully, unwavering did say:
"My good young man thou saw the strife, thyself doth thou not blame
  For acts unmanly, thots unclean, and for thy worldly way.

"Thy country calls, those children die, while thou doth waste thy life,
  The Lord, thy God, doth bid thee serve and do thy duty well!
For millions fall and millions die so bravely in the strife,
  And of the many sufferings the tongue doth fear to tell!"

He rose, resolved to do his part "tho Gates of Hell prevail",
  He would not be a slacker now while men were sore distressed;
While for Democracy they fought, their life, their home, their all,
  To crush the cruel enemy that 'gainst them onward pressed.

So went this youth, now new and fresh, humanity to save;
  Embarking for the fields of France, the fields across the sea—
And now the fire of Freedom's foes like others he would brave—
  On foreign fields he went, and fought—on fields across the sea!

give vent to her pent-up feeling with an hysteric little snicker. The front rows of the court room were crowded with beautiful country dames who had gathered from far and near to witness the trial of Percival Reginald Simpson, who had admitted that he was the scion of the great Jonathan Simpson—he who could make the world turn at his will, he who could light a cigarette with a thousand dollar gold-note cheaper than John D. could with a sulphur match! Could that really be the great wizard's son himself? Impossible!

The court room became silent, so silent that when a winsome beauty in the second row dropped her gaze from the handsome face of the defendant, it made such a racket that the older women went into violent hysterics and had to be carried from the court room and then again silence reigned supreme, for the great man's son was actually there in blood and flesh and had risen to speak.

"Percy Reginald Simpson," began the judge, in a deep voice, worthy of one endowed with the divine right of dispensing justice, "you are charged with breaking the speed limit in the County of Coles, State of Illinois. Guilty, or not guilty?"

Perce was in the seventh heaven of bliss. This was his dish. Fifty or seventy-five dollars was nothing to him. Here was a chance to cut a gash among the ladies.

"Sir," responded Perce icily, his lithe, athletic figure drawn up to its full six feet, two, "I am guilty of the charge."

But at that psychological moment an hysterical screech shattered the intense stillness and the flitting form of the judge's romantic daughter, who had just finished reading the story of John Smith and Pocahontas, hurtled its way up out of the crowd and flung its arms envelopingly around the astonished Perce——— "Spare him, Oh! father, spare him!" she shrieked in accents wild, and swooned away into the arms of the god-like Perce!

* * * * * *

Down in the east end of Mattoon, Illinois, there is a dingy little office which bears a sign over the door that reads: "The Mattoon Soap Co., Inc." One bright and beautiful morning, a visitor would have noticed the force laboring diligently as usual, except that in one corner there was an unoccupied high-stool, overlooking a long desk covered with ledgers and files. Evidently something was wrong with the book-keeper.

"I wonder what's happened to Stew this morning," observed the boss, casually glancing over the morning's mail.

"Yah, here he comes now," drawled the office boy.

Sure enough, there was the clumsy "Stew", dragging his long, loose-jointed form disconsolately up the office steps, his usually genial countenance perturbed with a look of deep melancholy.

"Good morning, Percy," greeted the boss, good-naturedly, "wassa-matter this morning?"

Perce glanced wearily up at the clock— it was half past nine— "Oh, gosh," replied Perce, yawning, "I forgot to wind the alarm-clock last night, and overslept this morning. I had a heck of a night-mare."

And with that the listless Perce climbed the worn rings of his stool and began to pore furtively over the trial balance.

Ah, yes! All's well that ends well!

nose poked half-way into the transmitter. "What! the line's busy? Be ye sure o' that? Ev'rytime a orsifer of the law wants to tawrk over this dern phone it's allus busy!" Josh hung up the receiver with a bang and chewed viciously on the generous supply of dark leaf stored away in the deep recesses of his capacious cheek during the intervening moments, and great juicy floods shot with unerring accuracy at regular intervals from his distorted mouth. Again the receiver came to his ear.

"Hello, yas, yas, this is the constibule; Wood River police quarters, please, thank you ma'm_____ Hello, Wood River? Cap. Turner? Hy, Cap., say this is me, yeh, Josh Perkins_____Well say, Lem., I called ye up to tell ye that one o' these city sports is going to beat heck right thru yor neck o' the woods, an' I kinda thot ye cud sorter stop him. Yas, it's one o' them there little yaller buzz wagons an' b'lieve me, I never seed annything go so dern fast in all me life. He's the first bird that ever broke the law in this yere county thet ain't been brot up by me an' administered the dutiful laws of justice_____ an' say, Lem., ef ye git him, why drag him over here to Hickville ef ye hef to break his dern neck. Yas, yas, thet's fine, Lem., wal so long Lem. an' good luck to ye."

Percy was still stepping along at an eighty per pace and chuckling to himself over the evident discomfiture of the supposedly disgusted executive, whom he had left many miles behind. He was betting himself that the worthy felt so low he would have to go up in an aeroplane to dust the corns on a canker-worm. Little did he realize that the strategic brain of that gentleman had plotted his dire destruction!! For good measure Percy gave "her" another notch and the little nerve-tingler fairly shot thru the air. But, woe unto Percy! Gasoline could not travel as fast as electricity! What was his surprise when suddenly there appeared before him a long rope stretched across the road, with a red shirted figure at either end, waving frantically and signifying that the speed-intoxicated Perce was to stop! Perce jumped on the brakes with all fours and brot his boat to a standstill just as the rope grew taut across the radiator.

"Yer under arrest," authoritively spoke the tallest of the two individuals.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" retaliated the sarcastic Perce.

"Now looky here, young man, don't try to get smart or I'll hev to lock yeze up," said the officer, brushing his shining star with the end of his crimson sleeve, "What's yer name?"

"Percival Reginald Simpson."

"Here, say thet over an say it so's I can get it, ye young freshie," excitedly spoke the officer, who was getting exasperated at the cool countenance presented by the fearless Perce. "I'll hev yeze understand thet yeze can't monkey with Lem. Turner, the chief of police of Wood River Junction. Yeze may come along with me now," he concluded, grabbing Perce by the arm.

And Perce went!

* * * * * *

The courtroom at Hickville Center was crowded with a motley mass of farmers and awe-struck women, who whispered excitedly to each other, and an air of intense excitement hung heavily over the whole room. Here and there some beautiful buxom lass would occasionally

Percy's Adventure

By Raymond Jones

PERCY Reginald Simpson was speeding along the country boulevard, "doing a dip" with the country constable. Perce knew that the hick-town cop couldn't run down a hay-baler with that one-lung spring-wagon of his. Perce was immensely happy. He knew that his license number was so dirty and illegible that one had as much chance of deciphering it as an Eskimo has of freezing to death in the Kongo State. Perce knew that if he was caught he would be as welcome as a robber in a saving bank. So Perce would play possum until the strong arm of the law should reach out his grasping lunch-hook, intent on grabbing his prey, then to the strong arm's surprise that yellow joy-cart in front of him would disappear suddenly in a cloud of swirling dust, and Josh would chug along for miles, and sneak up again only to be foiled again by Perce.

And so things went, 'till eventually the Hickville Center Grocery hove in sight, whereupon a bright and dazzling idea struck the simple peacemaker so hard that he lost his equilibrium and proceeded to vault a hitching post with his exuberant can-chaser. Josh brushed the dust from his carrot colored beard and excitedly stalked into Hiram's grocery.

Hiram's hang-out was the rendezvous of the village loafers, and the mutual gathering-place of the community. Here came the veneered salesmen from the city, all dressed up like a broken nose, in fancy suits and linen collars and four-in-hand ties, and shirts so loud that the simple country folk could hear 'em coming when the Hickville local crossed the county line, ten miles away. These smooth-tongued venders were the admiration of the fair sex and the inherent enemies of the bashful country hay-seeds. Here came also the industrious tillers of the soil to exchange their wares with the business-like Hiram, and to inquire for the mail. And here on Saturday came the beauties the community boasted, resplendent in their homespun caps and waists and their dazzling calicoes.

But now to my story. Old Hiram was seated with his back to the stove, shooting checkers with a loafer. The excited Josh breezed up to the checker players with the all-important air of officiality and demanded the immediate use of the telephone, and of course, attracted no little attention from the gossiping women-folk thereabouts. (Yes, it was Saturday.) The catering Hiram replied in the affirmative and the judge, jury, clerk, prosecutor, and police force of Greensboro Township, enshrouded in a halo of Sherlock-Holmesish atmosphere, marched into the telephone booth with the dominating air of a railroad president, and proceeded with his duties as a magistrate of the law.

"Hello, hello, is this ye, central? Yas, yas, this is me. I'm the constibule of this yere county and I want to tawrk with Wood River a few minutes; yas, Wood River," shouted the excited Josh, his long

man's heart and helped him carry out a plan that had been formed swiftly then and there.

The deep toned boom of a gong sounded thru the temple. It was the call for night worship to the Great Buddha. Hurriedly the priest thrust the snake into the round basket and taking off the grey robe donned another, a more gorgeous affair, and snatching up his prayer beads and one of the lighted candles, he quietly glided out of the room, closing the door after him.

Quickly, Joyce left the window and opening a small wooden door entered the room. His lips were set and his eyes were bright.

With his pocket knife, he cut out a strip of cloth from one of the sleeves of the priest's robe. Then lifting the basket he flashed open the cover and shook out the snake. Before the green death had time to strike he had his foot on its head. Reaching over, he picked up the snake and held it as he had seen the priest do, close behind the head. With the left hand he tormented the reptile as the priest had done, but this time with a grey square of cloth from the priestly garment.

The deep toned gong boomed thru the temple again. The night worship was over. Joyce threw the viper into a far, dark corner and with quick strides went to the little door and passed out into the night.

Today a great change is to be noticed in the Kuling Range district. There is plenty of work for the white doctor and everywhere he is received gladly by the country folk.

Often as the flaming sun sinks behind the Kuling Range, a young man can be seen standing on the broad veranda of a bungalow gazing intently at a black tiled roof farther down the green valley and if you were very close you might hear him say, oh so softly to himself, "Know, Oh Priests of the Great Buddha, and of Christ, that even in this world, just causes and right must finally triumph and rule."

and its wicked triangular head making angry darts this way and that. The least movement from the sleeping man would cause it to strike, and that meant death.

Slipping back into the next room the doctor snatched up a five foot stick leaning in the corner. Inch by inch, slowly, oh so slowly, he crept across the earthen floor. The sick man heaved a sigh and instantly the snake drew back to deliver the stroke of death. There was a swish and the snake was hurled across the room, its back broken by the blow it had been dealt. With a gasp of relief the doctor stood up. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and he was breathing hard as from great exertion. Happening to glance up at the little barred window that looked out into the clearing he saw outlined against the square of moonlit sky the head and shoulders of a man. The old priest had seen all.

The new mission doctor was soon on his way home. As he approached the bungalow he thot he saw a shadow slip off the veranda into the surrounding bamboo. The door to the room opening upon the veranda was open. Muttering something at the servant's inability to watch the house against thieves, Joyce entered, lighted the lamp and proceeded to get ready for bed. Then of a sudden his eyes went wide with fear and in spite of himself, his hands shook and a cold sweat broke out. Lying at his feet was one of his white work shirts and from the back was cut a square of cloth. He realized that the supreme moment had come. It was to be his life or the life of the priest. He stepped over to a table at the side of the room, and from a drawer took a revolver. In a moment more he had passed out into the moonlight and was following a narrow winding path thru the dark brooding bamboo that led in the direction of the Temple of Buddha.

Slipping softly thru the checkered shades, a shadow among shadows, he reached the rear of the temple. A shaft of dull gold light streamed from a small barred window high up in the stone wall. Slowly, carefully, Joyce crept up to it and rising to his full height peered in. The little room was lighted by four tall red candles. On a round prayer mat, crosslegged, sat the old priest. With a supressed exclamation, Joyce saw that in his hand the priest held a living, writhing, bamboo snake. He held it firmly, close behind the triangular head, and the angry snake was powerless to bite the man.

From out of the many folds of his garment the priest brot out a fluttering white square of cloth, and began to tease the already angry snake with it, swishing it across his face and striking it against the jaws and nostrils. The old priest was doing what the witch doctors of the South Seas and the snake charmers of India often do when they seek the death of a person and wish to kill him without bringing trouble on themselves. The snake had become very angry. It had struck at the white fluttering object, and had got the smell of it. The snake had only to be placed in Joyce's house and sooner or later it would remember the smell, all its old anger would return, and it would strike, and strike to kill.

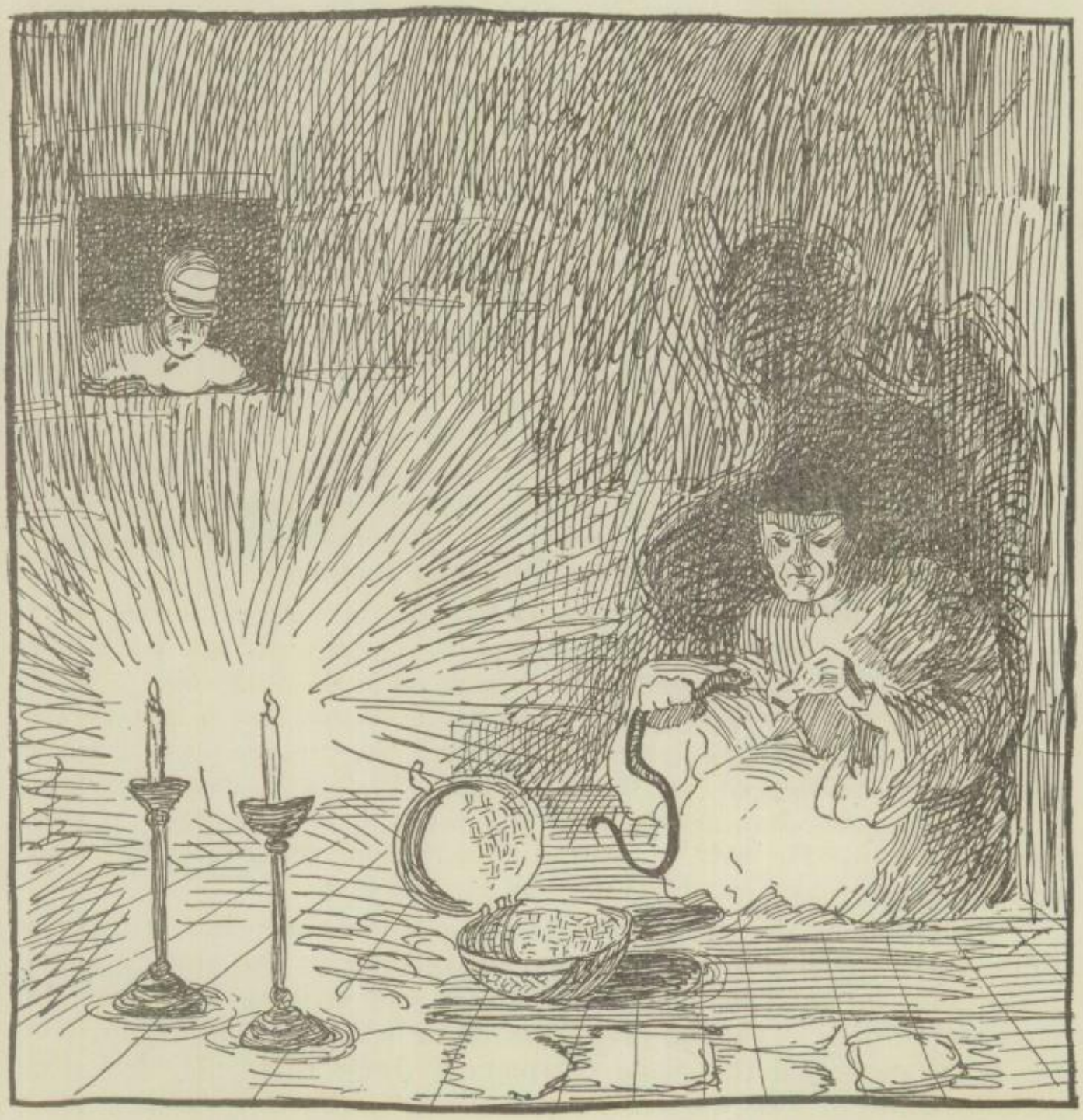
Joyce began to understand. It explained the missing cloth from the clothes of the people he had helped and who had paid the penalty. The cold-bloodedness and wanton cruelty of it all hardened the white

charm of Nature older than time cast its bewitching spell over the senses of the doctor.

A figure stepped out of the shadows, a score of yards away. In the moonlight one could readily recognize the old priest. He was advancing slowly toward the house. Under one arm he carried a round basket. Suddenly he stopped, reached his hand into the basket, and bringing something out, threw it on the grass-thatched roof of the house. Joyce rushed towards him from his hiding place.

Quick as a cat the old man turned, fled to the black shadows at the edge of the clearing and disappeared.

It was a keen disappointment not to be able to lay hands on the



man, but another important business needed attention. A sleepy, wondering woodcutter's wife opened the door in answer to his loud knocking. He brushed by her hurriedly to the rear of the house where the sick man was sleeping. A candle was burning at the head of the bed, and by its bright, flickering light Joyce saw a sight that froze him in his tracks.

Coiled on the chest of the sleeping man, ready to strike at his face, was a bamboo snake, its bright green coils gleaming in the candle light,

to you and accepted your healing. They took no heed at first and—you know in what manner the Great Buddha has shown his displeasure. And now my people have sent me to command you to leave, that Buddha may be appeased and smile on us, his people, once more."

Without another word he turned and noiselessly strode to the door and without so much as a glance at the white man standing in the middle of the room, passed out.

That evening as the sun sank in splendor behind the Kuling Range, Joyce stood on the veranda of his bungalow and gazed with anger-filled eyes at the black roof of the Temple of Buddha until the soft dusk fell, covering the little hills with a blanket of darkness, and the night wind came whispering up the valley.

A new family had come to the mission district. They were woodcutters, and had not been settled three days when Chun, the head of the family, was badly mauled by a leopard while in the hills cutting brushwood. The missionary doctor, hearing of it thru the talk of the houseboy, hurried to the woodcutter's house, taking his medicine kit. He soon had all the wounds sterilized and dressed, except a bad bite on the muscular calf of Chun's leg.

"I'll have to get some more bandages", he told Chun's anxious wife. "I'll be back very soon." Getting up to leave he saw a figure in the door-way that made him clench his fists in anger. It was the old priest. With a little bow the old man strode over to the prostrate Chun and started to undo the bandages.

"Get away," yelled the woodcutter. "The white doctor is good. I want nothing of you", and turning his face to the wall he ignored the priest completely. As Joyce passed out to mount his pony he could not suppress the feeling of satisfaction that came to him when he saw the look of astonishment and then of anger that came over the priest's face.

In thirty minutes he was back. The priest had gone and Chun had dropped into an uneasy sleep, his face still to the wall. Joyce had almost finished the bandaging when suddenly he stopped, puzzled, for there in the shirt of the woodcutter was a newly cut hole. He could have sworn that it had not been there before he had gone to fetch the bandages.

The doctor rode at once to the home of a woman, whose husband had been the first victim to death from snake bite. He asked the widow if she still had the clothes her husband had worn. She had, and at his request brot them out. Joyce closely examined them. As he had expected, on one of the legs of the blue cotton trousers was a square hole. He next found that from each of the garments of the woman and child who had died by snake bite, there had been cut a small square hole.

An hour later Joyce was crouching in the shadow of a clump of bamboo from which he could watch the clearing about the woodcutter's house. The white, full moon made the clearing about the woodcutter's house as clear as daylight and no one could approach the house without being seen by him. He made himself comfortable and waited patiently.

Higher and higher sailed the moon. The bamboo was full of soft night noises. Big bats flitted to and fro, and the throbbing song of a frog chorus came up from the rice fields a mile away. The sweet

The Green Death

By Wheeler Newman

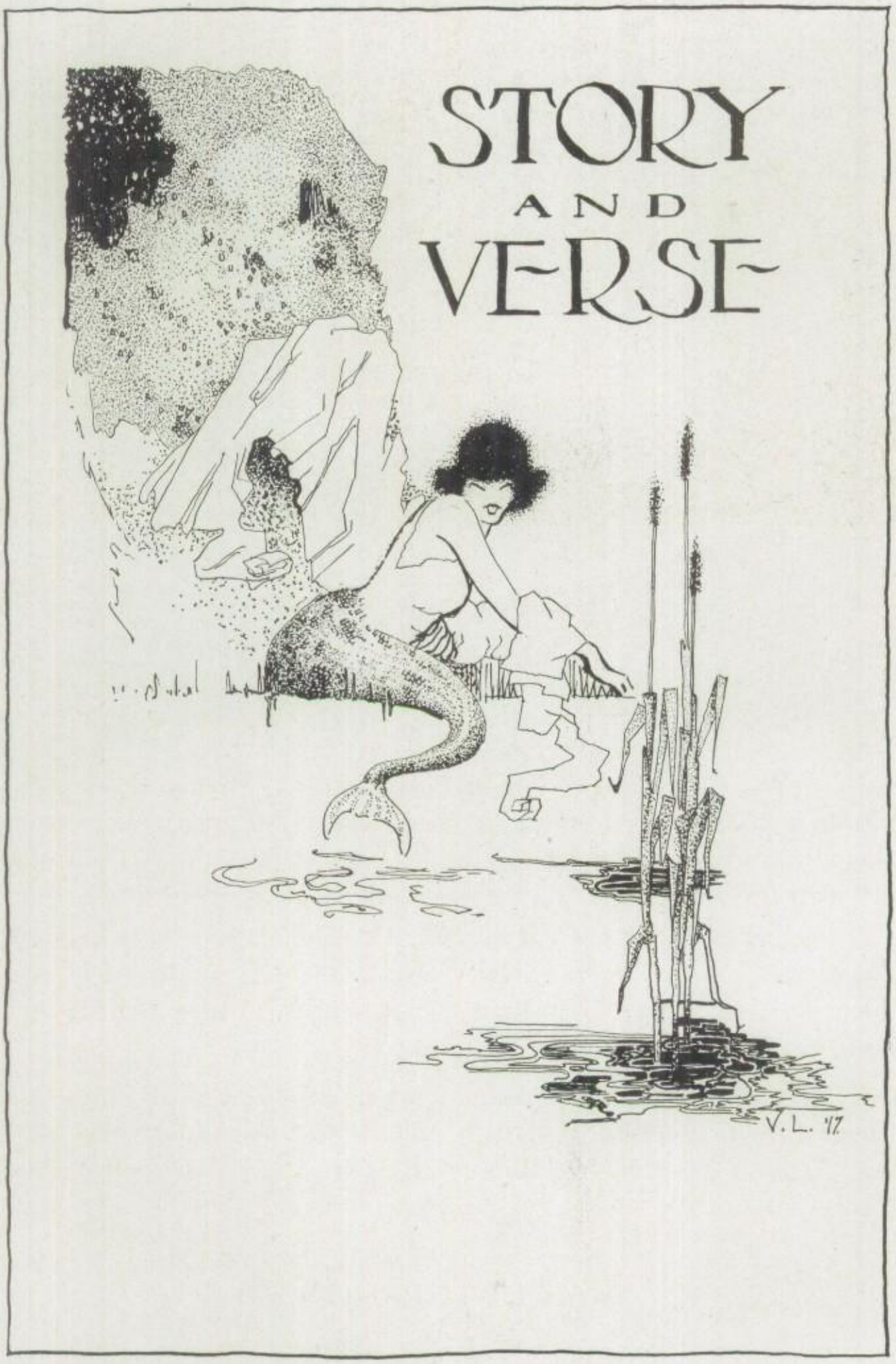
IN the oldest country in the world there is going on a mighty battle, part of the great world struggle for freedom of the lower classes. Old China has long fought grimly against the new and its tendency to consider lightly old established beliefs, century old customs, and ancient methods. Old, old China is not giving up her life without a fight. Religion led by the priests of the faith of Buddha and Confucius, and soldiers directed by Emperors' sons of old dynsties are fighting hard against liberating to the masses the power and enjoyment of life that comes to all men thru education and participation in the government, religion, and knowledge of art and industry of the active world.

Joyce was a missionary-doctor. A year ago he had been sent to Central China, to the Kuling Range District to heal the sick and to preach to the natives, but from the very first, tho the natives listened eagerly to him, he felt unfriendly eyes were watching, and a subtle influence instructing to refuse his ministrations.

Weary from many weeks of exertion the young apostle of the things of the newer day, threw himself into a rattan chair. Outside the fierce tropical sun beat down on bamboo and steaming undergrowth. With dull, unseeing eyes, he followed the stealthy movements of a big brown lizard stalking a fly on the wall. He thot of the curious case of sudden death from snake-bite of one of his patients. The victim was Lee, a young farmer whose broken leg he had mended only a few days before; also of the case of a grief-stricken mother who had brot her little child, half dead with malaria fever, to his house. He had given the aid required and the woman had gone away happy, her child already improved. Two days later, coming back from a trip in the country, he had met a funeral procession. They were burying the woman and the child. Both had died from snake bite. The similarity in part, of the circumstances involved in these cases engaged the doctor in deep thot.

A slight noise attracted Joyce's attention, and he glanced towards the opened door, then sprang to his feet in amazement. In a long grey robe that swept the woven grass carpet, stood a little withered, sharp-eyed old man. On his shaved head he wore a black skull cap and in his shaking hands he carried an elaborately carved string of prayer beads. He was a head priest of the temple of Buddha, the black tiled roof of which could be seen where it lay among the soft green of the bamboo, farther down the valley.

"White man", he began in a high, cracked voice, "You know who I am. For forty years I have been head priest at the temple of Buddha. Then you came, bringing the new, untrue faith. I warned my people that the anger of the great Budda would be upon them if they listened


STORY
AND
VERSE
V. L. '17

LATIN CLUB

For two weeks during November the Latin Club's novel exhibit attracted interested visitors in great numbers from among parents, students, and teachers of the city and county. The high praise heard for it on all sides showed an awakened appreciation of the basic importance of the Latin vocabulary to a broader and more correct understanding of our mother tongue, the English language, and through it of all other subjects.

For more than two years with a patience and zeal unusual many Latin students directed by Mrs. Bibbins and Miss Rutledge have been intent on completing this labor of love for cultural education which has been viewed with so much gratification in room 265.

The ninety-five members have elected for their officers, Daniel Coyner, Boys' Counsel; Louise Chandler, Girls' Counsel; Louise Eccleston, Aedile; and Donald Johns, Rex Sacrorum. Miss Dodge acts as faculty advisor.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT

The history department has undertaken a work outside the regular routine study that will be of inestimable value to the students who will later study this present war. All articles of importance, cartoons and pictures pertaining to the war are being collected.

OUR GARDENS

OUR LABORATORY

tent, it has had to be done over. The machine shop has been making many of its own tools and machines. In the illustration is seen a moderately sized drill press being turned on a twenty inch lathe.

Mike goes into the auto shop next. A large new building is to be constructed in the space between the present shop and the mill. In a lecture room being made across the hall from the present shop the instructor will explain the finer details of the motor model.

Mike's life at Manual is coming to a close. He will not be able to take a course in printing, but the reader may judge the merits of the print shop from the work of this book. This shop has two linotype machines, a large cylinder press, two small ones, and a stitching machine. It prints the Weekly and does the work for the Board of Education and the school.

The long-sought day of graduation is approaching. Mike must leave the haunts of the shops, to take his place in the world. Young, enthusiastic, and thoroughly trained in the work of the mechanician, he is prepared to enter the service of the government as an aeroplane mechanic. He will play his part in the epoch-making events of this day as a representative of our own Alma Mater.

AGRICULTURE

To keep ahead of the times, the department of agriculture is planing to form a new club next term—The Food Production Club. The members will aim to do intensive farming of proteid foods, to relieve the demand for those products. The plots will be either individual or community, and all the vegetables raised will be either sold or canned. Arrangements are being made for assistance at school for those who have not the facilities or knowledge to can the vegetables at home.

If there is an increased demand for a special course for girls intending to go to Normal school, such accomodations will be made.

Unknown to many of our students, the agricultural course is very definitely planned. For the Freshman year, a course in General Agriculture is offered; in the Sophmore year, Horticulture is studied; the Juniors receive training in Farm Mechanics and Farm Practice, while in the Senior year a course in Soils and Farm Management is offered.

SCIENCE

The biggest call of the hour is for men and women who are scientifically trained. It has been said that science will win the war.

Our science departments are endeavoring to turn out students who have more than a mere smattering of scientific facts.

Two thirds of our enlisted boys have shown a marked ability in mathematics and science. Many of these fellows have been called upon to fill places of responsibility in the aviation, signal and engineering corps. These branches of service require the best kind of mathematicians and scientists.

A new addition to the science course will be the installation of apparatus to provide for instruction in radio telegraphy.

MECHANIC ARTS DEPARTMENT

The Mechanic Arts Department of this school is one of the best equipped on the coast. No boy can graduate from Manual unless he has had one year of shop work. A fellow has several choices in taking up courses. He may spend all his time in one shop, or he may take a year's training in several shops.

Let us go thru the shops with Michael O'Flaherty. Mike, in all his B9 glory, consulted his parents and his friends as to what course he should take up. Cabinet making was decided upon for the first term, so he signed up for this subject.

It took Mike some time to become accustomed to the big mill room where the giant planer would set up a ferocious roar every few minutes. The buzz-saws would let out terrible shrieks when tearing their way thru a wooden plank guided by the steady hand of the student who had learned to control the machine.

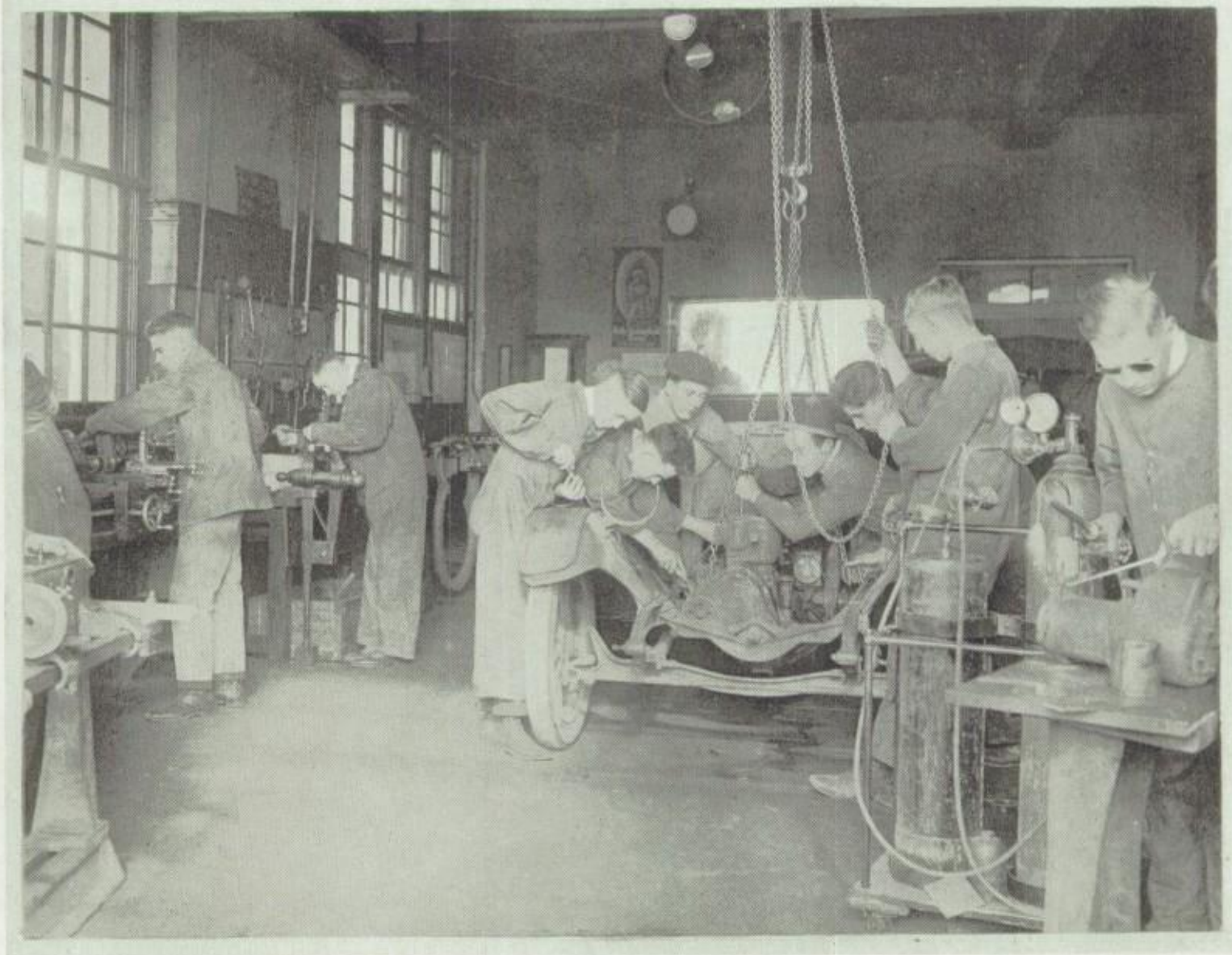
Naturally, Mike wanted to jump in right away and run these machines, but he found that he must learn to do wood work by hand before he could handle the machinery. His turn soon came and he started to make his piece of furniture which he intends to put into his home when he is married. After many weeks of careful work he had finished it.

The next semester Mike took up pattern making. Upon this work depends the existence of the foundry and the machine shop. Castings are made, then machined. The period of casting is certainly exciting. The huge blast furnace roars and the instructor runs about giving orders, for when one handles several hundred pounds of molten metal in crucible, quick and accurate action is necessary. Few castings are spoiled, and the boys have handled some large jobs, quite like experts. Metal is poured about once a week, and the remainder of the time is spent in practicing to make moulds. If any one thinks this is easy work he should ask Mike. The moulds must be perfect to get by the instructor's watchful eye and perhaps that is why the boys do such good work.

Mike wishes to try forge. It is a good muscle builder, and in training the mind's eye it is hard to beat. White hot iron cannot be handled intimately with a ruler and square. The worker must have his model in his mind and then pound the iron into the desired shape. Forge does not consists of shaping metal alone; there are two much more difficult sides to the work, namely, welding and tempering. These phases of the work are very hard at first, but when mastered the student is an efficient blacksmith. Tempering is an art in itself.

By this time Mr. O'Flaherty has become an upper class man, and feels capable of undertaking machine shop. There are fourteen lathes, four large drill presses, a milling machine, a power tool grinder, emery-wheel, shaper, and arbon press,—enough equipment to outfit a large factory. With all these advantages Mike thinks he will become a machinist. Accuracy in mechanics is necessary, to one-thousandths of an inch. In many instances where work has been incorrect to this ex-

FOUNDRY



AUTO SHOP

SENIOR B's

KNITTING CLUB

PRESS CLUB

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

ORCHESTRA

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

MIMERIANS

SEPTEMBER 1917—FEBRUARY 1918

Girls: Louise Beall, Francis Bryant, Aides Burroughs, Harriet Bush, Judith Chaffey, Myrtle Dansieger, Evelyn Edler, Thelma Epling, Florence Hahn, Isabelle Hart, Helen Jonas, Florence Kopp, Faye Lane, Grace Loudon, Iniz Low, Doris McClelland, Hilda McClelland, Lucile McDougal, Eugenia McVey, Lois Merriman, Florence Montgomery, Louise Morse, Charlotte Rastall, Vera Rausch, Louise Shilling, Lois Shoaff, Georgia Snodgrass, Geraldine Squires, Minnie Sterling, Irma Stewart, Amanda Wickman, Edna Zuchelli.

Boys: Herry Casillas, Roland Cooper, Daniel Coyner, Truman Douglas, Donald Dunne, Galen Fox, Donald Johns, Dwight Reay, Dale Stoddard, Walter Wescott.

The Mimerian Society is under the leadership of Miss Cahoon, who is the faculty advisor. Orin Field is president, Louise Shilling, girl's vice-president, Walter Grosse, boy's vice-president and Charlotte Rastall, secretary-treasurer.

MANUAL ARTS MIMERIANS TO SEPTEMBER, 1917

Abjer, Ruth; Barney, Gladys; Baker, Chester; Beall, Mildred; Bennett, Dorothy; Benkert, Alberta; Brown, Genevieve; Bryde, Irma; Carr, William; Campbell, Gladys; Chase, Amy; Clarke, Ileen; Cole, Doyle; Coyner, Dorothy; Coyner, Daniel; Crum, Anna; Crittendon, Grace; Dibble, Lois; DeWitt, Virginia; Deffeback, Charles; Downs, Arthur; Edwards, Elizabeth; Mintie, Ernest; Ford, Mary Lou; Fox Ray; Gallot, Virginia; Gamage, Virginia; Gilbert, Ninon; Gore, Evelyn; Glover, Cordelia; Hahn, Florence; Herr, Cretora; Hawley, Dorice; Hawley, Hazel; Herman, Fred; Herman, Cora; Hill, Marie; Hubbard, Helen; Kline, Gladys; Kuck, Mildred; Lalone, Doris; Lewis, Virgil; Liusdell, Ethel; Loudon, Grace; Larson, Isadore; Lukins, Lester; Maurer, Gladys; McClelland, Hilda; McDonald, Dorothy; McDonald, Esther; McClelland, Doris; Morris, Florence; Mitchell, Alfred; Montgomery, Florence; Morris, Cecilia; Myers, Winifred; Olten, Donald; Rausch, Vera; Reay, Dwight; Rooks, Lyle; Repath, Helen; Reynolds, Anna; Peck, Dorothy; Petigrew, Claris; Piper, Frances; Pritchard, Helen; Schleegee, Glenn; Squires, Geraldine; Silvius, Paul; Snall, Lewis; Snodgrass, Georgia; Steele, Wanda; Stanley, Earl; Shurtleff, Flavia; Sterlong, Christine; Stockwell, Lucille; Sheck, Helen; Smith, Anita; Timmons, Colin; Teran, C. L.; Ulber, Althea; Waters, Alice; Zuchelli, Edna; Zuchelli, Ed.

MIMERIAN SOCIETY

STAGE CRAFT

After each and every play, in discussing the scenic beauty, favorite settings of our many past productions are again recalled and comparisons made. It is then that the students realize that each play is different, and the variety of stage pictures becomes a pleasureable pageant for the memory to dwell upon.

Now that Jeanne d'Arc has passed into history, we like to think of it in some such way as expressed by one of our prominent artists. He expressed his enjoyment in the simplicity of the designs and the execution of the settings. To Dr. Wilson he congratulated the school on its ability to present a scene as a picture painted in color by artistic lighting. Everyone seems to agree that the stage pictures in Jeanne d'Arc blended most wonderfully with the dramatic action of the play.

The only reward the stage craft boys get for their tremendous amount of work and thought is the pleasure derived from producing a stage picture that gives to the students and their friends a sense of happiness, something to hold in memory. The work of Voester Macdonald and Morton Kibbe, who held the most responsible positions, deserves special mention. Tho this was their first play, the results would do credit to veterans. The stagecraft class wishes to thank those boys who have graduated and boys still in school, who offered and gave such valuable service in staging the performances. The stagecraft class is directed by Mr. Beswick, assisted by Mr. Schwankovsky. Mr. Beswick desires to thank all the departments in the school for their assistance.

AUD. AND FIELD COM. COUNCIL GIRLS' LEAGUE

wood had a very strong team and expected to win. It looked as if they would too until the last five minutes of the contest, when Miss McDougal came thru with a refutation which dispelled all doubt in the minds of the two judges. They voted for Manual.

This left Manual Arts and Jefferson High School tied with five decisions each. In the second league debate Manual will meet Jefferson and Los Angeles High Schools. Curtis and White will speak on the negative at the former school and Daniel Coyner and Herbert Abbot will meet the latter in our auditorium.

A victory over Jefferson and Los Angeles would probably give Manual the championship of the league, since the third debate will be against weaker teams. Miss McDougal, Messers Coyner, Abbot, and Holman will all be eligible for the third debate, in March, whereas the other schools will have used up their best debaters under the rule which permits a student to participate in only two league debates. In debating as in football, Manual's strength lies in her quality and quantity of material.

DEBATING

Debating at Manual did not have a bright outlook at the beginning of the fall term. There was not a single veteran debater left to defend Manual's former luarels as of all last year's team had graduated. Then too, our old friend and coach, Mr. Olmstead, who helped Manual to a state championship in debating, had gone to Harvard.

But the outlook is not always truly representative of the future. When Mr. J. Stonier, the new coach, put in his appearance, the situation immediately took on a new aspect. He brot confidence with him. Manual Arts might have lacked debaters but there was no vacancy in the coaching line.

When the tryouts for the first debate were held what little gloom was left beat a hasty retreat for it was discovered that we were not lacking in debaters either. Lucile McDougal, who won the Southern California championship for Long Beach High School two years ago, easily held first place. Roscoe White, Wilbur Curtis, and Julian Holman completed the team.

In the first league debate White and Curtis defended Manual on the negative side of the question at San Diego, against San Diego High School. Following the precedent of former years the boys came home with all three judges' decisions.

Miss McDougal and Mr. Holman upheld the affirmative at Manual against Hollywood High School. It was generally conceded that the affirmative was the hardest side of the question. Furthermore Holly-

LATIN CLUB

SPANISH CLUB

FRENCH CLUB

The Manual Arts Weekly is, more than almost any other department or organization in the school, representative of the whole life of the institution. The editor is elected and the staff chosen for the one purpose of working together to give impartial recognition to all school activities. Thus the Weekly becomes a record that may be used for reference at any time.

Upon the print shop falls the responsibility of getting our work out on time and in a form attractive and correct. They have never failed to show a fine loyalty to higher press ideals.

Mr. Maynard, with his constant encouragement and willingness to help, has always the best interests of the Weekly at heart.

The Staff

Editor ---------- Dorothy McDonald

Associate ---------- Roy Guinn
Alumni ---------- Rhea Courtenay
Artist ---------- Audley Alexander
Advertising ---- Chester Wondries
Sports ---------- Lucien Griffin
Dramatics ---- Mildred Alexander
Exchanges ---------- Amy Haller
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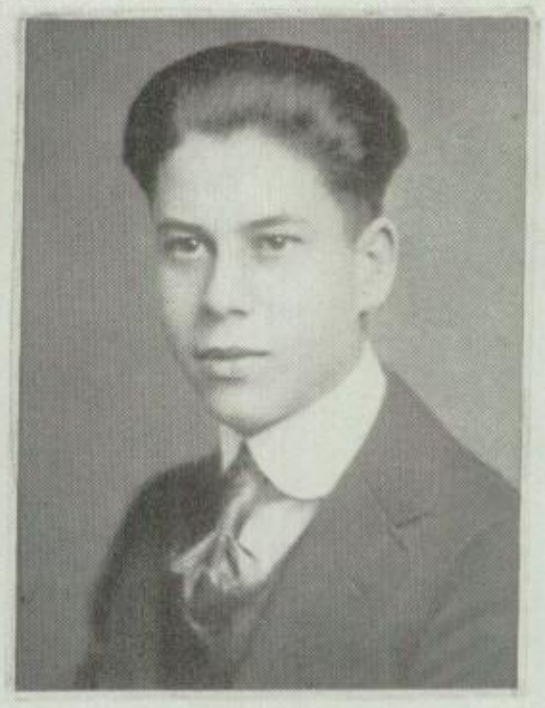

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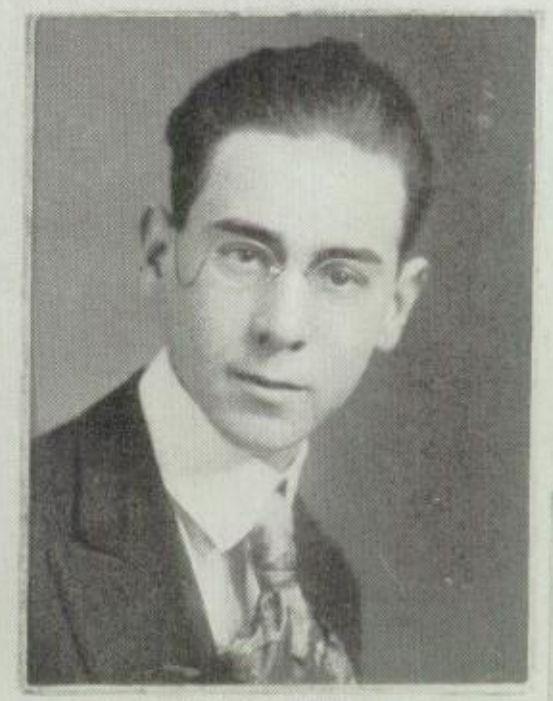

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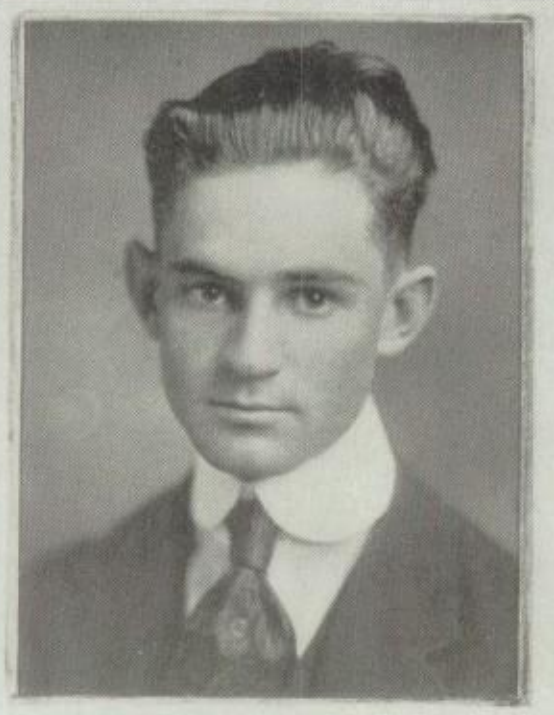

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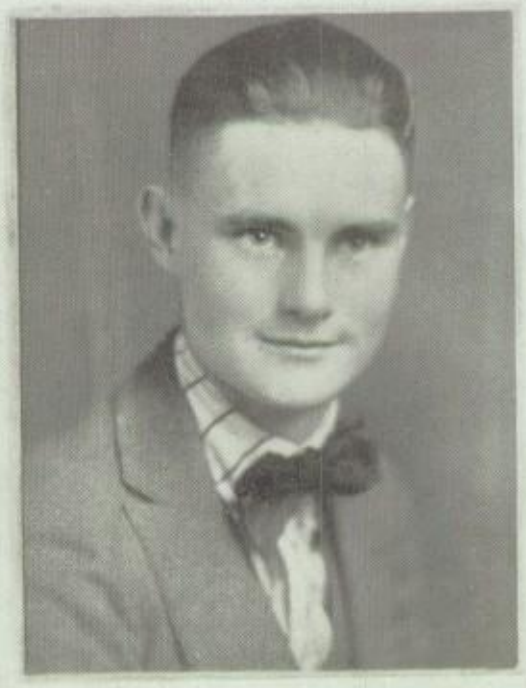

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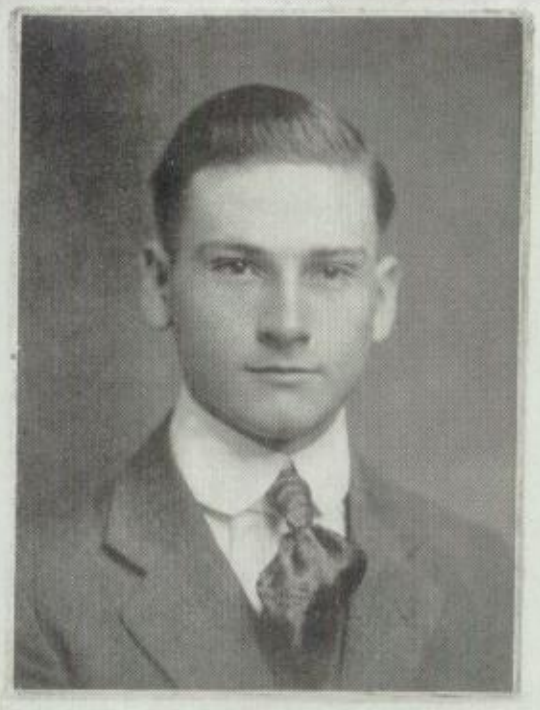

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BOYS' VICE-PRESIDENT

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GIRLS' VICE-PRESIDENT

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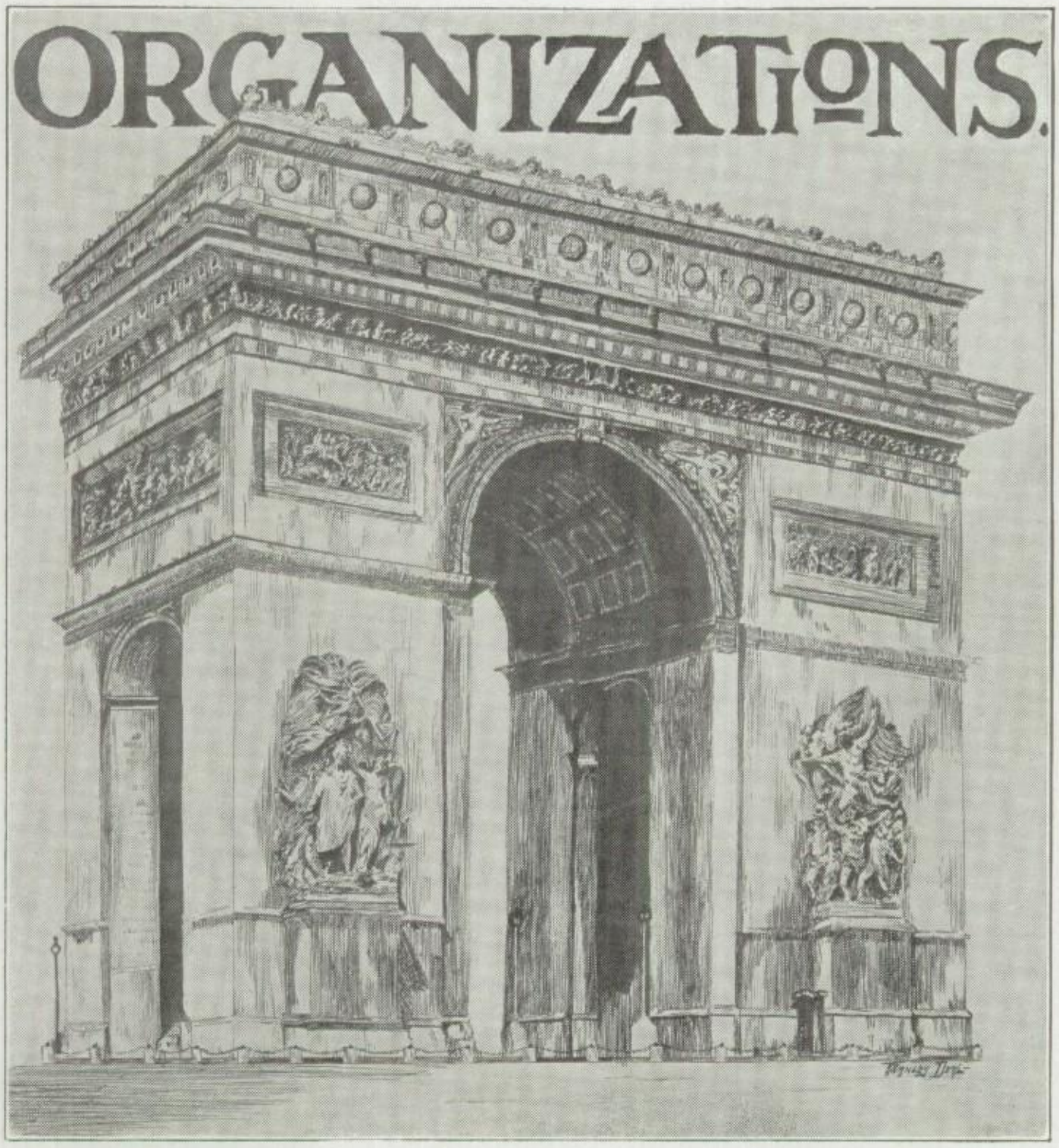
STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

ORGANIZATIONS.



BLIGHTY

By Ray Miller

My time is done in his Majesty's service
And I'm thru with my feud with the Hun.
I've seen the last of the grim lines of trenches
And the carnage and wreck of Verdun.

I've fought and I've bled like a soldier
A shielding old England and home—
What matters the loss of a limb or two
Now I'm free to go back to my own.

To a mother who waits for her only son
For now all the others are gone
And there's a dear little girl a waiting for me
——Thank God! I'm going back home.

Miss Howell, appointed director for all special films telling the story and interesting points of the picture play.

Thurs. 13. Senior A play committee chooses "He comes Up Smiling".

Fri. 14. Football men leave on location for two days to film the second episode of the football picture.

Jeanne d'Arc shown afternoon and evening—a tremendous success.

Sat. 15. Episode No. 2 "The San Diego Game". Result fifty-five to nothing the honors going to Manual Arts Studio.

Fri. 21. Episode No. 3. "The Pomona Game" The Manual studio eleven victorious by a score of twenty-seven to nothing. Movie fans go wild—this is the crowning achievement of the year—the Manual Arts Studio receiving the perpetual Southern California Championship trophy.

Artisan goes to press.

Sat. 15. to Jan. 2. Vacation!

ACT VI JANUARY

SCENE I

Jan. 2. Tryouts before special director Miss Howell for the Senior A play, "He Comes Up Smiling".

Jan. 21. Artisan out.

Jan. 25. Senior A play—Afternoon and evening.

Jan. 30. Senior A Day—Commencement in the evening.

Feb. 1. End of the fall term.

EPILOGUE

As far as we, the Senior A's are concerned, our part in this little scenario is finished, but the great studio and its assemblies, football games, and other important events will go on, we hope, forever and ever

SCENE IV

Mon. 19. Studio celebrating triple victory in football and debating.

Tues. 20. Military scene. Presentation of our service flag. Major Copp and Dr. Francis review drilling of the Studio Cadet Corps.

Wed. 21. We were honored in having Alfred Noyes the great English poet as our visitor. His poems dealt with British Trawlers, the men of the Great Fleet and stories of romance. We must not forget The Highwayman and the landlord's black-eyed daughter.

Fri. 23. Big Championship game. Scene:- Wilson field. Caste—M. A. eleven, L. A. eleven. Purple and Gray wins. City Champs! Forty-two to nothing-Yea Bo!

SCENE V

Mon. 26. Educational pictures filmed at Ford factory, showing the making of the Ford.

Wed. 28 The Adelphic, our "Famous Players Club", introduced new members who proved themselves very versatile.

Thurs. 29 to Dec. 2. Studio folks on Thanksgiving vacaion.

ACT IV SCENE I DECEMBER

Tues. 4. The Junior College, one of the new talented sections of the company, explain themselves and their aims, and also give a delightful program.

Wed. 5. The Studio's Junior Red Cross organized to-day.

Thurs. 6. Introduction and instructions as to our next big production, "The Southern California Championship", a serial in three parts—with Amor, Solly, Walt, Redd and an all-star caste.

Fri. 7. Episode No. 1. "The Fullerton Game", the victory as usual celebrated by M. A.—score twenty-one to three.

SCENE II

Mon. 10. Advertising for our most dramatic film and largest production of the year—"Jeanne d'Arc". Eleanor Anderson, the heroine, appears. A painting by Mr. Schneidau is displayed for approval.

ACT III SCENE I NOVEMBER

Thurs. 2. The second specie from the zoo appears at football rally. This time red and white.

Fri. 2. The public is now "simply wild" over our football scenes so today we have put on the most exciting game of the season. Owing to another slip on the part of our new camera-man the Hollywood eleven succeeded in scoring six points to M. A.'s thirteen.

SCENE II

Mon. 5. Johnnie Blewett played hero in a wedding scene—the heroine being Madeline Clarke—a very exciting romance in four reels.

Wed. 7. Patriotic film. Senior A's give money collected to buy yarn for the soldiers.

Thurs. 8. Director Wilson gives us final instructions as to our parts to be played in the football scene the following day.

Fri. 9. Game with Normal varsity—score twenty to nothing in favor of the M. A. squad.

SCENE III

Mon. 12. Mr. Woods, the inventor, visits filmdom and gives an interesting lecture on "The Ultra Violet Rays", and "The Torpedo with Ears".

Thurs. 15. Scene today set for an old fashioned school—title—"Visiting Day". E. Alexander as teacher played his part to perfection. The comedy was carried thru the entire reel, each pupil in turn recited his piece. The difficult(?)pupil parts were played by the football boys and their director "Sid". Mr. Stonier, a new star in the company, played the exceptionally dramatic roll of villian. The noise makers occupied the dunce stools—a green polly—the latest member of the zoo appeared to complete the effect.

Fri. 16. Football victory for Manual over Poly. Score twenty eight to two. Debating victory in the evening. Moving pictures.

SCENE III

Tues. 16. Studio gardens. Directors reception to stars and actors. (Faculty reception to Senior A's) The production: Musical—Comical—Formal, was filmed and a section of it appears in this book. The program and refreshments delighted guests and visitors in the balconies.

Thurs. 18. Loud demands for another sport film. Rehearsal of ideas for following day takes place also orange and black goat is rehearsed in his part of, Butter for the Bacon, on the morrow. The jazz orchestra tuned up and lent a bit of syncopation to the variegated singing. The three uniformed ginger and "pep" mixers put every one in fighting trim with his voice.

Fri. 19. Scene filmed, a great success, company goes on location to Lincoln studio where the action is to take place. Altho the Manual Arts Company's captain, loway, was unable to play, the result was 48 to nothing in favor of the visiting players. Going again soon.

SCENE IV

Tues. 23. Mr. Jeffries, a Canadian, who had been in the trenches in France for two and one half years, was the big star in this set, which is probably the most interesting film this year. It was only a short picture but the actor was so clever that every detail of his character "got over."

Wed. 24. Liberty Bond Day. One reel film for advertising purposes cleverly worked out. M. A. Studio has half holiday in the afternoon to see the military parade on Broadway.

SCENE V

Tues. 30. The entire company was entertained by Lester Donahue and Tom Dobson. When Mr. Donahue was at the piano playing his classic themes the audience sat awed by his accomplishments. Mr. Dobson's quaint, simple airs charmed and won the audience.

ACT II OCTOBER

SCENE I

Thurs. 4. Football scene in preparation. Stars appear in assembly set. Speeches, songs and yells. Milton the studio mascot makes his debut in filmdom in this scene.

Fri. 5. Football scene. M. A. Studio squad play the Oxy squad. (Note—Owing to a defect in the filming of the scene the Oxy eleven won by a score of 10 to 7. This error will be corrected.)
Dr. Shiels and Judge Helm urge sale of Liberty Bonds in assembly 2nd period.

SCENE II

Mon. 8. At noon. Battle pictures from the real, "Over There", and Red Cross service under fire. Warning to persons with weak hearts to stay away, because of shock from realism, not heeded, all came, only one, a boy, fainted.

Tues. 9. Reading of Manual's Honor Roll in the Assembly. The audience rose and remained standing silently as the Vice-Principal, Mr. Fonda, read the names of our boys. A quiet, touching, and never-to-be-forgotten day.
Making Modern History, pictures from Europe, accompanied by explanations by Mr. Clayton.

Thurs. 11. The whole school mourns the death of George Blewett. The funeral was held this morning.

Fri. 12. The picture for today was a very clever little one reel film, entitled "By the Moon's Pale Light". Scenario by the unexcelled Mrs. Gray, a member of the Facultee all-star Company. The introduction of a new artist on the violin in this connection was greatly appreciated.

Sat. 13. Today. Taking of a great football scene at San Bernardino. Squad enthusiasm so great they imagined a real game was on and won a victory over the San Bernardino boys, scoring 48 points to their nothing. Everybody smiled and was happy. Solly Smith as star in the emotional parts made a great showing.

scenes and also keeper of the"zoo" to be collected(mainly goats).

Thurs. 13. Assistant directors, Miss Dole and Mr. Fonda give more particulars as to the big pictures.

Fri. 14. Staging a nominating scene of Senior A and B officers was held behind close doors. Mysterious!

SCENE II

Mon. 17. Amor Galloway chosen director of Senior A class.

Tues. 18. Mr. Clayton ran off first current event pictures for approval of company. Try out for Yell Leaders. Chuck Marston was made an officer in the ranks of the gloom killers.

Wed. 19. Melvin Stewart given position of director to care for Senior B's.

Thurs. 20. Ensemble of the Senior classes for election of Adelphic officers.

Fri. 21. Well known star "Billy" Sunday entertains studio folks with "old wisdom given in a new but forceful way". Mr. Rodeheaver, with "Billy" plays, Historical drama in three parts, on his trombone. Ernie leads company in studio songs and yells.

SCENE III

Tues. 25. Picture for today was emphasized by Miss Kennedy who spoke on "War Libraries" and the "Red Star" organization.

Thurs. 27. Girls directed by "Billie" assemble to hear Miss Galmin from "Billy" Sunday's new tabernacle company.

Fri. 28. Famous Players present their little star Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland" for our approval. Proceeds received from admission divided between War Library and Red Star funds.

On Location:- Senior Class picnic at Hollenbeck Park. (Scene: canoes, boats, ukes, and an enormous "moon" rising over the tree tops with a lake in the foreground.) Films spoiled on account of threatening rain.

Calendar

By Juna Southwick

PROLOGUE

This scenerio has to do with the assemblies, football games and important events of the term beginning Sept. 7, 1917 and ending Feb. 1, 1918.

The Faculty, with Doctor Wilson as "Big Chief", and the Student Body, over which presides our President, "Mr. Baty", are the actors and actresses. The Senior A's appear now and then with their president, Amor Galloway. For variety, outside talent is occasionally introduced.

Manual Arts, the wonderful studio where rolls and rolls of films are turned out, is the place of action.

"OUR DAILY DOINGS"

Scenerio by—Juna Southwick
Produced by—Senior A' Class
Directed by—Dr. Wilson

ACT I—SEPTEMBER

Fri. 7. Studio opens for the season. New members of the company enroll.

Mon. 10. Admission Day. Jungle film of Ringling Bros. Circus, scattering of studio people, much confusion and excitement. Everyone indulging in peanuts, pink lemonade or pop corn. Large zoo. "Cinderella", big feature of picture.

SCENE I

Tues. 11. Entire company of students, actors and directors, assembled to receive instructions as to films, big scenes, and make up, from director Wilson. The picture of the year entitled "Scholarship" was explained and described. Sid Foster was appointed trainer of the stars who are to appear in the smashing football

ALUMNI HOME-COMING

Through arrangements made with the colleges in the north and the south, as well as with the Junior Colleges and the Normal in the city, an unusually large number of alumni were present at the "Home-Coming Party" January 2.

A program of the best alumni talent was given at noon in the auditorium. Margaret Shedd gave an address, "Over the Top," which reflected in every detail her powers of oratory and scholarship. The music, furnished by Mrs. Crawford, (formerly Vera Morrow) Bourne Jones, and Lawrence Tibbets, brot back to the students memories of old time assemblies and their rare musical numbers.

After the program luncheon was served to the guests in the cafeteria.

TO A BEE

By Betty Dick Frazee

Ah brown brother-bee
In your cassack of gold,
Some mystery lies hidden
In yon butter-cup.

Hesitate for a moment
On the gleaming threshhold
And ask her the reason
She always looks up.

Drink deep of the nectar
From red roses' lips
The honey-dewed potion
The golden sun sips.

Then wash off thy stains
In the crystalline dew,
And dust off your garments
To start all anew.

Ah! Brown Brother Bee
I wish I were you,
With nothing but flying
And flirting to do.

MIMERIAN PARTY

The first informal party of the year was given by the Mimerian Society on October 29th. Invited guests and the members of the clubs, together with several teachers made up the party. Carita Moore and Virginia Gallot sang, and Audley Alexander played his ever ready banjo. Dancing formed the rest of the afternoon's pleasure. It so happened that several former Manualites who had joined the navy came back and were guests of honor at the party. Their uniforms gave a patriotic air to the frivolity.

ALUMNI PARTY

On the night of November 2, the Alumni held their party. Dancing without a program characterized the evening's pleasure. Fully a hundred couples were present, among them many soldier and sailor boys. Mr. Ligda led in the old-fashioned dances very cleverly. Ferns decorated the gymnasium.

SENIOR B PARTY

On November 23, in a most attractively decorated gymnasium the Senior B's held their party. Between dances Virginia Ehrgot sang, the Boys' Glee Club entertained, and the incomparable Alexander brothers gave a pantomime. The rest of the evening was spent in uninterrupted dancing.

GLEE CLUB PARTY

"Good crowd, good refreshments, good music and good dancing,"—in saying this, someone has characterized in eight words the Glee Club party held toward the end of the term. Audley Alexander, playing the banjo, and Babe Leadingham with the violin, were the only entertainers.

GIRL'S LEAGUE PARTIES

That a group of sophisticated Seniors could seek admission to a Girls' League party not their own, was almost unbelievable but it is true. That in itself should be proof enough that the parties of this term have been very much enjoyed. The programs have been interesting and varied, and the spirit unusually friendly.

The parties took place on October 31, November 7, 14, 21, and December 5.

JUNIOR COLLEGE DAY

Junior College Day, held on the fourth of December, was primarily an introduction of the Junior College to the school. Elwood Crane gave an address on the "Junior College Movement;" Helen Wright spoke of the purposes and aims of the courses at Manual; while Miss Fowler told of the growth of the Junior College at Manual Arts from the beginning to the present time.

Elwood Crane and Bob Heen were encored again and again when they played the mandolin and guitar. In Elwood Crane, the student body recognized that it had found a mandolin player with real talent.

Society

By Helen Hubbard

SENIOR A—B PICNIC

Hollenbeck Park, the scene of many a Senior frolic, managed to hold some three hundred and fifty Senior A's and B's in the first picnic of the term. A most professional game of baseball took place between the girls of the two classes. Then suddenly,— oh miracle of miracles! the grounds were cleared, and nothing but flying dust marked the places of former interest. Instead, a wild mob was frantically lining up before the tables, tickets in hand and oh, so patient! Shortly after, the excitement subsided, for one cannot talk while balancing hot-dog sandwiches, doughnuts, coffee and ice-cream.

The weather cleared, the moon and stars came out, and then— but why not leave that to the imagination?

JUNIOR COLLEGE PARTY

The Junior College party, held on October 2, was a very informal affair. Elwood welcomed the guests, after which dancing took place. A large Junior College emblem, made in red and white colors, was very effectively lighted. Bedford Griffin was in charge.

After the dance the guests occupied a part of the Aud balcony while they were entertained by the presentation of the pantomime of youth, "By the Moon's Pale Light".

SENIOR A RECEPTION

The only lawn party of the term was given by the faculty to the members of the Senior A class on October 16. The usual formality was somewhat broken after the program, which consisted of several numbers by the Girls' Glee Club, a banjo solo by Audley Alexander and a steel guitar solo by Maxine McCreery. The afternoon helped to establish a lasting friendship between the teachers and students. The early date of the reception was very much appreciated by the guests.

MANUAL—NORMAL FACULTY RECEPTION

The Manual Arts faculty entertained the Normal School faculty and their wives on October 26th at the high school. Dr.Moore, Dr. Brewer, and their wives, recently returned from Harvard, were the guests of honor.

Dr. Wilson and Dr. Moore gave formal addresses on current educational topics.

Dramatic students of the school presented the delightful pantomime, "By the Moon's Pale Light".

The occasion should serve as the means of establishing closer ties between the high and normal schools.

A fitting climax came with adjournment from assembly when the student body witnessed the raising of the service flag with its two hundred stars. As the banner unfurled itself at the top of the pole it showered upon the watchers below a host of miniature American flags. Many a heart was touched by the significance of the event and enlisted in defense of the tiny symbol which had fluttered from above to the waiting hand. I wonder, oh comrades who are fighting somewhere for us, would it help you to know that we surrender thus to the flag that called you. May God's own favor carry on to you all the strength that surrender holds.

FOOTBALL ASSEMBLIES

Never were football assemblies more snappy and brimming over with pep than they have been this season. Naturally they followed the time-honored trend of consecutive speeches from our gridiron stars. Oh shades of great orators—such speeches as those same stars do formulate!

The occasions in question have been characterized chiefly by a conspicuous lack of teachers, faculty meetings having been much in vogue at those times, together with the effervescing spirits of our twin favorites, Hubert and "Erny" the irrepressibles.

PATRIOTIC ASSEMBLIES

Many patriotic assemblies have occupied our time, just as all things are beginning to assume the adjective. The merit of the faculty made itself felt upon several of these occasions thru some particularly fine and memorable speeches.

During the great Liberty Loan drive much assembly boosting was done. Mr. Armstrong came very much into evidence then as did the splendidly capable new debating coach, Mr. Stonier. One morning Dr. Shiels and Judge Helm urged the issue at an especially called assembly.

War pictures have been shown and however appalling in detail they have served perhaps better than any other medium in thoroly arousing the student body to an appreciation of the importance of present events.

Manual Arts was held spell-bound on the day when Sergeant Jeffries first spoke in the auditorium. Sergeant Jeffries is of the Canadian forces and saw service in the trenches for two years and nine months. In a straight-forward, eloquent, simple manner he related enough of his experiences to make his hearers realize more fully the awfulness of the conflict. But he encouraged rather than dampened their determination to help see the thing thru.

"JUST AS WELL"

J. Hartley Manners afforded Manual Arts an amusing half hour when "Just As Well" was produced here January fifteenth. Under the direction of Mrs. Gray all the comedy and cleverness of the lines were successfully brot out. Lyle Rooks did some versatile acting as the Honorable Doleen Sweetmarch. Mrs. Carfax taken by Evelyn Gore was consistently played. The rather difficult and unusual role of the credulous and insipid English captain was carried out to the smallest detail by Stauffer Barcom.

Assemblies

By Lyle Rooks

"BILLY" SUNDAY ASSEMBLY

Pep was the key-note to the whole Billy Sunday affair from the moment Mr. Rodeheaver first picked up his famous trombone, until the last one of our never-to-be-forgotten yells of appreciation. The incomparable "Billy" wisely felt for the most vital spot in Manual's great pulsating spirit; haivng found it, he constantly played upon it a mixture of wonderful good advice and irresistible, good humor, until he had the entire student body for an everlasting friend. Echoes of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" remain with us yet as a reminder of the day Manual Arts became decidedly pro-Sunday.

ALFRED NOYES A VISITOR

Surely the school should feel itself favored this term in the character of much of the entertainment which has been ours. Of all worthwhile events the presence of Alfred Noyes, perhaps greatest of all living poets, upon our stage deserves chief place. Mr. Noyes read in a delightful manner several of his own war poems. He gave his finest interpretation, however, to his poem, "The Highwayman", a fanciful composition breathing of purest romance. This assembly was a rare literary treat. In after days when Alfred Noyes' memory has become great, Manual Arts will proudly remember his presence here among us.

DONAHUE ASSEMBLY

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage heart" and some two thousand vigorous young savages proved no exception on Oct. 29th when Mr. Lester Donahue played in our auditorium. Mr. Donahue is an artist at the piano, a young genius still in the making. His concert consisted largely of classics from the old masters. A few of the numbers however, were composed by Carpenter especially for him. With Mr. Donahue came a most interesting baritone, Mr. Tom Dobson, who quite captivated the Manual audience with his bewitching story-songs.

TRIBUTE TO OUR BOYS

The most impressive day of the term was that given over to the honoring of those from among us who have answered the call to arms. In an assembly, where every heart thrilled to the fire of patriotism, due homage was rendered both to our boys in training camps or "over there" and to the soldier-to-be cadets here with us. The deep, sad, sweet significance of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" passed over the assembly and each one humbly tried to pray as he sang.

THE ARMY Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Francis with convincing frankness told of the work of the Y. M. C. A. at the front for the purpose of urging contribution to its war fund. His message was opportune and appealing.

When Dr. Francis had spoken the cadet battalion represented by Major Marvin, was presented with a beautiful flag by Major Copp, now with our National Army. It was a great moment for all of us, a moment fraught with pride and patriotism.

In our faculty advisors, Miss Adamson, Mrs. Shilling, and Mr. Hansen we have discovered the best of friends and companions. We have appreciated them and feel that they have taken pride in us.

Manual is going to miss us and we shall miss her big, free, democratic life. But other classes will come to 329 filling the ranks we leave depleted. To us who go—the whole world beckons, and in the great swirl of things outside in which we busy ourselves, we hope to do our part of the world's work more and more wisely and to do it with a gracious spirit.

History of the Class

In 1914, our B9 year, we began our organized existence in spite of the fact that some of us were still in widely separated class rooms at Manual and others of us attending Intermediate schools, here and there in the city.

It was not however until we invaded 301 and 238 and dignified them with the name of Senior B strongholds that we came into our own.

Individualistic, is the word usually applied to the present Senior A class and a more fitting title was never given the occupants of room 329.

In the many and heavy demands upon us this year the class has given its money and its services freely. The school's work for the Red Cross, The Red Star, The Liberty Loan, and The French Orphans has had the hearty cooperation of the members of the Senior A Class. We were small in number, but an accumulated concentration of the fine old Manual Arts spirit among us has made our influence broad and useful.

The big bon-fire given in our Senior B term in honor of the Senior A's and of the track team was the first authorized bon-fire in the history of Manual Arts. And what fun it was! Do you remember the big blaze, and the excitement when the fire engines arrived, and the police?

Senior A year has meant much to us as individuals. At school we have filled a great many of the most responsible positions with honor. As Student-Body President, Hubert Baty has kept the student body alive to its interests and enthusiastic in support of every worthy school cause. Hubert has made clear to us, his possession of many of the great qualities of leadership. His presidential record is a bright page in Manual's history.

Ernie's spontaneous humor has made many a student and teacher happier at least for a little while.

Grace Loudon and Billie Heinze have been shining lights in every kind of welfare work, and happy efficient Girls' Vice-Presidents.

Dorothy McDonald in her office of Weekly Editor, has made that paper a true vehicle of student equality.

To football we gave Amor Galloway, a splendid captain and one of the best and truest spirits among our Manual boys.

Chuck Marston has been a constant and pleasant surprise as yell leader and director of student enthusiasm.

Many dramatic stars including Hubert Baty and Ernie Alexander, two Mimerian presidents, and many members, have come from the class of Winter '18.

There is scarcely a department in the school, whether of regular or special character, but has held a representative of the class. We are proud of all of our boys in the U. S. fighting forces and especially so because among them is our cheerful good friend and class-mate Herman Cassidy. Herman and Edgar Bandy are together in the Engineers' corps with Pershing's Expeditionary Forces on the French front. It will be a joy and comfort to them to receive our messages, or shipment of sweaters and socks, and to know that our wishes and thots are ever with them for success in the big task of beating the Kaiser.

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS OF SENIOR A'S

Grace Althoff: "I'm the girl with the artificial laugh."
Ernie Alexander: "Since I bought the railroad."
Robert Marvin: "That's a choice one."
Orin Field: "Mae, may I?"
Dean Mitchell: "Like my long trousers?"
Chuck Marston: "Come on, make it snappy."
Billie Heinze: "He's a regular cave man."
Hubert Baty: "Those in the back move along the sides."
Amor Galloway: "We'll bring home the bacon."
Margaret Wislizenus: "I got a letter from grandpa!"
Martha Stewart: "We've had another fuss."
Spencer Chapin: "Ten nights."
Dorothy Rogers: "Ab-so-lutely."
Desmond Geraldine: "Bring your money tomorrow."
Gerald Van Bergen: "I'm hard-boiled, I am."
Dot Peck: "I'm wild! Oh, I'm wild!"
Juna Southwick: "Fuzz and I."
Myron Packard: "I'm so happy."
Virginia Gallot: "I'll say, I'm good."
Grace Loudon: "Per-fect-ly wonder-ful!"

ZELLA WALBRIDGE

Yesterday—Mother wouldn't let me wear earrings.
Today—Now I'm bigger 'n she is.
Tomorrow—Didn't want to wear them anyway.
*R.F.G.B.—They don't wear those up here.

ALTHEA ULBER

Yesterday—Growing.
Today—Growed.
Tomorrow—Spreading.
Moral—Look before you jump.

DOROTHY HOLM

Yesterday—Arrived home.
Today—Stayed home.
Tomorrow—Changed her "Holm."
*R.F.G.B.—Happy home.

LUELLA UPTON

Yesterday—Cultivating a little originality.
Today—I love to be original.
Tomorrow—What next?
**C.O.D.—Too original to live.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

EMMA LEPPER

Yesterday—The disappointed blond
Today—The blond vamp.
Tomorrow—A dancing teacher.
Moral—All's well that ends well.

MARGARET WISLIZENUS

Yesterday—Took a trip to the Phillippines.
Today—Oh, Benny!
Tomorrow—On her way to Philippines.
Moral—See America first.

RUTH WADE

Yesterday—Started a business course.
Today—The home stretch.
Tomorrow—A full fledged stenog.
*R.F.G.B.—They don't use shorthand here.

EDNA TRACY

Yesterday—No pins.
Today—All pins.
Tomorrow—Where are those pins going with her?
**C.O.D.—Safety pins.

RUSSEL HARRIS

Yesterday—A fighter for Manual.
Today—A fighter for Uncle Sam.
Tomorrow—U. S. S. California.
Moral—Join the navy and see the world thru a port hole.

MARION HOEPPNER

Yesterday—Where He leads me I will follow.
Today—Led away from the fold.
Tomorrow—Washed white as snow
Moral—It will all come out in the wash.

LUCILE TOWLES

Yesterday—Learned her letters.
Today—Mastering Greek.
Tomorrow—Rewriting a new International Encyclopedia.
**C.O.D.—Jealousy of the highbrows.

FRED MacLEAN

Yesterday—Kandy Kounter Kid.
Today—Sweet tooth cultivated.
Tomorrow—Sweet tooth removed.
Moral—Sign the food pledge.

VIOLET SPENCER

Yesterday—I'd love to be big.
Today—I wish I wasn't so big.
Tomorrow—It's rather nice to be original.
**C.O.D.—Anti-fat.

FLORENCE KOPP

Yesterday—Basketball.
Today—"Cap."
Tomorrow—Muscle.
*R.F.G.B.—Heavy weight.

EVELYN WEST

Yesterday—Out of a bandbox.
Today—On exhibition.
Tomorrow—Send the bills to pa.
*R.F.G.B.—Pa followed me here so send down the bills.

MILDRED FARNUM

Yerterday—Little Bo-Peep.
Today—A peep at the beau.
Tomorrow—Cupid's bow.
*R.F.G.B.—They don't serve soup in Heaven.

ILENE CLARK

Yesterday—"I just can't make my eyes behave."
Today—Don't try.
Tomorrow—She didn't.
*R.F.G.B.—And she even vamped St. Peter.

HAROLD McCRACKEN

Yesterday—One "D".
Today—Fresh from 359.
Tomorrow—Back to 359.
*R.F.G.B.—No 359 down here.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

GERTRUDE GILMORE

Yesterday—Crazy to draw.
Today—Crazy from drawing.
Tomorrow—Patton.
*R.F.G.B.—Drew a crowd upon arrival.

KENNETH THOMAS

Yesterday—Starting for the top.
Today—At the top.
Tomorrow—Over the top.
Moral—Higher you go the harder you fall.

MILDRED ALEXANDER

Yesterday—Criticizes.
Today—Criticising.
Tomorrow—Criticised.
*R.F.G.B.—St. Peters Critic.

ROSE GARDENA

Yesterday—Math. shark.
Today—Tennis shark.
Tomorrow—Regular shark.
**C.O.D.—Two sharks.
Moral—Wear a disguise when you swim.

HELEN BLANEY

Yesterday—'Op o' me Thumb.
Today—Nearer my God to Thee.
Tomorrow—Arrived.
Moral—If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

BESSIE BISBEE

Yesterday—Temperance.
Today—Temper.
Tomorrow—Temptress.
*R.F.G.B.—Hasn't arrived yet—worst is feared.

LESLIE SMITH

Yesterday—"We'll call her Leslie."
Today—"Aw, call her Les."
Tomorrow—Lesser than ever.
*R.F.G.B.—Lest we forget.

ROBERT GRAHAM

Yesterday—Look me over, girls.
Today—They have looked him over.
Tomorrow--Completely overlooked.
Moral—If you advertise prove your worth.

MARIE SITTEL

Yesterday—Eat and grow fat.
Today—Diet and grow thin.
Tomorrow—Hooverize.
Moral—Don't do everything the scales tell you to.
*R.F.G.B.—No scales in Heaven, happy at last.

VIRGINIA DARNELL

Yesterday—Dip on one side.
Today—Dip on other side.
Tomorrow—Dip on both sides.
**C.O.D.—Dippiness.

RENATA AHRENS

Yesterday—Spaghetti.
Today—Chili con carne.
Tomorrow—Wienies.
Moral—Every dog has his day.

LYNDON BALLOU

Yesterday—Curling iron.
Today—Bandoline.
Tomorrow—Hair tonic.
Moral—Bay rum.

LAURENCE HARRELL

Yesterday—Mother's boy.
Today—Oh! Boy.
Tomorrow—Soldier boy.
*R.F.G.B.—Send 'em along, I'm ready.

VERA SMYERS

Yesterday—Curls.
Today—Rats.
Tomorrow—A wig.
Moral—Use Nevergrow Hair Tonic

DOROTHY HANNAS

Yesterday—"I'd love to be a little architect."
Today—"I'll build a house for Bill and me."
Tomorrow—After being trained in army, Bill washes dishes.
Moral—Let Uncle Sam have 'em first.

LOUISE BRAHM

Yesterday—Striped suit.
Today—National stripes.
Tomorrow—A' la Fay Tincher.
**C.O.D.—Checks.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

HELEN MILLER

Yesterday—Mill on the Floss.
Today—Floss on the mill.
Tomorrow—Miller, waulki.
*R.F.G.B.—Just arrived, walked.
Moral—Take the escalator.

NANCY ST. CLAIR

Yesterday—Church choir.
Today—Glee Club.
Tomorrow—Cabaret.
*R.F.G.B.—She's a little songbird now.

CLARENCE HERBERGER

Yesterday—Learned to skate.
Today—Charged with being a cheap skate.
Tomorrow—I skate to Hades.
*R.F.G.B.—Preferred to stay below and keep the home fires burning.

MARGARET TERRY

Yesterday—Terry.
Today—Tarry.
Tomorrow—Tarried too long.
Moral—Speed up.

MILDRED BOGGS

Yesterday—Thumblisa.
Today—Magic mountain.
Tomorrow--The Speaking Volcano.
*R.F.G.B.—Xtra "Elevator broke" Among missing.

VERA RAUSCH

Yesterday—Working.
Today—Working.
Tomorrow—Working.
**C.O.D.—Work.
Moral—Let George do it.

STANLEY PRIME

Yesterday--Unpopular, no machine.
Today—A mite popular, one machine.
Tomorrow—Awfully popular, two machines.
Moral—Buy a Ford.

RUTH GILLILAND

Yesterday—Something lacking.
Today—Still lacking.
Tomorrow—Lacking again.
*R.F.G.B.—Twin soul found.

ANITA POMERING

Yesterday—Snow white.
Today—Red rose.
Tomorrow—A study in black and white.
**C.O.D.—Cosmetics.

RAY FOX

Yesterday—Brains.
Today—Mimerian.
Tomorrow—Brains when not accompanied by looks, 13c per lb.
**C.O.D.—Combination of pickles and ice cream.

KATHERINE ROPER

Yesterday—Quiet.
Today—Still quiet.
Tomorrow—Too quiet.
Moral—Children should be seen, not heard.

MARGARET TAYLOR

Yesterday—Out of the cradle.
Today—Out of the Flivver.
Tomorrow—Santa Ana.
Moral—Wait until the men come back from the war.

BONNIE HADDEN

Yesterday—Would be actress.
Today—I wanted it but couldn't get it.
Tomorrow—One of eighty-seven broken hearts.
**C.O.D.—Senior A play.

RAY ENTER

Yesterday—Entered.
Today—Still here.
Tomorrow—Went out with the lights.
Moral—Don't grope in the dark.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

HELEN LAGUE

Yesterday—Little Red Riding Hood.
Today—The mysterious artist.
Tomorrow—The belle of Bohemia.
**C.O.D.—Too wild an imagination.

MARY JENKIN

Yesterday—Around the world in a balloon.
Today—Now it's an aeroplane.
Tomorrow—Will be a Private Submarine train.
Moral—Exercise is healthful.

EVELYN GORE

Yesterday—Helping others.
Today—Still helping others.
Tomorrow—Helping others.
Moral—The more you do, the more they make you do.

WILLIAM KEHL

Yesterday—Mother named me William.
Today—Girls call me Billie.
Tomorrow—Send the bills to Bill.
**C.O.D.—His will.

DOROTHY CLARK

Yesterday—Growing taller.
Today—Growing thinner.
Tomorrow—Growing wiser.
*C.O.D.—Heart failure.

HELEN HUBBARD

Yesterday—Helen and her curls.
Today—Curls or Helen?
Tomorrow—Mother Hubbard.
**C.O.D.—No more bones for Fido

NEOLA MEEKINS

Yesterday—Artic.
Today—Artistic.
Tomorrow—Artful.
*R.F.G.B.—Send up her easel so we can quiet her.

Ye whose melodious voices frighten even the cows, sing forth the praises ye are about to read.

MURIEL McFARLANE

Yesterday—Short fluffy skirts.
Today—Going down.
Tomorrow—Going up.
Moral—They are wearing them higher in Hawaii.

KATHERINE JACKSON

Yesterday—I had my picture took.
Today—I've had my picture taken.
Tomorrow—Didn't want his picture anyway.
**C.O.D.—Moving pictures.

JOSEPHINE SMITH

Yesterday—Josephine Smith.
Today—Mrs. Fred Hopper.
Tomorrow—Grass-hopper.
Moral—Look before you leap.

DOROTHY McDONALD

Yesterday—Journalism class.
Today—Weekly editor.
Tomorrow—Weakly editor.
*R.F.G.B.—Hellonic news.

Ye whose fairy forms glide thru the flowery arcades, let your eyes dance down the page. Seek out your name and be glad, because the worst is yet to come.

DREW KEELER

Yesterday—One of the three bears.
Today—Prince Charming.
Tomorrow—Blue Bird.
*R.F.G.B.—The devil's favorite.

KENYON TRENGROVE

Yesterday—Lisped.
Today—Stutters.
Tomorrow—Speechless.
*R.F.G.B.—Still saying password.

ALICE WATERS

Yesterday—Ditching.
Today—Ditched.
Tomorrow—Digging ditches.
Moral—Watch your step.

WILLIAM MORSE

Yesterday—New York.
Today—California.
Tomorrow—Arkansas.
**C.O.D.—A slow train.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

FLORENCE HAROLD

Yesterday—Ten thousand leagues under the sea.
Today—On the way to two-thirty.
Tomorrow—A trip to the moon.
Moral—Use a shock absorber.

HENRY CASSILLAS

Yesterday—I mean what I say.
Today—I say what I mean.
Tomorrow—I say, I'm mean.
*C.O.D.—Ten years older.

JOHNNY PORTER

Yesterday—St. John.
Today—"Oh! Johnny"
Tomorrow—Let Johnny do it.
**C.O.D.—John did it!

IVA COFFELT

Yesterday—Iva.
Today—Ivy.
Tomorrow—Ivory.
Moral—Use Ivory soap.

HELEN DURROW

Yesterday—Bangs.
Today—Spit curls.
Tomorrow—Dips.
**C.O.D.—Variety is the spice of life.

DONNALD ENMAN

Yesterday—One of the noted crew.
Today—Shipwrecked.
Tomorrow—Robby Caruso.
*R.F.G.B.—Cause—Gasoline.

EULALIE HILDRETH

Yesterday—A sweet young thing.
Today—Bein' educated up.
Tomorrow—A fulfledged suffragette.
Moral—If they don't give us a vote, bust the window.

VIVIAN LINN

Yesterday—Cultivated ambition to be a missionary.
Today—Missionary a' la vamp.
Tomorrow—Vamp a' la missionary.
**C. O. D.—Vampingmissionaries-victim.

ROY GUINN

Yesterday—Hunting dears.
Today—Chasing chickens.
Tomorrow—Collecting a menagerie
*R.F.G.B.—Refused admittance on account of menagerie.

MARTHA MENDELSON

Yesterday—Mesmerizing.
Today—Memorizing.
Tomorrow—Mendelson's wedding march.
Moral—Don't start anything you can't finish.

MARTHA STEWART

Yesterday—Learned to fuss.
Today—Still fussing.
Tomorrow—Fussing again.
**C.O.D.—The person fussed at.

DOROTHY HALLOCK

Yesterday—Fond of ham.
Today—Fond of Hamilton.
Tomorrow—Fond of Hamilton
*R.F.G.B.—Roasted Ham.

DOROTHEA FEWTRELL

Yesterday—In kindergarten.
Today—Training for kindergarten.
Tomorrow—Running one.
**C.O.D.—Said kindergarten.

EMMA MATTHEWS

Yesterday—Soured on life.
Today—Man-hater.
Tomorrow—Leading a sober life.
*C.O.D.—Broken heart.

NORA BUCHANAN

Yesterday—Hair bow.
Today—Cupid's Bow.
Tomorrow—Rain bow.
**C.O.D.—Too many beaux.

ELLA CARMICHAEL

Yesterday—Started to grow.
Today—Forgot to keep up the good work.
Tomorrow—A magnifying glass necessary.
*R.F.G.B.—We think she's here but we can't find her.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

Now Ye who have been remote thru all the years of high school, seek out your name and rejoice.

HELEN DOLGARN
Yesterday—"Right there."
Today—Still there.
Tomorrow—"Over there."
Moral—It pays to advertise.

SPENCER CHAPIN
Yesterday—No appetite.
Today—One small appetite.
Tomorrow—Too large an appetite.
*C.O.D.—Unsatisfied appetite.

JOHNNY RODRIQUEZ
Yesterday—Learned to walk.
Today—Learned to run.
Tomorrow—Still running.
*C.O.D.—The office he ran for.

MYRON PACKARD
Yesterday—Bawling.
Today—Playing ball.
Tomorrow—Bald.
*C.O.D.—Sat in a draft.
Moral—Shut the window.

MILDRED PRITCHARD
Yesterday—A scrub.
Today—A senior.
Tomorrow—Married.
*C.O.D.—Hubby.

ROBERT HUFF
Yesterday—Didn't know anything.
Today—Knows everything.
Tomorrow—Nothing to learn.
*C.O.D.—Too much knowledge.

JESSIE CLAUDINO
Yesterday—Soured on life.
Today—Engaged.
Tomorrow—Leading a solitary life.
*C.O.D.—Too long engagements.

GEORGE POLKINGHORN
Yesterday—"Now you quit."
Today—"Is that so."
Tomorrow—"Don't crowd girls."
Moral—Go early and avoid the rush.

OTTILIE NEMETHE
Yesterday—I wish I were a Senior.
Tomorrow—I wish I was a Senior
Today—I'm glad I am a Senior. again.
*C.O.D.—Senioritas.

RUTH MEARS
Yesterday—"He kept a grocery store."
Today—"His father keeps him."
Tomorrow—"County keeps them both."
*R.F.G.B.—Still kept or kept still.

MATTIE ROWLY
Yesterday—Watchful waiting.
Today—Waitful watching.
Tomorrow—Watching and waiting.
*C.O.D.—A watch and weight.

CHUCK MARSTON
Yesterday—Crawling around.
Today—Dancing around.
Tomorrow—Running around.
*C.O.D.—Too much exercise.

DEAN MITCHELL
Yesterday—Working hard.
Today—This is the life.
Tomorrow—I never thot of that.
*C.O.D.—Unpreparedness.

ELMER BUSSELL
Yesterday—Ten years before the mast.
Today—Ten years before that.
Tomorrow—Ten years after the first ten years.
*R.F.G.B.—A thousand years is but a day up here.

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

GLADYS BARNEY

Yesterday—Frivolous moments.
Today—Whispering hearts.
Tomorrow—Keep your eye on Mary Brown.
*R.F.G.B.—Lily of the valley.

GLADYS KLINE

Yesterday—Nothing's good enough for a good little girl.
Today—It's a cute little way all my own.
Tomorrow—The sunshine of your smile.
*R.F.G.B.—We do the best we can.

DELPHINE ACUNA

Yesterday—The sweetest girl in Tennessee.
Today—Leave it to Jane.
Tomorrow—Somewhere with someone.
*R.F.G.B.—Tell the last rose of summer goodbye.

THELMA RHODES

Yesterday—Down in Catty Corner.
Today—I'd be happy anywhere.
Tomorrow—Sailin' away on the Henry Clay.
*R.F.G.B.—I'm sorry I made you cry.

ORIN FIELD

Yesterday—Just watch my step.
Today—They go wild over me.
Tomorrow—Sweet daddy.
*R.F.G.B.—He's a devil.

CECIL COOKE

Yesterday—I want you to want me with you.
Today—I've lost you so why should I care?
Tomorrow—Some day somebody's gonna get you.
*R.F.G.B.—There wasn't anybody there to meet me.

CHARLES CLARK

Yesterday—A little world of our own.
Today—Nice and easy.
Tomorrow—Where the black-eyed Susans grow.
*R.F.G.B.—Hawaii, I'm lonesome for you.

SAM WICKERN

Yesterday—All I need is just a girl like you.
Today—You must love someone.
Tomorrow—All alone in a city full of girls.
*R.F.G.B.—Not on record.

Ye who bury your insignificant noses in a book—oh ye bookworms—beware!

DESMOND GERALDINE

Yesterday—On the way there.
Today—Raffles.
Tomorrow—Potash and Perlmutter.
*R.F.G.B.—He comes up smiling.

EDNA EPSTEIN

Yesterday—Delight.
Today—Freckles.
Tomorrow—The honorable Miss.
*R.F.G.B.—A million a minute.

JUNA SOUTHWICK

Yesterday—Our mutual friend.
Today—A girl in ten thousand.
Tomorrow—Nearly married.
*R.F.G.B.—"The Lost Angel."

MARY LOUISE HACKETT

Yesterday—The uncalled.
Today—Castle in the air.
Tomorrow—The great White Way.
*R.F.G.B.—There's a broken heart for every light on Broadway.

HELEN BILLER

Yesterday—The bottle imp.
Today—The fortune hunter.
Tomorrow—Great expectations.
*R.F.G.B.—A surprised party.

LYLE ROOKS

Yesterday—Half a rogue.
Today—A spectre of power.
Tomorrow—The dancing girl.
*R.F.G.B.—Michael has lost his Angel.

*Report from the Great Beyond.

Ye whose half-moon grins drive away the clouds, see what I have for you.

HELEN CASE

Yesterday—The world began when I met you.
Today—I want to be good but my eyes wont let me.
Tomorrow—Don't leave me daddy.
*R.F.G.B.—I ain't got nobody.

ERNEST ALEXANDER

Yesterday—Mr. Jazz himself.
Today—Smiles.
Tomorrow—All the world will be jealous of me .
*R.F.G.B.—Alexander's got a jazz band now.

GRACE LOUDON

Yesterday—The sweetest girl in Maryland.
Today—Everything.
Tomorrow—A broken doll.
*R.F.G.B.—I can hear the ukuleles calling me.

GLADYS JAMES

Yesterday—Daddy found you down beside the garden wall.
Today—Somewhere my love lies dreaming.
Tomorrow—The lonely princess.
*R.F.G.B.—Wandering blues.

GRACE ALTHOFF

Yesterday—They didn't believe me.
Today—Pretty Baby.
Tomorrow—Aint you coming back to Dixieland?
*R.F.G.B.—Things are getting better every day.

JESSIE COLLARD

Yesterday— Where the morning glories grow.
Today—"Lil" Liza Jane.
Tomorrow—Somewhere on Broadway.
*R.F.G.B.—Pray for the lights to go out.

VIRGINIA GALLOT

Yesterday—The siren's song.
Today—Hello, I've been looking for you.
Tomorrow—The awakening Waltz.
*R.F.G.B.—It's lilac time in lover's lane.

CARITA MOORE

Yesterday—My rose of Waikiki.
Today—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes.
Tomorrow—He's coming home.
*R.F.G.B.—Home again.

AL BUSHARD

Yesterday—I'm going to find a girl.
Today—Underneath the stars.
Tomorrow—Scouting in the U.S.A.
*R.F.G.B.—It's not your nationality it's simply you.

DWIGHT REAY

Yesterday—A peach of a life.
Today—The sun shines brighter.
Tomorrow—Send me away with a smile.
*R.F.G.B.—Good night nurse.

DOROTHY PECK

Yesterday—I'm thru with roaming Romeos.
Today—It was my fault.
Tomorrow—Keep on the right side of father.
*R.F.G.B.—Good bye—forever.

CHARLES McQUIRE

Yesterday—Hawaiian dreams.
Today—When he's all dolled up!
Tomorrow—At the fountain of youth.
*R.F.G.B.—Where do we go from here?

*Report from the Great Beyond.
**Cause of Death.

PROPHECY AND EVERYTHING

by Peggy Whitlock

As a token of my love I bequeath to you the Great and Noble Class of W.'18 a glimpse of yourselves, as others saw you yesterday, as we see you today, and as they will see you tomorrow. Seek and ye shall find!

Ye sordid ones who advertise—Behold!

HUBERT BATY

Yesterday—A tower of strength
Today—The ham what am.
Tomorrow—You furnish the girl we furnish the home.
*R.F.G.B.—Ask dad, he knows.

BILLIE HIENZE

Yesterday—Good for cold feet.
Today—Have you a little fairy in your home?
Tomorrow—57 varieties.
*R.F.G.B.—Chases dirt.

DOROTHY ROGERS

Yesterday—Kitchen-maid.
Today— Beauty that vies with nature.
Tomorrow—Where fashion walks.
*R.F.G.B.—Hasn't scratched yet.

AMOR GALLOWAY

Yesterday—A skin you love to touch.
Today—His master's voice.
Tomorrow—Test it with a hammer.
**Moral—You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

Ye Healthy ones whose appetites are large, see what I have for you.

ROBERT MARVIN

Yesterday—Prune.
Today—Canned shrimp.
Tomorrow—Fish.
*R.F.G.B.—Roast pork.

WILLIAM WEIFENBACK

Yesterday—Lobster.
Today—Mush.
Tomorrow—Ham.
*R.F.G.B.—Angel food.

SONGS TO SUIT

"Alexander's Got a Jass Band Now" ---------- Aud. Alexander
"Rolling In His Little Rolling Chair" ---------- Ray Kleinberger
"I Know I Got More Than My Share" ---------- Dorothea Wilson
"Sweetest Girl In Maryland" ---------- Susan Avery
"I'm Going To Be Nuetral And Love Them All" ------ Hubert Baty
"You'll Always Be The Same Sweet Girl" ---------- Lyle Rooks
"For You A Rose" ---------- Mr. Shepherd
"It's A Cute Little Way of My Own" ---------- Gladys Kline
"What I Owe You" ---------- Mr. Quintin
"Everything He Does Just Pleases Me" ---------- Lois Clark
"She Is the Sunshine of Virginia" ---------- Billy Heinze
"Since Sara Saw Theda Bara" ---------- Miss Dole
"You Can't Get Along With 'em or Without 'em" ------ Carita Moore
"Whose Pretty Baby Are You Now?" ---------- Mildred Pritchard
"I've Been Looking For You" ---------- Miss Phelps
"Sunshine of Your Smile" ---------- Maude Howell
"They Go Wild Simply Wild Over Me" ---------- Mr. Stonier

WHY THEY COME TO SCHOOL

Orin Field ---------- To attend the parties
John Rodriguez ---------- To run for offices—and get them.
Margaret Wislizenus ---------- To make hats.
Chuck Marston ---------- To make breaks.
Miss Phelps -------- To make us vow never to ditch again.
Bill Weiffenbach ------ We have never been able to discover.
Ed. Dudley ---------- To be absent.
Peggy Whitlock ---------- To be infernally busy.

STARS AND THEIR VEHICLES

Lyle Rooks ---------- "The Graceful Stepper"
Spencer Chapin ---------- "Beat It!"
Martha Stewart ---------- "The Laughs of Liza."
Bob Marvin ---------- "Uniform and Everything."
Margaret Terry ---------- "I Can't Make My Eyes Behave."

"CHEER"

I would not pine
For there are those that love me,
I would not weep
For there are those that need my cheer,
I would not sigh
For skies are blue above me,
And there is music
Everywhere to hear.

BETTY DICK FRAZEE

WHITLOCK, PEGGY
G. S. G. 1
French Club 2
Players' Club 3, 4
Cast Jeanne d'Arc
Artisan Staff 4

WICKERN, SAM
Weekly Staff 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3, 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Press Club 4,
Treas. 4
Manual Arts
Y. M. C. A. 2, 3

AMIDON, OAK
Latin Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3, 4

TRACY, EDNA
Mimerian 3, 4
Sec'y Ass'n 3, 4
Artisan Staff 4

WALBRIDGE, ZELLA

TRENGROVE, KENYON
B. S. G.
Aud Committee
Board of Finance
Interscholasic Relation Com. 4

WATERS, ALICE
Mimerian 2, 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Chem. Club 3, 4

UPTON, LUELLA BELLE
G. S. G. 3
Spanish Club 4
Swimming Club 4

WEIFENBACH, WILLIAM

WADE, RUTH
Chem. Club 3, 4
Sec'y Ass'n 2, 3, 4

WEST, EVELYN
French Club 4

STEWART,
MARTHA
Council 1
G. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Girls' League 3, 4,
Secretary 4
Press Club 4
Artisan Staff

TERRY,
MARGARET
Sec. Senior A Class
French Club 3
Sec'y to Miss Dole
Sec'y Ass'n 4
Treasurer 4

SMITH, JOSEPHINE
Spanish Club 3, 4
G. S. G. 2
Archery 4

THOMAS,
KENNETH
Trail Club 3, 4
Chemistry Club 3
Latin Club 4
Football 4

SMITH, LESLIE

TIMMERMAN, MAY
Dancing 2, 3
Archery Club 4
Swimming Club 4
Council 3

TAYLOR,
MARGARET
Spanish Club 3, 4
G. S. G.
Jury 4
Senior Dancing 4

TOWLES, LUCILLE

GRADUATING CLASS

ROPER,
KATHARYN
Dollar Marks 4
German Club 4

SMYERS, VERA
Debating Club 2
Spanish Club 2, 3
Archery 4
Basketball 3, 4
Swimming Club 3

ROWLEY, MATTIE
Dancing 2, 3
Spanish Club 4
G. S. G. 1, 3
Council 2
Latin Club 3
Casts of:
Wolf of Gubbio
Blue Bird

SOUTHWICK, JUNA
Senior B V.-P. 4
Senior Dancing 2
Players' Club 3
G. S. G. 1

SITTEL, MARIE
German Club 4
Spanish Club

ST. CLAIR, NANCY
G. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Girls' Glee C. 2, 3, 4

SUTHERLAND
ELOISE
From Oakland
High School

SPENCER, VIOLET
G. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Art Club 4
Spanish Club 3

PRICHARD, MILDRED
Girls' League 3
German Club 2, 3
Sr. Dancing 3, 4
V.-P. Sr. A Class
G. S. G. 3

RHODES, THELMA
G. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Dancing 2, 3, 4
Tennis Club 2, 3,
Captain 3
Art Club 4
Girls' Glee Club 4
Artisan Staff 4

PRIME, STANLEY
Arch. Club 2, 3
Chem. Club 3
Latin Club 3
M. A. Cadet Corps
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

ROGERS, DOROTHY
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4,
V.-P. 4

RAUSCH. VERA
Press Club 4
Mimerian 3, 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Artisan Staff 4
Representative
So. Cal. Student
Press Ass'n 4

ROOKS, LYLE
Mimerian 3
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Players' Club 4
Girls' Jury 2
G. V.-P. Adelphic 4,
President 4
Cast Jeanne d'Arc
Dancing 3, 4

REAY, DWIGHT
Latin Club 4
Math. Club 3, 4
Sec'y Ass'n 3
Chem. Club 3, 4
Council 2
B. S. G. 3
Trail Club 3
Mimerian 2, 3, 4,
V.-P. 4
German Club 2, 3

RODRIGUEZ, JOHN
Council 2, 3
Jury 2, 3, 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4
French Club 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4,
Vice-Pres. 4
Pres. 4
Sec'y Adelphic 4
Field Com. 4
Artisan Staff

NEMETHI, OTTILIE
German Club 2, 3
Artisan Staff 4

POLKINGHORN, GEORGE
B. S. G. 2
German Club 2, 3, 4, V.-P. 3
Nat. Hist. Club 3, 4, V.-P. 4
Art Club 4

NEVINS, MARGIE
Mimerian 2

POMERING, ANITA
Sec'y Ass'n 4

PACKARD, MYRON
Capt. Cadet Corps
Orchestra 4
Glee Club 4
B. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Cast Jeanne d'Arc
Latin Club 4
Spanish Club 4
German Club 3

WELCH, MARY LOUISE
G. S. G. 1, 2
Pen and Pencil 3

PECK, DOROTHY
Mimerian 2, 3
French Club 3, 4
Sr. Dancing 4
Chem. Club 3

PORTER, JOHN
Weekly Staff 4
B. S. G. 3, 4
Stage Crew 2
Dollar Marks 4
Press Club 3, 4
Print Shop 1, 2, 3, 4
Artisan Staff 4

McDONALD,
DOROTHY ANN
Mimerian 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4
Press Club 3, 4
Weekly Staff 4,
Editor 4
Representative
So. Cal. Student
Press Ass'n 4

MILLER, HELEN
Latin Club 4
Chem. Club 4
German Club 4

MEARS, RUTH
G. S. G. 2, 3
German Club 2, 3, 4

MITCHELL DEAN
Spanish Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3, 4
Gym. Club 1

MEEKINS, NEOLA
French Club 2, 3, 4
Jury 4
Art Club 4
Mimerian 4

MOORE, CARITA
Glee Club 2, 3, 4,
V.-P. 3, President 4
Cast Fortune Teller

MENDELSON,
MARTHA
Dancing 2
Swimming 2
Sec'y Ass'n 2, 3

MORSE, WILLIAM
German Club 3
Chem. Club 3
Latin Club 4

GRADUATING CLASS

LINN, VIVIAN
G. S. G. 3
Jury 3
Pen and Pencil 2, 3
French Club 3, 4
German Club 2, 3, 4

MARVIN, ROBERT
B. S. G. 2, 3, 4,
Sergt-at-Arms 4
German Club 4
Major M. A. Cadets
Trail Club 2
Cast Jeanne d'Arc
Fortune Teller
Glee Club 3, 4
Pres. 4

MacLEAN, FRED
Council 2
Weekly Staff 2
B. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Artisan Staff 4
Dollar Marks 2, 3, 4
Candy Counter 3, 4,
Manager 4

MATTHEWS, EMMA
Chem. Club 4
Latin Club 4

MacFARLANE,
MURIEL
G. S. G. 4
French Club 2, 3, 4

WISLIZENUS,
MARGARET
German Club 2, 3, 4

MARSTON, CHAS.
Yell Leader 3, 4
Glee Club 4
Aud. Com. 2, 3
Treas Sr. B Class 4
Water Polo 4
Football 3, 4
B. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Artisan Staff 4

McGUIRE, CHAS.
Glee Club 3
B. S. G. 3

JENKIN, MARY
Latin Club 3
Spanish Club 3, 4

KOPP, FLORENCE
Mimerian 2
Sec'y Sr. B Class 1
Pres. Sec'y Assn 4
Basketball 4,
Captain
Girls' League 4
Artisan Staff 4

KEHL, WILLIAM
Mimerian 4
Corp. M A. Cadets

LAGUE, HELEN
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4

KEELER, DREW
Football 3, 4
Chem. Club 3
Gym. Club 2
B. S. G. 1
Jury 1

LEPPER, EMMA
German Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3, 4
G. S. G. 4

KLINE, GLADYS
Jury 1
Mimerian 2, 3
Dancing 3
Artisan Staff 4

LOUDON, GRACE
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4
President 3
Girls' V.-P. S.B.O. 4
Girls' League Cab. 3
Mimerian 2, 3, 4
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

HEINZE, MILDRED
Mimerian 4
Spanish Club 3, 4, President 3
Girls' League 3, 4, President 4
S. B. O. Girls'V.-P. 4
Dancing 2, 3, 4
Council 4
Artisan Staff 4

ULBER, ALTHEA
Mimerian 2, 3, 4
G. S. G. 2
Chairman Wild Flower Exhibit 1917
Co-op. Club 4
Basketball 4

HOEPPNER, MARION
Latin Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3, 4
German Club 4
Press Club 4
Junior Debating 4

HUFF, ROBERT
V.-P. Adelphic 4
V.-P. Senior A's 4
Chem. Club 4
Council 4
B. S. G. 4
2nd Team Football 4
Artisan Staff 4

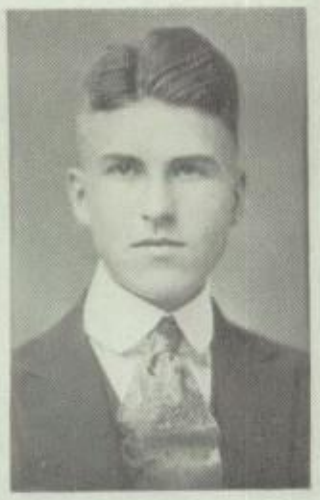
HOLM, DOROTHY
G. S. G. 2
Junior Debating 2
Latin Club 3, 4
German Club 4
Sr. Basketball

JACKSON, KATHERINE
Spanish Club 3, 4
G. S. G. 2, 3, 4
Dancing 2, 3, 4

HUBBARD, HELEN
Spanish Club 3, 4
G. S. G. 1, 2, 3, 4
Dancing 2, 3, 4
Mimerian 4
Artisan Staff 4

JAMES, GLADYS
Program Com. 2
Players' Club 2, 3
Tennis 3, 4
Swimming 4
Dancing 2, 3
Cast
Taming of the Shrewd
A Mad Breakfast

HADDEN, BONNIE
French Club 3, 4,
President 4
Artisan Staff 4



HARRELL,
LAURENCE
B. S. G. 1, 4
Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4,
Rex Sacrorium 2
Arch. Club 3, 4
Manual Arts
Y. M. C. A. 2, 3, 4
Press Club 4
Chem. Club 3
Football 3
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

HALLOCK,
DOROTHY
Press Club 3
French Club 4
Swimming Club 4

HILDRETH,
EU LALIE
G. S. G. 1, 2, 3
Chem. Club 3

HANNAS,
DOROTHY
Basketball 4
Spanish Club 4
Math. Club 4
Natural Hist. Club 4

HARRIS, RUSSELL
Council 2
B. S. G. 2
French Club 2
Field Com. 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4

HAROLD,
FLORENCE

HERBERGER,
CLARENCE
Chem. Club 3, 4
German Club 3, 4
B. S. G. 2, 3
Math. Club 4

GRADUATING CLASS

GARDINA, ROSE
Spanish Club 3, 4
French Club 4

GORE, EVELYN
Mimeriam 2, 3,
President 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4,
Vice-Pres. 4
Girls' League Cab. 3
Weekly Staff 3
Press Club 4
Pen and Pencil 2, 3
Le Mamo Club 4
Editor of W'18
Artisan
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

GERALDINE,
DESMOND
Treas. Adelphic 4
Treas. Senior A's
Spanish Club 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Glee Club 4

GRAHAM, ROBERT
Weekly Staff 3, 4
Spanish Club 3
B. S. G. 3
V.-P. Trail Club 4
Stage Crew 4
Print Shop 3, 4

GILLILAND, RUTH
Spanish Club 3, 4
Nat. Hist. Club 4

GUINN, ROY
Weekly Staff 3, 4
Press Club 4
Artisan Staff 4
Print Shop 3, 4
B. S. G. 1, 2
Representative
So. Cal. Student
Press Ass'n 4

GILMORE,
GERTRUDE
G. S. G. 1
Council 1
Senior Basketball 4
Latin Club
Spanish Club 4

HACKETT, MARY
LOUISE
Latin Club 4

ENTER, RAY
Latin Club

FOX, RAY
Math. Club 3, 4,
Vice-Pres 3
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Mimerian 3, 4
German Club 2, 3, 4
Swimming 4

FARNUM,
MILDRED
Spanish Club 3, 4

FULTON, ROBERT

FEWTRELL,
DOROTHEA

GALLOT, VIRGINIA
French Club 2, 3, 4
Players' Club 3, 4
Pen and Pencil 2

FIELD, ORIN
B. S. G. 2
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Math. Club 3, 4
Mimerian 4,
President 4
Swimming Club 4
Water Polo 4
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

GALLOWAY, AMOR
Council 3, 4
B. S. G. 2
Basketball 3, 4
Water Polo 2
Baseball 2
Baseball Mgr. 3
Football 2, 3, 4
Captain Championship Team 4
Senior A Pres. 4

COFFELT, IVA
G. S. G. 1
Sec'y Ass'n 3, 4,
Sec'y 4

DARNELL,
VIRGINIA
Orchestra 1, 2, 3,
Treasurer 4,
President 4
German Club 3, 4
Council 1
G. S. G. 4
Pen and Pencil 2, 3,
Vice-President 3
Artisan Staff 4

CLAUDINO, JESSIE
French Club 2, 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4
G. S. G. 3

DURROW, HELEN
Chemistry Club 3, 4
G. S. G.

COOKE, CECIL
G. S. G. 1, 2, 3, 4
German Club 2, 3, 4

ENMAN, DONALD
German Club 3, 4
Fencing 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Stage Craft 3,
Assistant Mgr. 4
Latin Club 1, 2

DUDLEY, EDGAR

EPSTEIN, EDNA
French Club
Latin Club

CASE, HELEN
French Club 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4
G. S. G. 2

CLARK, DOROTHY
Artisan Staff 4
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4

CASSILLAS, HENRY
B. S. G. 1, 2, 3
Mimerian 1, 2, 3
Efficiency Club 3, 4
V.-P. 3
Chemistry Club 3, 4,
Treasurer 4
Nat. Hist. Club 3, 4.
Vice-Pres. 3
Swimming Club 2, 3
Council 2
Trail Club 2, 3, 4

CLARK, CHARLES
B. S. G. 1, 2
Jury 2, 3

CARMICHAEL, ELLA
Latin Club 3, 4
Nat. Hist. Club 4
Math. Club 3, 4,

CLARK, ILENE
Mimerian 4
Chemistry 3

CHAPIN, SPENCER
Boys' Glee Club 4
Dollar Marks 3, 4
Basketball 4
Efficiency Club 3, 4
History Club 3, 4
B. S. G. 3, 4,
President 4
Y. M. C. A.,
Manual Club 3, 4
Cast:
Jeanne d'Arc

COLLARD, JESSIE
Sec'y Ass'n 2, 3,
Vice-President 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4

BILLER, HELEN
Basketball 4

BRAHM, LOUISE
G. S. G. 3, 4

BLANEY, HELEN
Spanish Club 2
Sec'y Association 4
Sec'y to Dr. Wilson 4

BUCHANAN, NORA
Junior Debating 2
Basketball 4
Dollar Marks 2
Secretarial Ass'n 4

BISBEE, BESSIE
French Club 3
Cast of French Play

BUSHARD, AL
Agricultural Club 3
Sec'y Ass'n 4
Dollar Marks 4
B. S. G. 1

BOGGS, MILDRED
German Club 2, 3, 4

BUSSELL, ELMER
Stage Craft 2
Spanish 3, 4
Chemistry Club 4
Press Club 4
Mimerian 4
Artisan Staff 4

ACUNA, DELPHINE
French 2, 3
Spanish 2, 3, 4

ALTHOFF, GRACE
German Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3
Girls' Self-Gov't 3,4

AHRENS, RENATA
German Club 1, 2, 3
Swimming 3
Hockey 4

BARNEY, GLADYS
Pen and Pencil 3
Spanish Club 4
Mimerian 3, 4
Dancing 3, 4
Girls' League Cab.3
Girls' Self-Gov't 3, 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4,
Secretary 3

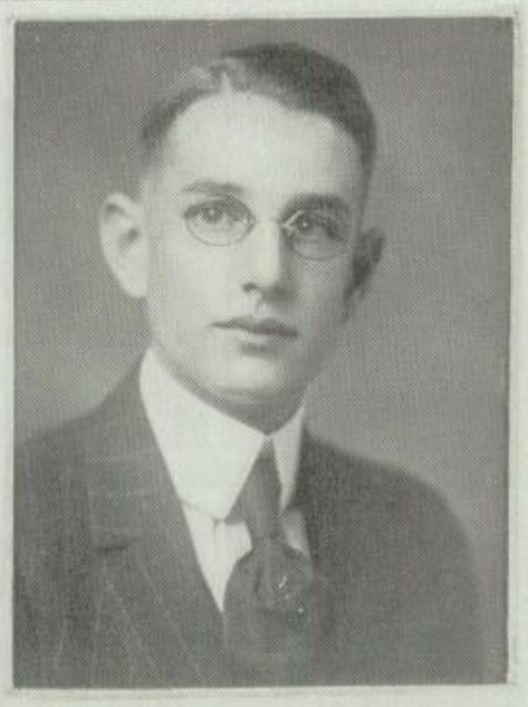
ALEXANDER,
ERNEST
Glee Club 3, 4
Council 4
Baseball 3, 4
Senior B V.-P. 4
Players' Club 3, 4
Gym. Club 2, 3, 4
S. B. Boys' V.-P.
Casts of:
Fortune Teller,
Jeanne d'Arc
Wolf of Gubio

BALLOU, LYNDON
Orchestra 1
Sr. Orches. 2, 3, 4
String Quartet 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

ALEXANDER,
MILDRED
French Club 3, 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Weekly Staff 4
Press Club 3, 4,
Vice-Pres. 4

BATY, HUBERT
Pres. S. B. O. 4
Pres. Sr. B Class
French Club 3, 4
Casts of:
Wolf of Gubbio
Fortune Teller
Jeanne d'Arc
Stage Crew
B. S. G.
Council 3, 4

MARGARET TERRY
SECRETARY



DESMOND GERALDINE
TREASURER

ROBERT HUFF
BOYS' VICE-PRESIDENT

MILDRED PRITCHARD
GIRLS' VICE-PRESIDENT

AMOR GALLOWAY
PRESIDENT

SENIOR A OFFICERS

LANETTE SHILLING

ALEXANDER HANSEN

JESSIE ADAMSON

SENIOR A CLASS ADVISORS

SENIOR A PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"God bless you! Good luck, and good bye."

AMOR GALLOWAY

A MESSAGE TO THE SENIOR A'S

By Wendell P. Gladden Jr.

Senior A's:

Yours will be a sad but great departure from the school we all love. We know that you have worked assiduously that you might realize the time when you could go forth with determination and face the world and its ways, therefore you will carry with you our greatest expectations and hopes. We wish you success.

But Senior A's, yours will also be a glorious exodus! You must sooner or later take your place among men in the affairs of men. And if you are prepared to face your country's cares intelligently, you will, consequently, render a very great service.

There are countless opportunities awaiting you in this, the greatest age of all—the age of reconstruction—an age when men are seeking equal rights, justice, and freedom—when our country and other countries are fighting for democracy for all men, and for all time! Doubtless, some of you will perform military duties, while others will only indirectly "carry on"; but know you this, Senior A's, in the words of the Holy Bible, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Similarly, he renders the greatest service who lays down his life for his fellowmen and his country! For; "Whosoever loses his life shall find it; and whosoever findeth his life shall lose it." Will you take a firm grip on these opportunities, or will you let them go?

This, then, is my message to you.

SENIOR A

SENIOR EDITORIAL

"God of our fathers
Known of old."

With the last note of the Recessional, we the class of Winter'18 pass out of Manual's halls, alumni of the school. The slow majesty of the music, the inspiration of the words, accompany the culmination of a successful course. Into our last days of high school life, creeps a tinge of sadness.

In a certain sense we are loath to leave, yet happy and eager to stand with the world, working as men and women for the shaping of a new democracy.

In this momentous period, our biggest endeavors are not too big for America. The men of the class will enlist, many of them, and go forth to battle. The women will, as ever, remain at home, but not alone to the quiet domestic pursuits of yesterday. For them other branches of war service have opened.

But to Manual Arts we leave the legacy of the results of a happy, busy and fruitful sojourn of four years

In answer to her, "Good-bye and Godspeed"—

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

W'18 ARTISAN STAFF

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ART EDITOR	ERNEST ALEXANDER
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CALENDAR	JUNA SOUTHWICK
ALUMNI	JOHN RODRIGUEZ
SOCIETY	HELEN HUBBARD
DRAMATICS	BONNIE HADDEN
WAR WORK	ORIN FIELD
SNAPSHOTS	DOROTHY ROGERS
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DEPARTMENTS	ELMER BUSSELL
JOKES	GRACE LOUDON
JOKES	MILDRED HEINZE
JOKES	MILDRED PRITCHARD
CIRCULATION	FRED MacLEAN
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SOPHOMORE CLASS	FLORENCE KOPP
JUNIOR CLASS	CHARLES MARSTON
SENIOR SAYINGS	GLADYS KLINE
STENOGRAPHER	EDNA TRACY
EDITOR S'18 ARTISAN	LEAH RYKER

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ROBERT GRAHAM	BERT O'LEARY
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RICHARD HAMMERSLACK	GERALD VAN BERGEN
GEORGE HAWLEY	CHESTER WONDRIES
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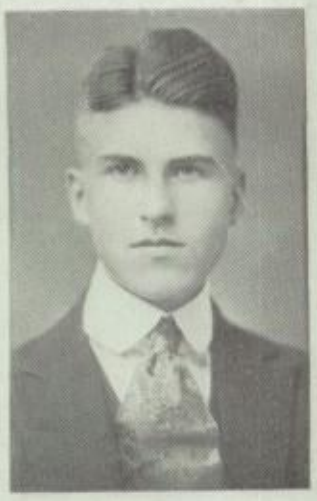
HADDEN, BONNIE
French Club 3, 4,
President 4
Artisan Staff 4



HARRELL,
LAURENCE
B. S. G. 1, 4
Latin Club 1, 2, 3, 4,
Rex Sacrorium 2
Arch. Club 3, 4
Manual Arts
Y. M. C. A. 2, 3, 4
Press Club 4
Chem. Club 3
Football 3
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

HALLOCK,
DOROTHY
Press Club 3
French Club 4
Swimming Club 4

HILDRETH,
EU LALIE
G. S. G. 1, 2, 3
Chem. Club 3

HANNAS,
DOROTHY
Basketball 4
Spanish Club 4
Math. Club 4
Natural Hist. Club 4

HARRIS, RUSSELL
Council 2
B. S. G. 2
French Club 2
Field Com. 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4

HAROLD,
FLORENCE

HERBERGER,
CLARENCE
Chem. Club 3, 4
German Club 3, 4
B. S. G. 2, 3
Math. Club 4

GARDINA, ROSE
Spanish Club 3, 4
French Club 4

GORE, EVELYN
Mimeriam 2, 3,
President 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4,
Vice-Pres. 4
Girls' League Cab. 3
Weekly Staff 3
Press Club 4
Pen and Pencil 2, 3
Le Mamo Club 4
Editor of W'18
Artisan
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

GERALDINE, DESMOND
Treas. Adelphic 4
Treas. Senior A's
Spanish Club 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Glee Club 4

GRAHAM, ROBERT
Weekly Staff 3, 4
Spanish Club 3
B. S. G. 3
V.-P. Trail Club 4
Stage Crew 4
Print Shop 3, 4

GILLILAND, RUTH
Spanish Club 3, 4
Nat. Hist. Club 4

GUINN, ROY
Weekly Staff 3, 4
Press Club 4
Artisan Staff 4
Print Shop 3, 4
B. S. G. 1, 2
Representative
So. Cal. Student
Press Ass'n 4

GILMORE, GERTRUDE
G. S. G. 1
Council 1
Senior Basketball 4
Latin Club
Spanish Club 4

HACKETT, MARY LOUISE
Latin Club 4

ENTER, RAY
Latin Club

FOX, RAY
Math. Club 3, 4,
Vice-Pres 3
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Mimerian 3, 4
German Club 2, 3, 4
Swimming 4

FARNUM,
MILDRED
Spanish Club 3, 4

FULTON, ROBERT

FEWTRELL,
DOROTHEA

GALLOT, VIRGINIA
French Club 2, 3, 4
Players' Club 3, 4
Pen and Pencil 2

FIELD, ORIN
B. S. G. 2
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Math. Club 3, 4
Mimerian 4,
President 4
Swimming Club 4
Water Polo 4
Cast Jeanne d'Arc

GALLOWAY, AMOR
Council 3, 4
B. S. G. 2
Basketball 3, 4
Water Polo 2
Baseball 2
Baseball Mgr. 3
Football 2, 3, 4
Captain Championship Team 4
Senior A Pres. 4

COFFELT, IVA
G. S. G. 1
Sec'y Ass'n 3, 4,
Sec'y 4

DARNELL,
VIRGINIA
Orchestra 1, 2, 3,
Treasurer 4,
President 4
German Club 3, 4
Council 1
G. S. G. 4
Pen and Pencil 2, 3,
Vice-President 3
Artisan Staff 4

CLAUDINO, JESSIE
French Club 2, 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4
G. S. G. 3

DURROW, HELEN
Chemistry Club 3, 4
G. S. G.

COOKE, CECIL
G. S. G. 1, 2, 3, 4
German Club 2, 3, 4

ENMAN, DONALD
German Club 3, 4
Fencing 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4
Stage Craft 3,
Assistant Mgr. 4
Latin Club 1, 2

DUDLEY, EDGAR

EPSTEIN, EDNA
French Club
Latin Club

CASE, HELEN
French Club 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4
G. S. G. 2

CLARK, DOROTHY
Artisan Staff 4
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4

CASSILLAS, HENRY
B. S. G. 1, 2, 3
Mimerian 1, 2, 3
Efficiency Club 3, 4
V.-P. 3
Chemistry Club 3, 4,
Treasurer 4
Nat. Hist. Club 3, 4.
Vice-Pres. 3
Swimming Club 2, 3
Council 2
Trail Club 2, 3, 4

CLARK, CHARLES
B. S. G. 1, 2
Jury 2, 3

CARMICHAEL, ELLA
Latin Club 3, 4
Nat. Hist. Club 4
Math. Club 3, 4,

CLARK, ILENE
Mimerian 4
Chemistry 3

CHAPIN, SPENCER
Boys' Glee Club 4
Dollar Marks 3, 4
Basketball 4
Efficiency Club 3, 4
History Club 3, 4
B. S. G. 3, 4,
President 4
Y. M. C. A.,
Manual Club 3, 4
Cast:
Jeanne d'Arc

COLLARD, JESSIE
Sec'y Ass'n 2, 3,
Vice-President 3
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4

BILLER, HELEN
Basketball 4

BRAHM, LOUISE
G. S. G. 3, 4

BLANEY, HELEN
Spanish Club 2
Sec'y Association 4
Sec'y to Dr. Wilson 4

BUCHANAN, NORA
Junior Debating 2
Basketball 4
Dollar Marks 2
Secretarial Ass'n 4

BISBEE, BESSIE
French Club 3
Cast of French Play

BUSHARD, AL
Agricultural Club 3
Sec'y Ass'n 4
Dollar Marks 4
B. S. G. 1

BOGGS, MILDRED
German Club 2, 3, 4

BUSSELL, ELMER
Stage Craft 2
Spanish 3, 4
Chemistry Club 4
Press Club 4
Mimerian 4
Artisan Staff 4

ACUNA, DELPHINE
French 2, 3
Spanish 2, 3, 4

ALTHOFF, GRACE
German Club 3, 4
Chem. Club 3
Girls' Self-Gov't 3,4

AHRENS, RENATA
German Club 1, 2, 3
Swimming 3
Hockey 4

BARNEY, GLADYS
Pen and Pencil 3
Spanish Club 4
Mimerian 3, 4
Dancing 3, 4
Girls' League Cab.3
Girls' Self-Gov't 3, 4
Chemistry Club 3, 4,
Secretary 3

ALEXANDER,
ERNEST
Glee Club 3, 4
Council 4
Baseball 3, 4
Senior B V.-P. 4
Players' Club 3, 4
Gym. Club 2, 3, 4
S. B. Boys' V.-P.
Casts of:
Fortune Teller,
Jeanne d'Arc
Wolf of Gubio

BALLOU, LYNDON
Orchestra 1
Sr. Orches. 2, 3, 4
String Quartet 3, 4
Spanish Club 4

ALEXANDER,
MILDRED
French Club 3, 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Weekly Staff 4
Press Club 3, 4,
Vice-Pres. 4

BATY, HUBERT
Pres. S. B. O. 4
Pres. Sr. B Class
French Club 3, 4
Casts of:
Wolf of Gubbio
Fortune Teller
Jeanne d'Arc
Stage Crew
B. S. G.
Council 3, 4

MARGARET TERRY
SECRETARY

DESMOND GERALDINE
TREASURER

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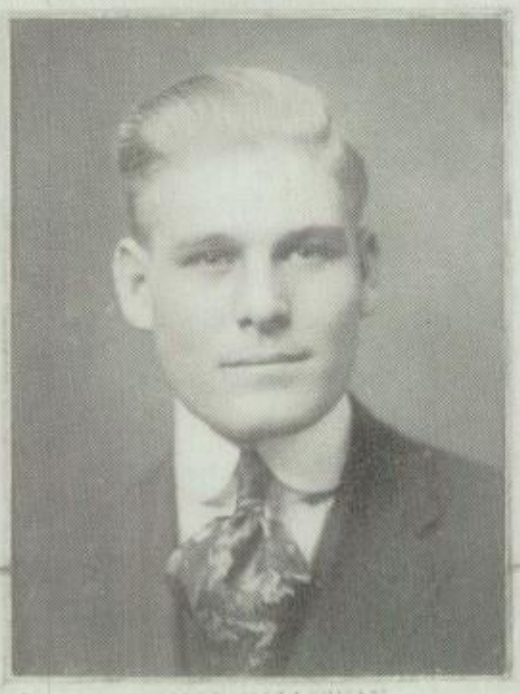
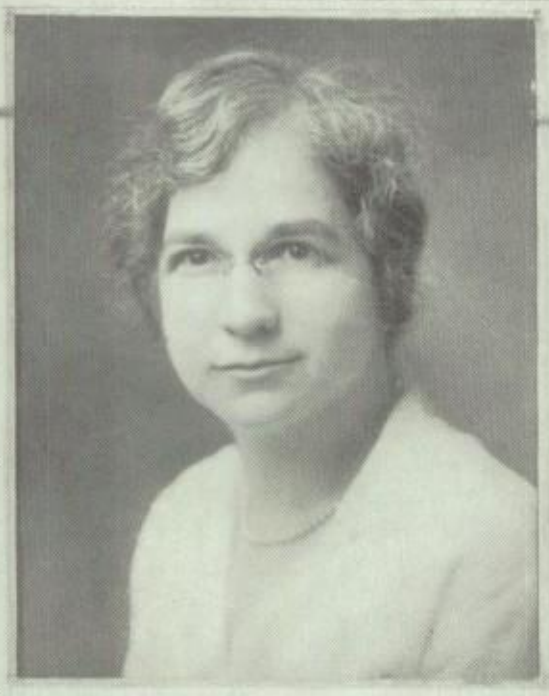
MILDRED PRITCHARD
GIRLS' VICE-PRESIDENT



AMOR GALLOWAY
PRESIDENT

SENIOR A OFFICERS



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SENIOR A CLASS ADVISORS

SENIOR A PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"God bless you! Good luck, and good bye."

AMOR GALLOWAY

A MESSAGE TO THE SENIOR A'S

By Wendell P. Gladden Jr.

Senior A's:

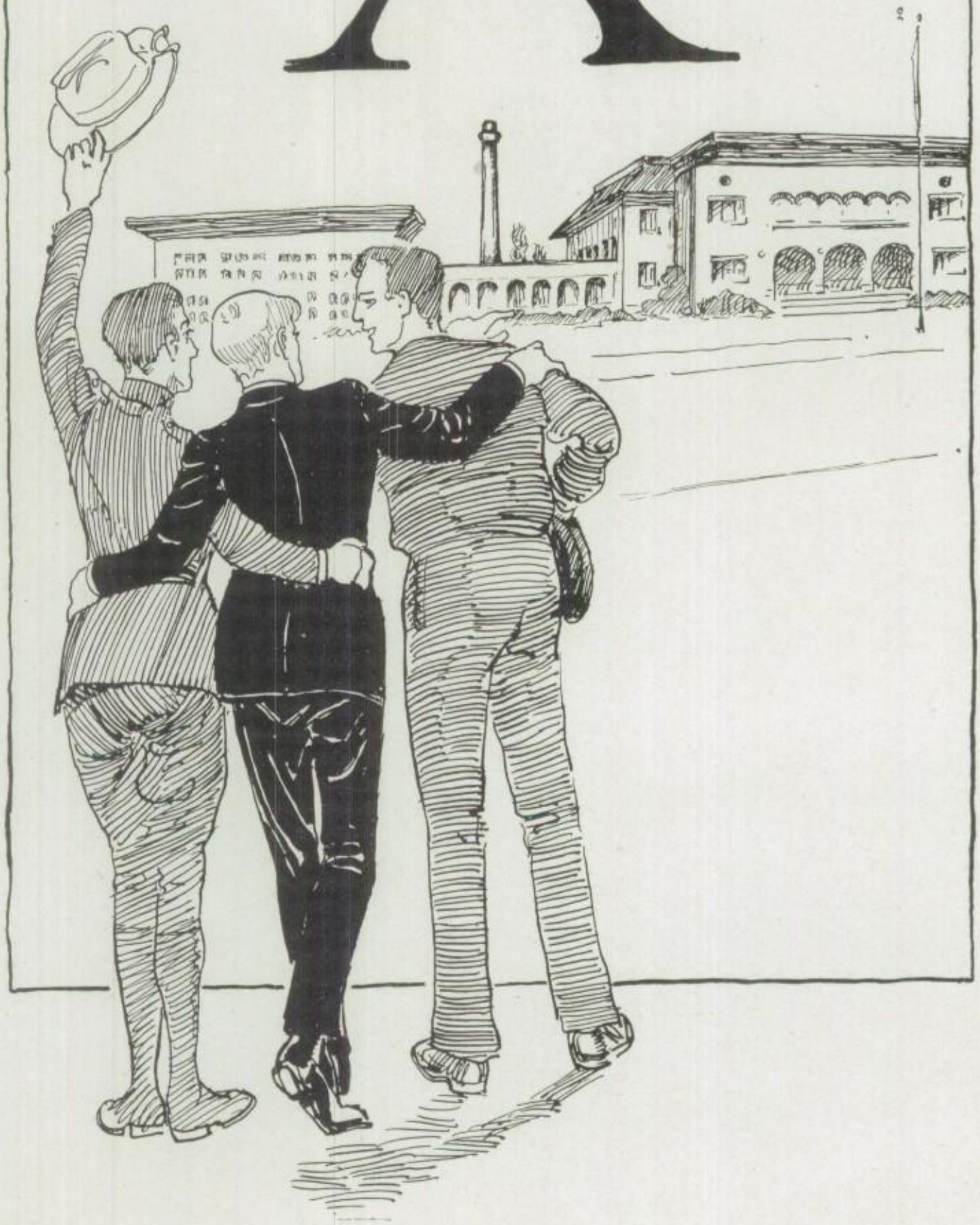
Yours will be a sad but great departure from the school we all love. We know that you have worked assiduously that you might realize the time when you could go forth with determination and face the world and its ways, therefore you will carry with you our greatest expectations and hopes. We wish you success.

But Senior A's, yours will also be a glorious exodus! You must sooner or later take your place among men in the affairs of men. And if you are prepared to face your country's cares intelligently, you will, consequently, render a very great service.

There are countless opportunities awaiting you in this, the greatest age of all—the age of reconstruction—an age when men are seeking equal rights, justice, and freedom—when our country and other countries are fighting for democracy for all men, and for all time! Doubtless, some of you will perform military duties, while others will only indirectly "carry on"; but know you this, Senior A's, in the words of the Holy Bible, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Similarly, he renders the greatest service who lays down his life for his fellowmen and his country! For: "Whosoever loses his life shall find it; and whosoever findeth his life shall lose it." Will you take a firm grip on these opportunities, or will you let them go?

This, then, is my message to you.

SENIOR A



SENIOR EDITORIAL

"God of our fathers
Known of old."

With the last note of the Recessional, we the class of Winter'18 pass out of Manual's halls, alumni of the school. The slow majesty of the music, the inspiration of the words, accompany the culmination of a successful course. Into our last days of high school life, creeps a tinge of sadness.

In a certain sense we are loath to leave, yet happy and eager to stand with the world, working as men and women for the shaping of a new democracy.

In this momentous period, our biggest endeavors are not too big for America. The men of the class will enlist, many of them, and go forth to battle. The women will, as ever, remain at home, but not alone to the quiet domestic pursuits of yesterday. For them other branches of war service have opened.

But to Manual Arts we leave the legacy of the results of a happy, busy and fruitful sojourn of four years

In answer to her, "Good-bye and Godspeed"—

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

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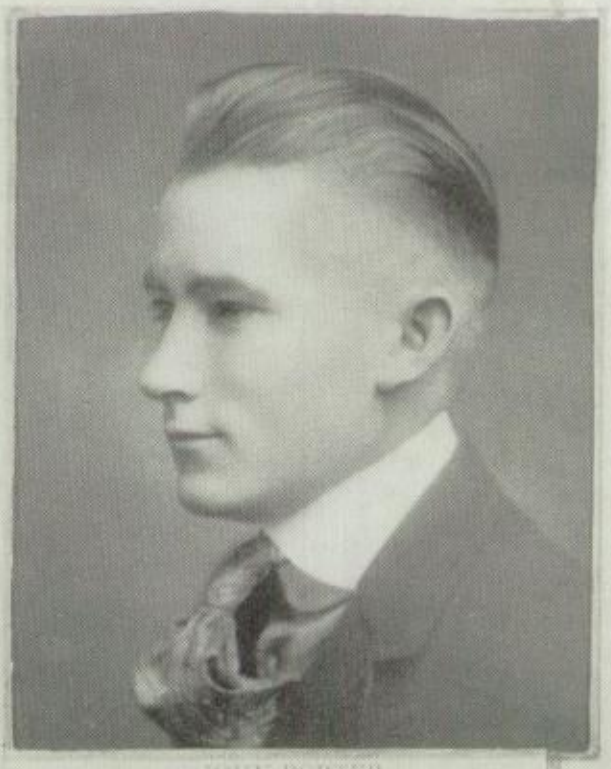

JOHN PORTER
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EDITORS AND MANAGER

ARTISAN MESSAGE

After three months of continous hard work on the part of the Artisan staff, we present this book to you for approval. The best effort and keenest co-operation have combined to make it the greatest semi-annual ever published at Manual Arts.

We have tried to make this edition more of a picture-book, to present the history of the past term pictorially as far as was possible. Unusual snapshots, artistic photographs, stories of clever invention and new jokes have been bound together as the final and lasting achievement of the class of Winter 1918.

To The Student Body Of Manual Arts High School:

We all remember the saying, "United we stand, divided we fall." Let us abide by that. In doing so, unity in all activities must be our watch word. Now that our football team has brought to our doors, the State Championship, let us bring honor to Manual, in scholorship also.

To you Freshmen: Wake up and be doing, tie your ambitions to a star and go to it. Our teams will need new material, debating teams will change, and other activities will need your support. The future is up to you. Make it.

Now one last word to all. Keep up our spirit, our pep. Let us not live on the past but prepare for the future. "It can be done". Go Manual!

Your President,

Hubert McCray Baty

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VICE-PRINCIPALS

DR. A. E. WILSON — PRINCIPAL

A WAR CLASS

The class of Winter '18 has spent the last year in school in the first year of our entry into the great war. This has meant an intensity of endeavor that no previous class has experienced.

We have taken part in the campaign for the sale of Liberty Bonds. A cadet corps has been organized. We have contributed to The Red Cross, The Red Star, The Soldiers' Liberty Fund, The French Orphans, The Y. M. C. A., and the Yuletide boxes. It would seem that the whole school has been knitting. We have done our bit in home gardening and food conservation. With all this we have endeavored to do our daily task and prepare ourselves for greater responsibilities.

But the finest thing in all this array is the spirit of loyalty and devotion to our flag and our country. "America now in her hour of real testing is reaping the harvest of her sowing. The money she has put into schools is paying big dividends now in a fine array of intelligent, alert, efficient citizenry who in camp and factory, on farm and field, in home and office, in council and commerce are doing their bit."

We are familiar with the designation "war governor". We may not have spoken of a "war class", but there is no doubt that this class has been projected "in medias res". It has felt responsibility keenly and responded intensely to the call of our country, whether we have in mind those who have left school to join the colors, or those who belong to the sustaining force at home.

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NYE, ROGER

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OYLER, DIXON
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PECK, FRANK
PHILIPS, DOUGLAS
POLLITT, CHALMER
POLLITT, FRANK
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OSHANNA, JOHN
PATTERSON, EARLE
PEALER, EARL
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM
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PIERCE, BROOKS
PORTER, HOWARD

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SLAUGHTER, JOHN
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WILSON, BERT
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ZIMMERMAN, EARLE

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ELMORE, ROY

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FITZ, BURON
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FORQUER, H. O.
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GILMORE, MALCOLM
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GOSEMAN, JACK
GREENBAUM, HAROLD
GREENUP, C. H.

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HELLER, WARDE
HODGE, VERNON
HOLMES, VERNON
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KELLEY, ED.
KISTLER, LYNN
KLIVE, DONALD
KOLSTER, DAN

KAMMERER, ARCHIE
KELLEY, EARL
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KITT, DON
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McCLELLAND, JOSEPH L.
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MODESTI, SYLVESTER
MUSTAIN, SAM
MORROW, CLAUDE
MURRY, PAUL

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ASHBY, LEWIS

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CLIFTON, JOHN
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WE THE CLASS
OF WINTER
EIGHTEEN
DEDICATE THIS
OUR ANNUAL TO
THOSE SONS OF
·MANUAL· ARTS·
WHO HAVE GONE
OUT TO FACE THE
FIRE OF BATTLE

THIS ARTISAN WAS ISSUED ON JANUARY 24, 1918 BY THE MID-WINTER GRADUATING CLASS OF THE MANUAL ARTS HIGH SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. THE MANUAL ARTS PRESS HAS PRINTED 2000 COPIES OF THE BOOK AT THE RATE OF THIRTY-FIVE CENTS THE COPY